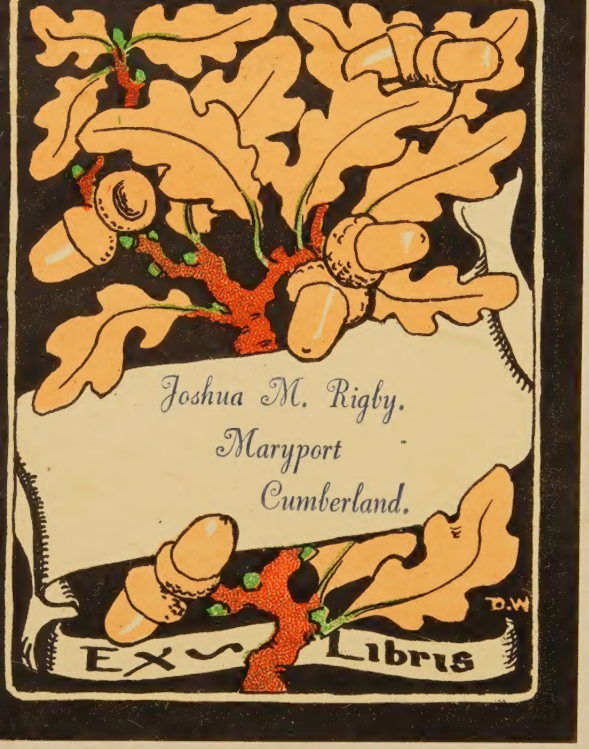

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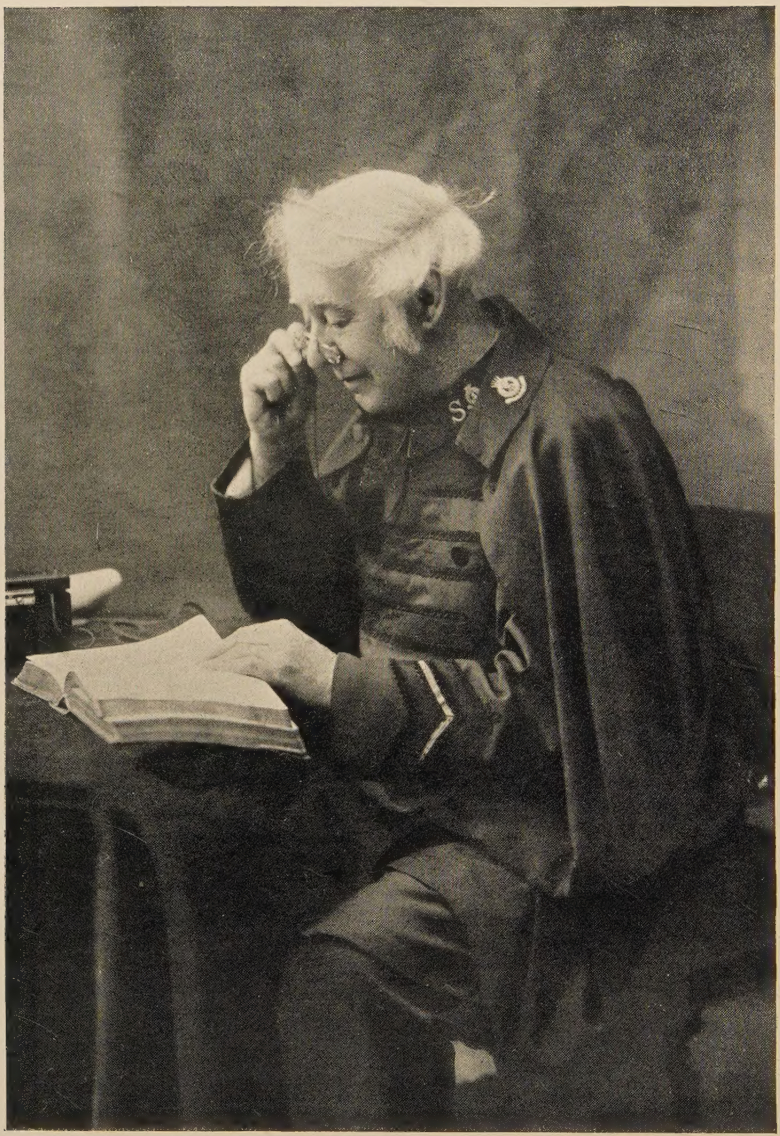
ECHOES AND MEMORIES



Yours truly
William Booth

ECHOES AND MEMORIES

BY
BRAMWELL BOOTH

'Your fame is as the grass whose hue comes and goes, and His might withers it by Whose power it sprang from the lap of the earth'
Dante

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FOREWORD

THIS book is mainly a series of personal impressions of various people I have known, some of them very intimately, others but casually. I confess that certain of these people I have not at all understood, but many of them I have admired, and a number I have loved. There are some faintly sketched references to men of eminence in various walks of life, with whom, in one way or another, I came in contact up to the time when I became the General of The Salvation Army; these chapters are not concerned with the period subsequent to that date. Reference is made also to some whose names belong to the humble rank and file of The Army itself. These are men and women whose histories are not to be found in any book of contemporary biography, but their names are written in heaven. Many of them had an influence on me and on multitudes of others out of all proportion to their worldly renown.

Here are also some memories of Salvation Army life and warfare as I recall them. I hesitate to obtrude myself in these pages, but I think it will be obvious that my appearance is necessary if only for the purpose of introduction.

Several of these chapters have already appeared in a Review circulating exclusively amongst our Staff, and I have found some

advantage in their publication, since a Movement such as ours has much to learn in the present from its own past.

My life is a crowded one, and it may be that I have included here memories which I have found it easiest to recall when possibly I had better have laid hold of more important concerns.

I have to thank Colonel Carpenter, of my Staff, and Mr. Harry Cooper, a Journalist of this City, for assisting me in preparing the matter for publication and passing it through the press.

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

THE SALVATION ARMY,
LONDON, E.C. 4.
November, 1925.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION

THIS book has received a very kind welcome. Friends have written to me about it in generous terms, and the Reviewers from Fleet Street to Peking, from New York and Boston to Johannesburg, from Belfast to Melbourne, have been not only appreciative but encouraging. For all this I desire to express my cordial thanks.

Some small corrections have been made in the text of this edition—not, however, in any way affecting the substance of the work.

B. B.

LONDON.
January, 1928.

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I

Father and Son

One picture among the many that I cherish of my father I should like to place at the very beginning of what I have to say of him here. It explains a certain new development in the history of The Army, but it also gives a glimpse of the deep fires that burned in the personality of William Booth. One morning, away back in the eighties, I was an early caller at his house in Clapton. Here I found him in his dressing-room, completing his toilet with ferocious energy. The hair-brushes which he held in either hand were being wielded with quite eloquent vigour upon a mane that was more refractory than usual, and his braces were flying like the wings of Pegasus. No good-morning-how-do-you-do here!

'Bramwell,' he cried, when he caught sight of me, 'did you know that men slept out all night on the bridges?'

He had arrived in London very late the night before from some town in the south of England, and had to cross the city to reach his home. What he had seen on that midnight return accounted for this morning tornado. Did I know that men slept out all night on the Bridges?

'Well, yes,' I replied, 'a lot of poor fellows, I suppose, do that.'

'Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to have known it and to have done nothing for them,' he went on, vehemently.

I began to speak of the difficulties, burdened as we were already, of taking up all sorts of Poor Law work, and so forth. My father stopped me with a peremptory wave of the brushes.

'Go and do something!' he said. 'We *must* do something.'

'What can we do?'

'Get them a shelter!'

'That will cost money.'

'Well, that is your affair! Something must be done. Get hold of a warehouse and warm it, and find something to cover them. But mind, Bramwell, no coddling!'

That was the beginning of The Salvation Army Shelters, the earliest and most typical institutions connected with our now world-wide Social Work. But it also throws a ray of light on the characteristic benevolence of The Army's Founder. Benevolence, which is a languid quality in many men, with him was passionate. I should be disposed to place his benevolence first among his characteristics. I write of him here, as far as it is possible to do so, aside from what I humbly acknowledge to have been the great determining force of his life—namely, the uplifting and guiding influence of the Spirit of God. This apart, his benevolence was the first quality to light up. The governing influence of his life was good will to his fellows. I am not saying that he never thought of himself. His saintship was not after the pattern of Francis d'Assisi, at least as described by Paul Sabatier. Nor can I say that he was always at the same level of self-denial and self-effacement in order to give practical expression to his benevolent impulse. But I do say, looking at his life as I saw it over a great span of years, not only in workday association as his comrade and principal helper, but in the still closer intimacy of a son, that his benevolence was the leading feature of his character. He really set out to do good to all men—an object which, no doubt, often seemed hopeless, but not on that account to be less sought after. The horizon of his soul was not limited by human hope—it reached out to Divine Power and Love. His heart was a bottomless well of compassion, and it was for this reason principally that, although perhaps more widely and persistently abused than any other figure of his time, he was even more widely and tenaciously loved.

It would be easy to multiply evidences of his own

unselfishness. The slander that he enriched himself was not merely untrue, it was ridiculously untrue. It was not merely a distortion of the facts, it was an inversion of them. Again and again he had legitimate opportunities to enrich himself, and no one could have flung a stone at him had he accepted them, but he turned them down without hesitating a moment. Rich men even sent him blank cheques on condition that the amount which he filled in he should apply to his own personal use. The cheques were returned. For The Army he was ready to accept such gifts with both hands ; for himself, not at all.

Next to this, among his outstanding qualities—and, indeed, I am always in doubt whether it should not be placed first—was his temperamental simplicity. If his appearance, with his smooth and open forehead, his kindling and flashing eyes, his ' eminent ' nose, his shaggy visage, his general expression of keenness and vivacity, suggested some ancient prophet, his heart was the heart of a little child. His guilelessness was one great secret of his strength. Many who came into his presence were so impressed by his openness and candour, the absence of all pretence and casuistry, that they went away feeling that if they had a thousand lives they could trust them into his hands.

This simplicity of character, of course, had its apparent disadvantages. He would often say what everybody thought to be impolitic. The fear of his occasional imprudences gave me bad half-hours ! There were, for example, interviews of great importance, when it was certainly the part of worldly, if not of spiritual wisdom to refrain from entering upon certain subjects so long as silence could be maintained with honour. In such circumstances he was never to be trusted, however much he might have been entreated beforehand ! The interview would be half through, when out would come the cat from the bag ! It was delightful, and I am bound to say that I never—or very rarely—found anything but good come of his ' indiscretions,' however much they might give me and others ' pins and needles ' at the time.

In the same way, if, in urging any particular course

upon others, he had any second intention, something at the back of his mind—any *arrière-pensee*, as the saying is—it was safe to make its appearance before the parley ended. He could not have kept it back.

Anything ' put on ' or ' made up ' was anathema. His honesty was not based on the infamous copy-book maxim. Had he been a thief—and he was in the habit of saying that by nature he was a grabber !—he would have been a shining example of the honour which is supposed to exist among the fraternity ! Nor was he honest only because his religion made him so, although, of course, his religion fortified him in his honesty. But sincerity was a native quality with him. It was in the mould from which he was taken. If it were possible to think of William Booth without his religion, such a William Booth would certainly have been a sincere and honest man.

The third outstanding characteristic in him was his granite and superlative will. He was immovable, and therefore, in the passive sense, invincible. Anything like slackness or wobbling or unsteadiness in purpose was abhorred. When he had considered a matter, and made up his mind about it, not all the angels of Heaven could have shaken his determination. This led him at times upon a line of conduct which may have appeared pedantic to those who did not understand ; yet one could never forget that it was this strength in him which enabled him to achieve so much. His determined and steadfast will was really the driving force of his other qualities.

It was these three characteristics in combination which distinguished his personality and marked him out in his generation. Other men, no doubt, have had equal power of will, but without his genius for compassion ; others, again, may have had a like simplicity, but without the indomitable will. It was his will power which directed his other qualities to practical ends. Without it he would still have been splendid and most lovable, but he would not have been the Founder of The Salvation Army.

He had, I dare say, the faults of these qualities. His own benevolence made him impatient of the selfish and,

perhaps, too swift in his judgment of those who only cared to gratify themselves. He was at times a hasty executioner, deaf to excuses until after the culprit's head was off!

His sincerity, too, as I have already hinted, had its embarrassing side. In writing of W. E. Gladstone, Lord Morley said that 'He had a marked habit of believing people; it was part of his simplicity.' Well, so with my father. He believed people. He was so utterly sincere himself that he could not credit that others could practise any deception. It was only with the greatest difficulty, and in face of the most unquestionable evidence, that he would accept the fact that he had been intentionally misled or treated unfairly. In the official life of The Army, long after he should have let people go, in the interests of The Army itself, which does not want those who are not of it, he persisted in holding on to them. It was not a mere polite reluctance to believe that men were not honourable and straightforward; it was almost a constitutional inability.

His great will power, again, at times made him difficult to deal with. His own determination clashed with the determination of others, and the sudden friction produced sparks; not often, fortunately, leading to conflagrations, though sometimes these did happen. No doubt, there was a vein of hardness in him. It ran side by side with a vein of exquisite tenderness. But the hardness was there. Had it not been there he could not have accomplished what he did. Weakness always fails.

It is impossible to speak of my father in this intimate way without some estimate of the influence of my mother upon him. That influence was extraordinarily uplifting and encouraging, especially during the early years of the Movement, when he was liable to depression and to a sense of loneliness, both of which wore off, in some measure, as the success of the work became assured. Catherine Booth continually fed his enthusiasm with fresh fuel, strengthened his faith in God, and pointed him to the gleaming distance. She was the complement of him as he was of her. Marvellously did they fit into one another. Where his temperament made him unsure, she was buoyant; where she would waver,

he was rock. Both of them, I dare say, had faults, his a certain superficial irritability, especially when worn and tried ; hers the inclination to take the less hopeful view on certain matters. But the faults of each were wonderfully neutralized in the personality of the other.

In some senses she was more combative than he. She was, for example, more inclined to resent the injustices to which, especially again in the early days, The Army was continually subject. He was rather content to let such opposition tire itself out, and to answer misrepresentation by silence, because he feared that to turn aside upon these guerilla engagements would be to weaken the arm for the real fight against the hosts of the Devil who held captive the souls of men. ' Better,' he used to say, ' better to suffer than contend.' But her counsel was ever, ' Up, and at them, William ! ' She was a warrior ; of compromise she would have none.

Their relations during all the thirty years that I had experience of them together were ideal. His love for her was entirely beautiful—something quite out of the ordinary, even in the happiest unions. Mingled with his love was an element of deep admiration for her uncommon ability. She was far more widely read than he. Certain circumstances of her youth had favoured what was naturally a studious temperament, and her spiritual influence, her devotion to Jesus Christ, her intense longings for the advance of His Kingdom on earth, her intellectual skill, her command of widely gathered information helped him in his hurried and stormy life to look beyond his own immediate interests and ideas, and to look on to that City which hath foundations. Speaking beside her open grave, he said :

> I have never turned from her these forty years for any journeyings on my mission of mercy, but I longed to get back, and have counted the weeks, days, and hours which should take me again to her side. When she has gone away from me it has been just the same. And now she has gone away for the last time. What then is there left for me to do ? Not to count the weeks, the days, and the hours which shall bring me again into her sweet company, seeing that I know not what will be on the morrow, nor what an hour may bring forth. My work plainly is to fill up the weeks, the days, the hours,

and cheer my poor heart as I go along with the thought that when I have served my Christ and my generation according to the will of God, which I vow this afternoon I will to the last drop of my blood —then I trust that she will bid me welcome to the Skies as He bade her.

Her delicacy of health, which was the heritage of spinal trouble in her girlhood, unfitted her in some respects to be the wife of a poor minister, whose income was scarcely sufficient to cover the domestic needs. There is an undertone in some of her letters to him before their marriage which suggests that she could see him occupying a very different station, and one worthier of the powers she already knew him to possess. In my boyhood I have sometimes known her exceedingly harassed by the cares of a house full of children, and tried, no doubt, by straitened circumstances, and by her own bodily weakness. I have seen him come into the house, put his hat down in the hall, and, entering the room, find it all out in a moment. Taking her hand, he would say, ' Kate, let me pray with you,' and he would turn us out while they knelt together. Then a little while after it was evident that the skies were blue again.

Although he was at times irascible, and, when displeased, had great liberty of speech, I never heard him in all those long years—many of them years of intense strain upon them both, with all the demands which poverty and sickness make upon patience and kindness in the home—say one harsh word to her. There were times when he would arrive at the house like a hurricane, blowing, as it were, the children right and left—we used to call him the ' Bishop ' in those early days, and sometimes, although we loved the very ground he trod upon, we were unanimously agreed on the advisability of keeping out of the way of his ' visitations ' —but to her he would be like a lover of twenty come to visit his girl !

I touch with hesitation the subject of my father's religion. How, indeed, can it be dealt with in a page of reminiscence ! But, at least, this may be said : that it was never a platform pose. The religion he commended to his fellows with such directness and sincerity was the religion which he himself

accepted with all his heart and lived with all his might. And it was a success. It sustained him especially in those later years when he was sorrow-stricken and really heart-broken by the loss of those he loved. I do not suggest that he was always shouting the praises of God at the top of his voice to his housekeeper, but I do say that amid all the innumerable affairs of his crowded life the vision of a Mighty God, and of a present Saviour, was ever before him —was ever the great possession of his soul—that he had a fine consciousness of responsibility to God for every gift he possessed and a profound sense of Eternal Things.

Despite his wonderful capacity for eliciting the emotions of others, often playing upon them as a harper upon the strings, he was singularly reticent about his own inner life. He was totally innocent of ' gush.' Yet who that knew him could doubt the reality of his spiritual experience ? It sustained him amid persecutions, slanders, and conflicts, and under the burden of a world of cares such as few men have been called to endure. It did more than sustain him in the stoic sense ; it kept his spirit sweet. When I have gone to him, perhaps with some infamous newspaper attack, and in my indignation have said, ' This is really more than we can stand,' he has replied, ' Bramwell, fifty years hence it will matter very little indeed how these people treated us ; it will matter a great deal how we dealt with the work of God.' He would not accuse those who accused him. He would not impugn motives or imply evil. He could speak out when duty demanded. But he did not wish to speak. He would never take unfair advantage in argument or treat personalities as reasons. He rather strove to account for the mistakes of his opponents, and to hope all things. It was his rule not to retaliate, scarcely to explain, and it was perfectly delightful to see how many cursings and railings turned out in the end to be blessings. There is a story of one of our Canadian Officers who, on being pelted with eggs, found that by some mistake of the mob the eggs were quite good, and, deftly catching them, she presently turned them into omelettes !

That was William Booth all over !

II

The First General of The Salvation Army and his Chief of Staff

This book is not the place for a considered estimate of my father's achievements. That has been undertaken already by another hand, not the hand of a son nor even the hand of a Soldier of The Salvation Army, but the result is perhaps all the more balanced and complete because of the fresh, untrammelled mind which Mr. Harold Begbie brought to his task.[1] Constant and intimate association with a man, such as I had with my father until I myself was almost within hail of threescore, may have the effect, if not of concealing, at least of foreshortening the view. Fully to survey a great personality, it may be necessary to abide a day's journey away from the mount.

At the same time, my relations with the first General were of quite an unusual kind. I was not only his eldest son, but one of his Officers for nearly forty years of the hurly-burly of a strenuous campaign, and his Chief of the Staff for more than thirty; and as I am often asked by those who have studied The Army with some degree of care how affairs were managed between my father and myself, it may be not only interesting, but perhaps useful, to put on record something of the manner in which we worked together. Our co-operation over so long a period, and on so varied a field of activity, is a remarkable circumstance, especially when it is remembered that our temperaments were different and our points of view by no means always the same.

It would be foolish to pretend that we were invariably of one mind. On the contrary, from time to time we differed, both in judgment and feeling, with regard to some

[1] 'William Booth,' by Harold Begbie. (Macmillan.)

of the most difficult problems to be solved. Nor can I say that, in the light of subsequent events, either of us has proved to be always right. Oftener than not, from my very first experience of the responsibilities of an Officer in close association with him, the questions which exercised us levied toll not only on all our mental but on our spiritual resources. We had from the beginning—the day of very small things—the sense that we were really dealing with large affairs, though we—I especially, of course—had little experience of such affairs. The Movement with which we had to do was a new movement ; we had no precedent to go upon, very little experience to guide us. Much that we did had to be done literally as an act of faith. We were often in such complete and balanced uncertainty as seemed to make any given course highly speculative.

Moreover, we were both of us very ignorant as to many matters which were essential to success (though we had the saving virtue of knowing it !), and yet we were the responsible guides of a ' concern,' as we sometimes called it, to which hundreds, and presently thousands, of men and women were giving their allegiance, abandoning in so doing their worldly prospects, and even in many cases severing their family connexions. In later years considerable accumulations of property also came under our control, though we were but slightly versed in the ways of finance and the business world. In this respect, of all others, previous experience would have been of the highest value, and we had almost none. We had to build the ship while we were at sea, and not only build the ship, but master the laws of navigation, and not only master the laws of navigation, but hammer sense into a strangely assorted crew !

This ignorance was not without its advantages, if only because it stimulated us—especially me—to study at first hand the questions on which we needed information. Although my father had an amazing kind of intuition, he had not a particle of the folly which supposes that this can take the place of careful investigation and vigilant balancing of judgment. As The Army began to develop an international organization, we came up with such large questions as the

laws of different countries and their bearing upon our work, status, and possessions in those countries, or the way in which our disturbing and irregular methods could be best adapted to fresh environments. He would charge me to enter on a course of research into such subjects, and would himself also labour over them, until we had sufficient material to enable him to make decisions. Experts were available, of course—at any rate in some departments of effort—and he neither despised them nor stood in awe of them. He knew that undue reliance on experts was likely to lead us into mistakes, and their advice was only acted upon when we had assured ourselves that it was not materially opposed to his own instincts as to what was best. The character of much of the work was so new in religious history that many decisions, even though they seemed at the time to involve only minor points of policy and method, proved to be of great importance. If we 'rolled the old chariot along,' as our song runs, it was never on a rutted road. It was often on tracks that were scarcely a road at all.

As the years passed on, not only did the occupied territory greatly extend, but the operations became more diverse, and in some ways complicated, though in all this we kept ever in mind our own overruling purpose—the illumination and spiritual emancipation of the people.

The list of the operations of The Army towards the end of the Founder's life included services and visitations for the churchless masses, evangelistic, educational, and social work for the heathen abroad, labour bureaux and industrial homes and workshops for the unemployed, food dépôts, and the provision of breakfasts and other meals for the starving, migration and other assistance for the workless, shelters for the homeless, homes and colonies for inebriates, prison visitation and police-court and prison-gate work for the criminal, homes and hospitals for the daughters of shame, preventive work for young girls, nursing, clothing dépôts, and holiday homes for the people of the slums, hospitals and dispensaries for the sick, special corps, bands, schools, leagues, and a host of other agencies for the young. Then

there were land schemes and innumerable other features of service for those who in one direction or another needed help.

Although my father was the General and I was his chief executive Officer, there was, after the first few years, no very hard-and-fast division of authority between us. He continued—at any rate until the last ten or twelve years of his life—to do many things which would ordinarily have fallen to me as Chief of Staff. For example, when he felt able during his distant travels to decide matters on the spot, it would have been ridiculous to have referred them to me in London merely because technically such matters came within my appointed province. Again, when he was thousands of miles away he unhesitatingly required me to make decisions which ought properly to have been left to him if he had been more accessible. In the ordinary routine he was both generous and wise in guarding my position. He made my office a reality, and not a mere name ; and in the course of time he increasingly left large affairs in my hands—to take action on his behalf often without reference to him.

In certain respects he was exacting. For example, he required that any information I set before him or for which I was responsible, should be authentic beyond cavil ; and if I tripped, as I am afraid occasionally happened, either through my own fault or the inefficiency of others, and circumstances turned out otherwise than he had been led to believe, he could be very angry, and rightly angry. On such occasions he showed his displeasure in a way that was sometimes grievous to bear.

One of his characteristic requirements was that both sides of every course of action should be fully stated. If, for example, his advisers—I among them—had made up our minds to propose a certain course of action with regard, say, to new work in Europe or to fresh financial arrangements, perhaps in India, or to the promotion and transfer of a particular Officer, he insisted, when the matter was submitted to him, that we should argue against the projected course as well as in its favour. All that we were aware of on the other side of the question had to be put before him.

We had sometimes perforce to take the rôle of an *advocatus diaboli*, and woe betide any one who was found afterwards not to have disclosed everything! It was the same in all matters. Never would he allow any retreat under the familiar plea, 'Ah, but if you only knew all!' His instant reply to such an observation was, 'If you know anything that I don't, what are you there for but to tell me?'

I do not mean to say that on every question he adopted the extreme course just indicated. If only because of the multiplicity of matters requiring decision, that would have been impracticable. He took the advice of his Staff on many matters without very close inquiry, especially during the last twenty years of his life. But when on any point there was a difference of opinion, or he was in doubt and asked for further particulars, or required us to study a case from its opposite aspect, then everything had to be laid on the table. The unbroken happiness of my long relationship with him was greatly furthered by my own scrupulous care to muster the *pro* and *con* of every matter of serious import which came before us, although this often involved immense labour for myself, and sometimes—not often—unpleasantness with other responsible Officers. But the slightest idea that something was being kept back, no matter whether he was in London or ten thousand miles away, was fatal to his peace of mind—and to ours!

We had, of course, differences of opinion. They sometimes cut deep and caused me—as I know they caused him—very considerable searching of heart, especially so, in his case, when a final decision had to be taken in opposition to my views. Yet in undertaking by his instructions a given course the wisdom of which I doubted, I was always helped by his patience in hearing all that we had to say against what he thought best, and by his evident desire not merely to gratify some whim of his own, but to do what was for the highest welfare of The Army and of the Kingdom of God.

He was very agreeable to do business with. Conferences were a reality. The youngest member present felt that his advice was sought for and valued. No time was begrudged, no labour spared, to explore fully the questions before him.

When he was in doubt about this or that course, he would reserve decision for thought and prayer. When his mind was made up there was no use spending another moment on the matter. His humour was a great help. If one vexed him, and the heavens were suddenly darkened, sure enough the clouds quickly passed and out came the sun. In later years he acted on the principle that 'the king can do no wrong'—that we, the men he called in on the different questions and problems, and whom he trusted so fully, were responsible advisers, and that if mistakes were made, we ought to have guided him in a better way.

One beautiful trait of his was that if, in the long run, it turned out that he had been mistaken in his own judgment, he would always acknowledge it with a quite delightful frankness. At times he would go unnecessarily out of his way to have it made clear that another had proved right and he had been wrong. That also helped to win for him not only the affection and esteem but the perfect confidence of those he led.

The world best knew the Founder as he appeared when on the platform, but to his Officers the picture of him which is most complete is his appearance at the Officers' Councils—to which only his Officers were admitted—in different parts of the world. Each of these gatherings would probably extend over two or three days, and each day would have its three long sessions. Councils with the Staff often continued much longer. A month or sometimes more would be devoted to preparation for such assemblies, when various phases of the work in its most recent developments, or its approaching advances, would be faithfully examined, and both possibilities and weaknesses explored. In preparing for these Councils the Founder frequently called in the most experienced of his Staff, and his own notes were of the most comprehensive character. In such gatherings he never spared himself, and his preparation was usually so complete as to make him independent of the inspiration of the moment, though if that inspiration came he took advantage of it to the full. We had in these Councils some glorious experiences of light and freedom in the presence of the Lord, and revelations under which all

hearts were united in love and joy with the Greatheart who led us forward.

No doubt, my relationship as his son had some disadvantages, but it was helpful, too. While I must say that he seldom if ever forgot the General in thinking of the father, I can say on the other hand that I never forgot the father in dealing with the General. I do not mean that I presumed because of my relationship, nor would he have brooked this for a moment, he who knew no man after the flesh. But the remembrance of it was a help to me in moments of special anxiety or strain.

The life in our old home was a training for me. While he was always a forceful and dominating personality, and also most sensitive to anything that seemed like unfaithfulness or undutifulness, he was remarkably tolerant of different opinions over the family table. In all our discussions at home, whether on historical, political, social, or religious questions, we were permitted great freedom of expression—within limits, of course—although the views of the ardent youth about him must often have run counter to his own. He liked to hear the other side, and, knowing this, I never hesitated to reason with him, although sometimes he would more or less playfully object, and tell me that I would stand arguing with death itself! This freedom of expression carried over, so to speak, into our official relations. It gave me more tenacity in arguing a case, and I think it also enabled him to understand, even when his orders had been most peremptory, and I had sallied forth to carry out instructions about which I had anxious misgivings, that after all I might be right!

He was sometimes nervous and hasty, but always with such kindliness in the background that one could love—and I did love—his every mood. And so we never quarrelled. The differences, which were those of method, rather than of principle, were quickly adjusted. Every day brought to us some mountain to lift, some gulf to bridge, but we worked together in true love for God and man and for each other, and somehow the crooked bits in the road were made straight and the rough places plain. While I can say nothing of

any faculty for conciliation or accommodation which I may possess, I feel that I was greatly privileged to be able to work with him for forty years, ever feeling for him an increasing reverence and deeper affection, and carrying, as time went on, a larger and larger share of responsibility, which, in his own generous words, made it possible for him to do what otherwise he would not have been able to accomplish.

III

The Prophet

John Wesley is said to have preached 40,000 sermons, and to have travelled 250,000 miles. The number of sermons which my father preached during his sixty years of evangelistic campaigning was, on a low estimate, between 50,000 and 60,000 ; and for every mile that Wesley travelled, he must have travelled twenty. Wesley, of course, had to go on horseback or by coach ; William Booth had the advantage of the railway and the steamship, and, in his later years, the motor-car. Thanks to these methods of locomotion, the voice of William Booth was heard by greater multitudes of every race and nation than the voice of any mortal man had been heard before. Nor can any preacher have made a pulpit of so many strange platforms. The theatre stage, the circus ring, the grand stand of the racecourse, the footboard of the railway carriage, the captain's bridge, the stall in the market-place, the drinking trough on the village green, the magistrate's bench, the convict prison, the bleak and stormy headland, the sheltered inlet by the sea, the dais of the American Senate, the rostrum of the London Guildhall, the Indian pandal, the University quadrangle—they all served his purpose.

What impression did he leave on the minds of those who heard him ? Mr. Harold Begbie, who accompanied him on part of a motor tour from Penzance to Aberdeen, in 1904, wrote with genuine insight[1] :

> One discovers, the longer one listens to General Booth, a nobleness of diction in his oratory. It is all simple and rugged and real. His voice is against him, he has the Nottingham sing-song ; but this has no effect on the burden of his tale. Moreover, some of his

[1] In the 'Daily Mail' (London), August 12, 1904.

sentiments strike a discordant note, . . . but the general result of his oratory is the conviction of the eternal and infinite mysteries, and the uplifting and magnifying of the spiritual existence in each separate soul before him.

The same writer went on to say that the spiritual conflict of Faust was a poor and bloodless drama compared with the rugged rock-hewn tragedy which this preacher forced into the souls of his breathless listeners.

One of the greatest talkers of his age, my father was yet most diffident about his own powers. Many a time in great auditoriums he has said to me just before rising to speak, 'Pray for me; I feel like sinking through the floor.' He has again and again declared himself utterly unequal to the occasion and the opportunity. I have seen him also in great weakness, when his merely physical condition quite obviously unfitted him for the strain of a public address. That strain was all the greater because he never, or very rarely, allowed himself to use notes in his great Meetings. Any notes which he might have made he kept in his pocket. He preached often when he was little prepared, sometimes when he was not prepared at all; often again under the compulsion of haste, or in fatigue even to the point of exhaustion. Yet after he had risen and gone to the platform rail, the depression was, as a rule, soon shaken off, his frailty seemed to disappear, and presently he suggested nothing so much as a fighting champion triumphing in the fray.

I cannot subscribe to the view that his power on the platform depended in any great measure upon his appearance. Nevertheless, his appearance did help him to obtain attention. His splendid head and fine profile, and keen, flashing eyes, his outstretched arms, his scarlet jersey, his erect and yet supple figure, swayed at times like a tree in the wind, all gave the most casual listener the impression of something quite out of the ordinary. They put an audience in an expectant mood. His voice was powerful without being loud. It was a voice that wore well. On occasion, when he spoke, for example, in such places as the Albert Hall or the Transept of the Crystal Palace, or in the Madison Square Gardens in New York, or the Circus

Busch in Berlin, he could by an effort compass an immense area, and hold a great throng, in the old phrase, spellbound. These were, of course, the days before amplifiers.

His opening was customarily quiet, almost lamb-like. It was an astonishing contrast—his striking and aggressive appearance, and the gentleness with which he began to talk. No loud or sensational beginning could have arrested an audience so completely. Then one or two propositions would be presented, often quite simple, sometimes more profound, more difficult to accept, or requiring to be supported by further argument. After this, warming to his topic, he would introduce incidents by way of illustration or appeal out of his own vast experience. These would be told rapidly, and helped in the telling by a touch of humour or pathos, and then he would go on to a final appeal, sparing nothing in directness, urged with tremendous energy in which the whole man—body, soul, and spirit—seemed to share. Sometimes, even at moments of great tension, his manner would be very subdued, and personally I liked him best then. At other times action would accompany almost every sentence. Head, arms, hands, feet, the whole frame would vibrate and tremble as the subject or the audience, or both, stirred him. Yet the movement, emphatic as it was, never seemed to overlay the speech. It was always subordinate and passing.

His gestures at times were deliberately illustrative, and not due merely to the vehemence of his utterance. Once in a railway carriage he said to one of his leading Officers, ' My arms are not long enough to reach both rich and poor.' He stretched his arms out to their full length, and said, ' When I am in touch with the poor '—bringing one hand down to the floor of the carriage—' I am out of touch with the rich '—and the other hand went towards the carriage roof—' and when I am in touch with the rich, I lose touch with the poor.' And then, letting both hands drop, he drew himself up and said, as though thinking aloud, ' I very much doubt whether God Almighty's arms are long enough.' Something of that kind was frequently his platform method too.

His illustrations were innumerable, but they were not mere attachments to his addresses, like spangles on a garment. They were woven into the texture, so that it became almost impossible to recall the illustration without remembering the truth which it had been chosen to enforce. The illustration itself, without any subsequent embroidery, conveyed its lesson. The same was often true of his texts, for though his texts were frequently no more than doorways through which he entered upon some great principle or truth, he saw to it that they were deeply set in the minds of his hearers. I shall never forget the effect upon great audiences of the repetition of texts such as, 'This year thou shalt die'; 'The great day of His wrath is come, who shall be able to stand'; 'Serve the Lord with gladness'; 'Be sure your sin will find you out'; 'Blessed are the pure in heart'; 'And the flood came, and took them all away.'

With his gift of declamation and appeal was also the ability to explain and reason. Here is an extract from an address to the ungodly:

Alas, alas, a great many people *neglect* Salvation. What does that mean—what is it to neglect? Well, it does not imply that you should *hate* it. Some people do hate it. I suppose they have met with humbugs who have professed it; perhaps they have had hypocrites round about them; perhaps they have had some servants who were hypocrites, or they have had masters who were hypocrites, and so they say every one is a hypocrite. Don't say that. Oh, my God, what hypocrites there are! But, thank God, there are a crowd of realities. I am a reality. I am not a humbug; and there are crowds about us who are not hypocrites. You need not hate religion in order to neglect it.

You need not be like the Frenchman who said he wished he had a ladder long enough to reach to the Throne of God and a knife strong enough that he could plunge it into the heart of the Almighty. He hated God, but you don't hate God.

You need not hate God to neglect Salvation, you need not persecute His people (you must not persecute the Salvationists), you need not commit those vulgar sins, to neglect Salvation. It does not follow that you should be a drunkard or a harlot or a cheat. You have nothing to do but ignore Him; turn your back on Him; turn your back on Calvary; don't take any notice; give yourself up to the world; just treat this Salvation as if it was not there.

Look at that man yonder; look at him going down the river. There he is going down in a boat with Niagara beyond. He has got

out into the stream ; the rapids have got hold of the boat, and down he goes. He need not pull at the oars ; he has nothing to do but to be still ; to go on with his sleep ; to go on with his novel. He is going—going—going ; my God ! he is gone over, and he never pulled at an oar. That is the way people are damned : they go on ; they are preoccupied ; they are taken up ; they have no time ; they don't think ; they neglect Salvation, and they are lost.

Although he did not care for the poets, he was himself a master of one of their arts, that of repetition. His dramatic repetitions would sometimes give a startling rhythm to his utterance. In some discourses the use of one word over and over again seemed to proclaim the whole message. In depicting the scene before the chief priests when they refused the return of the thirty pieces of silver, he would say, ' And Judas—*Judas*—JUDAS went out and hanged himself.' Or in an address on the downfall of Samson he would flash the question out upon his hearers : ' What is your *Delilah*—YOUR Delilah ? ' Once when he was addressing a great working-class audience in Wales he pointed to his old-time supporter who was seated by him on the platform, and said, ' Mr. Cory's motto for the thirty years I have known him has been COALS—COALS—COALS. And my motto has been SOULS—SOULS—SOULS.' The effect upon an audience in a coal district was far greater than the words in cold print can convey.

His sensationalism cannot be denied. He adopted it when it seemed to be the best lever wherewith to prise open the insensitive mind. The aim of his sensationalism was to startle and shock the people whom an ordinary appeal about their danger or the evil of their sins, would leave unmoved. He used the method with the same deliberateness as he would have raised his voice in speaking to the partially deaf, or warning the inmates of a burning building. The sensational image, too, generally carried its own lesson. He would picture Lot going out to warn his sons-in-law on the last night in Sodom, and would turn up his coat-collar, and seize somebody's hat which happened to be on the platform, to suggest a man going out on a disagreeable but an imperious errand, and the whole audience would be given the feeling of the dark night, the knocking at the door, the coming doom,

and then the hollow laughter of the young men—how it all went home! Or he would depict with dramatic power Ananias, who, having told his story, is waiting for Sapphira to come and tell hers! Or, again, it would be a representation of the various classes of sinners suffering their doom in the regions of the lost, and among them one counting something, always counting, counting, and the audience would hold its breath while he himself counted: 'One—two—three—four—five'—I have seen thousands of people transfixed as the counting proceeded—'ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen'—you could have heard the drop of the proverbial pin—'twenty-eight—twenty-nine—*thirty*— . . . why, it is *Judas!*' The impression was never to be forgotten.

His humour was also a great resource. It was of varied quality, sometimes caustic and dangerous, even wounding, at others a lambent fire. Occasionally, it must be confessed, the humorous touch seemed incongruous, but no one could deny the immense power of this flashing scimitar up to the very last in breaking down the stiffness of an audience.

In the earlier days of The Army, when he had to face audiences which were uproarious to the last degree, this gift was in very truth a godsend. Not often could there be found a man able to make good-humoured fun of people at the very moment when they were in ecstasies of enjoyment because they thought they were making fun of him! But his humour, like his other oratorical stratagems, had always its deeper purpose. He would at one moment have an audience on the crest of a wave of rampant merriment, when, in an instant, like the swift flight of a bird over the waters, out would come the truth he wanted them to see.

So much for the method and manner. What of the substance? William Booth's subjects were nearly always heart subjects. Some of his critics have denied him the philosophic mind, and others have found fault with the lack of scientific range in his preaching, but his great work could never have been done along that line. He did not neglect reason in his audiences, but reasoned with them of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment—always of judgment—and the evil heart of rebellion and unbelief in them was ever

before him. He did not stand before the upturned faces of thousands in order to spin out a philosophic theology or to make abstract pronouncements based on questionable information. He was a messenger to the heart of mankind —a courier taking the most direct route, and making all possible haste. His great appeal was to the conscience. He believed that in every individual there was a judgment seat, continually approving or condemning; and to that inward tribunal he appealed, reminding men also of that solemn bar of God, at which they would one day appear. The larger and more miscellaneous his audience, the more simple did he set himself to become. His vocabulary was the vocabulary of the common people. Clear, direct, vigorous, simple. He scarcely used an expression which would puzzle the most ignorant. It was a dictum of his: 'Use words that Mary Ann will understand, and you will be sure to make yourself plain to her mistress; whereas if you speak only to her mistress, you will very likely miss her, and Mary Ann as well.'

When speaking to his Staff, particularly those in his closer confidence, he did not always admit the same necessity, and his thought then moved along other planes, and occasionally he would make ventures of a speculative kind. Those who imagined that his simplicity was the mark of intellectual narrowness would have been amazed had they studied the range and diversity of subjects upon which he spoke with knowledge and force, and often with challenging originality. The problems with which The Salvation Army came to deal in later years were of extraordinary variety; they called for counsel or direction on almost every subject touching the life of mankind. I do not say that the Founder was equally at home on every topic, but I always felt that he had something fresh and important to say, the fruit of his shrewd observation of men and things, as well as of the Wisdom that cometh from above. On such diverse subjects as Socialism, the Poor Law, Hydropathy, children and Sunday-schools, marriage and divorce, public advertising, the intensive cultivation of the land, missionary propaganda, emigration, colonization, the training of children, crimin-

ology, congregational singing, housing, thrift, public morals temperance, government, education, discipline, on these and many others he spoke, if not *ex cathedra* at all events with understanding ; and besides these, he dealt, of course, with homiletic and theological subjects unnumbered.

But versatile as he was in his lectures and other addresses, it is as a preacher of Jesus Christ and His Salvation, with a direct and arresting message, that he will be most remembered in all the lands he visited. His preaching was barbed. Its purpose was not merely to instruct or edify, still less to tickle the ears, but to bring men to decision on the most momentous questions which can engage the human mind. Its aim was as definite as the speech of a counsel to a jury. His earnestness, his deep yearning for souls, his profound sympathy with sinners, were always uppermost—and lowermost. This was so apparent that it broke down the ramparts of hostile or critical audiences. What he said was so obviously a part of himself that he disarmed his critics, who then and there began to believe in him ; and having gone thus far, he carried many further still, until they responded to his message. He had the wonderful gift of establishing what we call ' connexions ' with his audiences, so that an enormous proportion of those present at any one time had the feeling that he knew them individually ; that their griefs and passions were an open book to him ; and, above all, that he was vividly awake to their sins and sorrows. He talked all the time as one who knew them. He probed their unspoken problems so that each auditor could say, as multitudes did say, ' He is describing me ! '

One other thing remains to be said. William Booth was not only a great preacher ; he was one of the greatest of preacher-makers. He spoke not only with his own voice, but through the men and women whom he selected and encouraged—often apparently the most unpromising mouthpieces—to drive home the word and the testimony. He not only talked himself of the eternal verities, but he set other men talking of them. His tongue is now silent, but theirs is heard, and heard in every quarter of the globe. *He, being dead, yet speaketh.*

IV

Disturbers of the Peace

During one year—1882—the number of Soldiers of The Salvation Army who were known to have been knocked down or otherwise brutally assaulted in the United Kingdom was 642. More than one-third of them were women. In addition, twenty-three children suffered. Some of these people were injured for life. And all because they attended religious meetings in their own buildings or in the open air. In that same year sixty of our buildings were practically wrecked by the rabble. There was no redress. We could obtain neither protection nor reparation.

Yet the most persistent and unrelenting opposition that The Salvation Army had to encounter in what we sometimes call the lawless years came less from the drinking saloons than from the parsonages. The children of this world were for once outdone in malevolence by the children of light! Always the chief opposition to The Army was from the Churches; less so in the United States and the overseas Dominions than in the Old Country; more so, perhaps, in Germany, Holland, and Switzerland even than in Great Britain.

It has died down just now; or what remains is like the sullen embers on the hearth when the night is far gone. But the passage of thirty, forty, or more, years does little to subdue the just indignation which it is surely right to feel at opposition from sources so unexpected, and taking so malignant a form. Every conceivable calumny was spread abroad against us. From the Founder down to the latest Convert, or, for that matter, down to the members of the last Sabbath day's congregations, no one was safe from these astonishing and often scurrilous aspersions.

Every evil which could be imagined was told of us ; and the tellers were, not the denizens of the pothouse, who, generally speaking, only repeated and coarsened these fables, but those whom we called our ' fellow Christians ' !

What recklessness in indictment as well as exuberance in imagination was required in those who hashed up such a charge as that our Meetings promoted promiscuous immorality ! That accusation was started by none other than certain bishops of the Anglican Church. The right reverend gentlemen were challenged to prove it, which they never did, and never could, and in the end they were screwed up to the point of making a milk-and-water apology. Some of them afterwards wanted the Founder and the rest of us to come in and strengthen the Church to which they belonged, but for that foul and baseless charge they never expressed in public one word of real contrition.

It was deans and vicars who went about making statements that we were after the poor people's money, and that presently we should be off with it ' to America ! ' It was the leading lights of Nonconformist bodies who warned their flocks against the Founder as a Jesuit in disguise and Catherine Booth as his fellow-conspirator ! It was the reverend editor of one of the Christian papers who denounced what he called our ' bacchanalian processions ' and described the Founder as a ridiculous imitation of the Pope of Rome. Clergymen who had never been to a meeting of The Salvation Army, or spoken to a Salvationist in their lives, denounced us from their pulpits and wrote letters of ill will in the newspapers. In India, our first mission field, it was the Presbyterian missionaries from whom came the most bitter and sustained opposition—opposition which again and again broke out in open violence. The religious Press, in its turn, distinguished itself by the eagerness with which it received and printed any story that came along to prove that we taught false doctrines, promoted irreverence, and encouraged blasphemy, and that the principal result of our work was ' to bring religion into contempt.'

On the Continent, perhaps the climax of this railing

was reached when La Comtesse Gasparin, a Swiss Protestant leader of that day, called us liars and cheats.[1]

In this country the denunciation reached its height—of absurdity—when the great Earl of Shaftesbury solemnly stated that, as the result of much study, he had come to the conclusion that The Salvation Army was clearly Anti-christ; whereupon some silly admirer put the cap on his lordship's absurdity by discovering that the letters in the name of William Booth made '666,' the mark of the beast! There was no more to be said.

It was much the same with our Social Work. Apart from poor Huxley and one or two other infidels, the only people who attacked the Social Work at its inauguration were the religious people. They would have wrecked the project if they could, but, fortunately, the tide of sympathy in the nation was too strong for them. One West End vicar, a leader of the evangelicals, declared that we were getting money for social work while we intended to spend it on something else. A prominent parson in the East End wrote in 'The Times' that what we were really seeking to do was to 'sweat' the poor people whom we had rescued from the gutters and set to work, in order to make a money profit out of their distress.

A well-known and widely esteemed dean rushed into the papers to suggest that our borrowing money for the erection of our buildings would prove another South Sea bubble! Another clergyman mocked at us for feeding and warming the wretched creatures who spent their miserable nights on the London bridges and embankments, and said with quite convincing effrontery that we had brought them there ourselves!

[1] Eh bien: Nous vous le déclarons, A VOUS (General Booth) les âmes que vos insanités ont éloignées du Christ; les indifférents dont vos travestissements de l'Evangile ont fait des ennemis de l'Evangile; les incrédules dont vos boniments (Charlatanries) ignobles ont fait des blasphémateurs; les abusés de par votre jésuitisme, les asservis de par votre autocratie, les égarés de par vos sacrilèges prétentions d'inspiration divine, les suvres chrétiennes entravées par vos exhibitions de foire, les séduits que vous arrachez aux roulis certaines pour les mener aux fondrières: de tout cela, de tous ceux-là vous rendrez compte devant le trône de Dieu —From 'Lisez et Jugez, Armée—soidisant—du Salut,' by La Comtesse Gasparin, Geneva, 1883.

If the din of battle thus shook the windows of Headquarters, what about the local fights, where malice often took more petty forms, and the persecuted were less able to meet the onslaught? Rarely anywhere in the country did black cloth—whether State Church or Free Church—come to the help of Salvationist blue. The parsons, of course, whatever their sect, were always 'shocked' that our poor people should be bullied and injured, but they seldom said so publicly or gave us any support when we were down. In fact, they seemed nearly always, for one reason or another, to take the opposite side. They struck up an alliance—no doubt fortuitous—with 'beer' against us. In their respectable way they seconded the efforts of the baser sort.[1]

The men who tripped up our processions, who insulted and assaulted our women, who threw sticks and stones, not to mention dead cats and dogs and the most offensive refuse, when a Salvationist cap appeared on the street; who refused us even the peaceful burial of our dead; who invaded our Halls and smashed our furniture and other property, and generally treated us as lawful game, were in many cases men known to the police. The 'skeleton army' and other organized opposition which came out against us were marshalled from the beer-houses, and generally led by

[1] No doubt in some instances they were misled by the Government of the day. In a case known as the Stamford Appeal the Magistrates had become so frightened by the violence of the roughs that they appealed to the Home Secretary asking what they should do. Sir Vernon Harcourt replied in terms which drew upon him the severe and merited rebuke of practically every important newspaper in the country, Conservative or Liberal. He stated that the Salvationist processions, '*not being illegal in themselves cannot . . . be legally prevented*,' but where they provoke antagonism and lead to riotous collisions, and where the peace of the town would be endangered if they are allowed to continue, the *Magistrates should by every means in their power endeavour to prevent them*'! He recommended that in such circumstances the Chief Constable should lay before them a sworn statement to that effect, and then the Magistrates should issue notices prohibiting them, and if necessary use force to prevent them. In other words, we were to be dealt with on the principle of local option. The question whether peaceable subjects of the Crown were to be allowed to exercise their legal right and to walk in procession was to be referred to *the good pleasure of the roughs*. This monstrous pronouncement presently reacted greatly in our favour, but at the moment it was a grievous infliction, and greatly increased disorder throughout the country.

well-known men of evil repute. The source and character of the opposition alone might have reassured the most hesitating as to where he should bestow his sympathy. But I doubt whether a couple of score of ministers of religion the country over had a word to say in our support. Rarely did a note of encouragement ring out in the churches. Yet we were fighting for freedom to proclaim the same Saviour whom they honoured. We found that there was liberty in the streets for the infidel and the anarchist to hold forth day and night, liberty for the creatures of vice to parade, liberty for the patrons of the lowest music-hall to queue up, liberty for the cheap-jacks and the ' Punch and Judy ' shows, liberty for the barrels of beer to be rolled over the pavements. Our fight, or one part of it, was just this : to ensure that the streets and open spaces should be free also for the feet of those who were seeking the broken and the lost, the feet of them that brought the good tidings of a Saviour's love.

Why had we to fight alone ? Why had we against us, not only the publicans and sinners, but also, very often, the religious leaders ? Well, many good folk were, no doubt, afraid that if we were left in freedom it would lead to uncomfortable consequences for what they called religion. They were right. We were a menace to the ' comfortable ' worship of the day. Our people's zeal and joy put to shame the religion which consisted mostly in a listless rote. The new spirit which is seen in the churches all over the world to-day is distinctly traceable to the stimulus which The Salvation Army has imparted in its many conflicts.

Perhaps a ' rock of offence ' in those days was that we aimed at definite and immediate results. We have always believed that the Gospel of Christ proclaimed in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power ought to prove, must prove, visibly as well as in the heart, its Divine efficacy. What indeed can be the use of any religious speaking unless it secures some *immediate* results. The fact that such results were seen continually presented, of course, a great contrast to the outcome of much of the religious effort of that day, and deepened some of the opposition from religious circles.

The trouble with the religion of that day was that it was so egregiously respectable. Much of this spirit has passed away, I hope for ever, although even within the last few years our Officers have been refused admission to well-known places of worship at the hour of service, because they were accompanied by poor, unkempt, and broken creatures whom they wanted to bless. Yet, after all, it really was those people whom Christ came to save. The trouble with The Army was that it was *not* respectable. And so the proprieties and politenesses of the religious world took fright and began to rear. Indeed, if I may be permitted the figure, began to kick !

A deeper reason for the obloquy which met us was that we were intruders. ' Ian Maclaren,' in his later years, said that he ' liked The Salvation Army because it made religion where there was no religion before.' But that was the reason why many people did not like it. It broke into the Devil's preserves and at the same time disturbed the hitherto unruffled calm of religious exercises and lip-service which many nice people had mistaken for the religion of Jesus.

And more—signs and wonders followed it. Things unusual began to happen. Things visible. If they were not great miracles, they were nevertheless great marvels, things which came not by any human reckoning. Whether the instances were few or many, they were there. And their existence stirred up the ministers and other officials of religious bodies quite in the spirit of the Pharisees of old, who raised all manner of quibblings in the presence of the man born blind who had received his sight. ' We are Moses' disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses : as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is.' In short, they threw cold water on the whole business.

Perhaps even when all this is said we have not plumbed to the ultimate secret of the opposition. Was it that our kind of personal religion was different in yet deeper respects from much of the religion around us ? Ours was a practical faith. It appealed to the common mass, and illumined them. It offered a spiritual charter to the ecclesiastically disfranchised. It made the dumb speak. It lifted people from the

dunghills. It rebuked those cosy, self-satisfied professors who wanted to keep out of sight every sign of the warmth and enthusiasm which belong to a heart religion. It persisted in bringing the facts and claims of religion into the open. It was out of season as often as it was in. It dared to say not only that there was One who was 'mighty to save,' but that He *did* save. It was not ashamed to confess that life was full of evil, but it proclaimed also that good was coming and would prove stronger than the evil. It gave its message through the mouths of quite 'vulgar' people—mechanics, domestic servants, factory girls, farm labourers! It taught the children to sing for God. It even set to heavenly music the voices of the Magdalen and the drunkard. It pinked the complacency of conventional religion, and shone as a bright light in a gloomy twilight. It made the Devil cry out. It disturbed the publicans and the brothel-keepers and the gambling gentry and the 'nasty' newspapers. Finally, and perhaps most unforgivably, it openly organized a people who really had renounced the Devil and all his works, and who separated themselves from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world!

All this was very disturbing. And if it be an offence to bring the impact of spiritual reality upon a religious world wedded to forms of worship but too often forgetful of its spirit, then undoubtedly we have committed that offence, and the dim-religious-light sort of Christian could not and cannot abide us.

I was—indeed, I am now—often very sorry that things have had to be turned upside down. But to act, as we do, and as we have done, is no impish indulgence on our part; we do not upset people for fun, or spite, or to earn notoriety. But there are the facts. I cannot deny them. Because we were what we were, the religion which is always hesitating about what should be believed, the religion which is made up half of hope and half of fear, the religion which mistakes refinement and civilization for life—abundant life in Christ, or thinks that fine preaching or good music and ornate ceremonial can somehow be a substitute for surrender to God and separation from the world and devotion to the

service of others—that religion was bound by its very nature to oppose The Salvation Army. And it did.

* * * *

I have not written here the whole story. There was a brighter side to all this, and it shall be told on another page.

V

Friends in Need

It is pleasant to turn from this rather dreary record of abuse and persecution to the few friends—men of outstanding spiritual influence with their fellows—who were raised up in the Churches to help The Army forward in those early days. Of such friends some continued to the end faithful in their friendship. They had eyes to see the spirit which was working inwardly among our people. However the exterior may have perplexed them, they could see beneath it. These, having once espoused our cause, never deserted us. The attitude of others varied with the passage of time. For a year or two they would do valiant defensive work, and then we found that in some respect or other they were offended. But even with regard to these we rejoiced, and felt when they had rendered us some signal service, that as Mordecai said of Esther, they had come to the kingdom for a time like this.

Among these latter I think that my first memory would be of C. H. Spurgeon. My first touch with him was connected with a visit which the Founder paid to one of his Pastors' College festivals early in the seventies. Spurgeon, who made a very nice reference to his guest, struck me as a man very conscious of the fact that he had reached his zenith, and desperately anxious to continue where he was. Yet that could not really have been the case, because he maintained in subsequent years a high rate of progress.

It was at about the time of this visit that Spurgeon took occasion to mention the work of the Christian Mission in the 'Sword and Trowel.'[1] After referring to Mr. Booth as one of the centres of holy activity stirring the masses of

[1] December, 1870.

London, he quoted from our ' Mission Magazine ' the experience of two evangelists of the Mission who had had brought out against them, to silence their speaking, a whole brass band, and Spurgeon added this comment :

> What would some of our brethren have done in such a case ? If a baby cries they are utterly disconcerted, and a little noise from the Sabbath School children makes them drop the thread of their discourse ! Puling evangelists would do well to try Whitechapel in the open-air, and they would probably say with a certain brother (of the Christian Mission), ' I find the work very trying to the voice ; the rumbling of the buses and carts in the Mile End Road drowns the voice unless backed by a strong pair of lungs.' We are afraid they would hardly have the grace to add, ' The Lord strengthen us for this great work.'

Later on Spurgeon gave his lecture on ' Candles ' at our Hall in Whitechapel, and I was more impressed with him than I had been on the former occasion. Later still I heard him preach in a tent in Limehouse to a fine concourse of people, numbering from three to four thousand. I do not think that I have ever heard a more beautiful voice. It was a melody with an immense scale of tones. Moreover, I thought his general manner on the platform exceedingly impressive and attractive. I had heard the story of the child who was taken by his mother to hear Spurgeon preach, and after a quarter of an hour or so whispered, ' Mother, is Mr. Spurgeon speaking to *me ?* ' and I realized, as I listened to him myself, that that story could be quite true. I was, however, disappointed with his matter. It struck me—as his printed sermons have also done—as being a careful erection from the surface rather than an upheaval from the depths. Yet here, again, I must have been wrong, for there were depths in him. I regretted, nay, I resented his style off the platform also. He arrived at the gathering I have referred to in a fine carriage, smoking a cigar. His remark that he smoked to the honour and glory of God is one of those oft-quoted sayings which have done infinite harm to the world, putting into the mouth of many a youth not only a poisonous weed but a flippant and irreligious apology.

More than once Spurgeon spoke up for The Army. His

Calvinistic soul did not like our Holiness teaching, and he condemned it in his rough and ready fashion; but he always recognized that souls were being brought to the truth, and his own early sensationalisms saved him from prejudice against our new and unconventional methods for winning the attention of the multitude. He became our advocate with regard to some of the very measures which most offended the sentiment of 'the Christian public.' It should be added that his kindly feelings were shared by his son Thomas, both when in New Zealand and while, later on, he was in charge of his father's church.

Of Spurgeon's great contemporary in the Nonconformist pulpit I have some pleasant recollections. Dr. Parker was the first preacher of any note, either in London or the provinces, to invite of his own motion my dear mother to occupy his pulpit, and that at a time when hardly a woman's voice was heard in the Christian temples of this country.[1] Now and again during the stormy years Parker spoke out boldly for us with that defiant note to which the City Temple so frequently rang. Later on he invited me once or twice to take one of his Thursday services, and I have often regretted that circumstances prevented me from accepting his invitation. During Dr. Parker's last illness my father paid him a visit, and spoke of him to me with deep interest and sympathy. The two men had a happy time together, conscious as both of them were that soon their stern battles would be done. They had a likeness also in this, that each mourned a deeply loved wife, and they were drawn to speak to one another of the reunions awaiting them on the other side.

Among other reminiscences of Dr. Parker is one which, though of a different order, is not without interest. In his vestry a small Committee of influential men was discussing a meeting we proposed to hold in the City Temple in connexion with the Purity Campaign of 1885. Some question arose as to whether a certain Labour leader, at that time a bold and active figure, should be asked to speak. He had been already approached, and had expressed his willingness

[1] It was also at the City Temple many years later, in 1889, that Mrs. Catherine Booth preached her last sermon.

to come—' but, mind, none of your damned religion ! ' Some one put it to Parker at last definitely whether the Labour leader should be invited. ' Oh, let him come,' was the Doctor's reply ; and then, in his deepest tones, ' Yes, let him come, *but, mind, none of his damned infidelity !* '

Of other Nonconformists who befriended us I mention three, all of Bristol, and each of them honoured in his denomination by being elected to the chair of the Union. These were Urijah Thomas and Arnold Thomas, both of them Congregationalists, and Richard Glover, the Baptist. Urijah Thomas went out in the processions with us, and attended the early Bristol services, where he himself was greatly blessed. And I must name also Dr. J. B. Paton, the head of the Congregational Institute for Theological and Missionary Studies at Nottingham. That he was ' one of the right sort ' may be seen from a letter which he wrote to my father after the death of my sister, Mrs. Booth-Tucker :

I have throughout a long life always felt it to be one of the highest privileges of that life to stand by your side wherever it was possible and to aid by prayers and fullest sympathy one who has been in our times the chosen Apostle of our Glorious Redeeming Lord, to do a work which scarce any other of His great Apostles has been permitted to do . . . . and now when you are smitten by this storm of trial, what can I more than stand again by your side, offering you a heart full of loving sympathy. *Eternally united !* Death to you and me is no more. They are with you here, and, oh ! how soon you will be with them there. And then may I still be at your side, and at the side of her, the Mother of your Army, who bade me good night, and told me to meet her in the Morning.

Ever your affectionate and faithful friend,

J. B. Paton.

We had also some helpers in Scotland. Dr. Stalker greatly appreciated my mother's writings, and was very warm and cordial to the Founder ; and among other friends in the north were Dr. Denney and Dr. Alexander Whyte of Free St. George's, Edinburgh. These were all true friends when friends were few.

The Army has had, and still has, many valued friends among Methodists. A host of names comes to mind—names like Alexander McCaulay ; Bishop Taylor, of California ;

Luke Tyreman, and T. B. Stephenson (of the National Children's Home), as well as many generous Methodist laymen, Henry Reed, William MacArthur, John Cory ; James Barlow, of Bolton ; William Walker, of Whitehaven ; William Gooderham, of Toronto ; Mary Fowler, of Liverpool ; Dr. Wood, of Southport, among others.

The Church of England long remained aloof from The Army. Anglicanism could not somehow get us into focus. All the same, there appeared here and there a splendid friend amongst its clergy. Some comparatively early sympathizers among those who are entitled to be called great Churchmen are mentioned in another chapter, but there were others who will always be remembered as friends in need. One was E. W. Moore, then minister of Brunswick Chapel, Marylebone, and another D. B. Hankin, who was vicar of St. Jude's, Mildmay. These men attended our services and wrote warmly in our defence in their Church papers, both under their own name and under a *nom-de-plume.* I specially rejoiced in their advocacy, because it helped to counteract the false theories spread abroad, chiefly by members of their own Church, with regard to our higher life teaching.

Among the other brave spirits of that time who took a definite share in the open-air fighting was one who held what is known as a perpetual curacy at one of the West End chapels. I recall that on more than one occasion he sallied forth carrying an open umbrella bearing striking words of warning plastered upon it, and not only did he carry this to Salvation Army meetings, but he walked about with it in Hyde Park to the blessing of many souls.

Material help has also been extended to us from time to time by well-to-do men. Once in a Holiness Meeting, during a time of great stress and poverty at Headquarters, I mentioned that we needed sympathy and help. The next morning, almost before I began work, a Church of England parson who had been present at the meeting was at Headquarters, and said, ' How much do you want ? Would a loan of £3,000 be of any use ? ' I replied that while it would not cover our need, it would certainly be of use ; whereupon

he said, ' I have securities at my bank which will produce just that amount as a loan. I will send it up to you. But I want to make one condition, that you do not send me any sort of acknowledgment or allow the matter to be mentioned between us until you are ready to repay me ! '

Then there was the late Frank S. Webster, afterwards Prebendary of St. Paul's and rector of All Souls, Langham Place, who was a staunch friend. He came under The Army's influence while at Oxford. I have more than once seen him walking in our processions, singing the praises of God, and plastered with mud from head to foot. Benjamin Waugh, the children's protector, was another who unflinchingly stood by us during the purity prosecution, though he risked losing many of his wealthy supporters by so doing.

Others who must be named in this connexion are Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, Bishop Moorhouse, of Manchester, Dean Hole, of Rochester, Bishop Welldon, now Dean of Durham, and Canon Scott-Holland, afterwards of St. Paul's. Farrar and Wilberforce, of Westminster, are the subject of more extended reference elsewhere. A few clergymen took a share of the brickbats, and came to our meetings and spoke encouragingly to our people. They were great exceptions, it is true, but there were these exceptions. Among the encouragers whose names recur to me was that curious mixture of this world and the next known as ' Hang Theology ' Rogers, rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. Rogers was naturally a very attractive man, a really good town specimen of the shooting and fox-hunting parson ; and one of his persistent endeavours—in which he never succeeded—was to get the General to go down with him to the Derby !

There was also dear old William Pennefather, the founder of the Mildmay Conferences, who came down to Whitechapel quite in the early days, before his Conferences had removed from Barnet, where they began. Pennefather was the first man I ever saw embrace my father in public ! He created no end of a sensation by kissing him before the people in a crowded meeting.

Now, why did such men as I have mentioned help us

at all? It is scarcely possible, of course, for another to analyse their feelings and motives. Nevertheless, some things which seemed to be common to them all, or nearly all, throw light on the matter. They were, on the whole, drawn to us by our high standards of personal religion. Even when they could not quite accept our doctrine or did not quite see the necessity of imposing on themselves or on others our self-denying ordinances, they still delighted in our testimony. The best of them felt and specially rejoiced that the witness was forthcoming, not from the members of some gifted coterie of rare minds, but from the common people, that the spirit of Pentecost was in the shabby room, and had fallen on the poor and the simple and the despised. In general we may explain their espousal of our despised and rejected cause by the fact of our religion—definite—aggressive—hot religion. Any number of good people when spoken to about The Salvation Army to-day will say, 'Yes, it is doing a great work.' What these men saw was something more than that. The Army might or might not be doing a great work, but The Army *was a great thing!*

It should be added that many of those who came forward and helped us in this way had in their own personal lives received new power through the instrumentality of one or other of our agencies. As I go about the world people still say to me—not Army people: 'It was at such and such a meeting of The Army, or through reading such and such an Army book, or through hearing such and such a Salvationist song, or through coming in contact with such and such a soldier, that my life was directed to the service of the Cross of Christ.' It was so with them.

I think, further, that the opposition which these men encountered was of immense service to them. It damped the zeal of some, no doubt, but it stiffened the fibre of others. They saw in the character of those individuals and influences which opposed us a great testimony to the hand of God upon us. They differed from us in doctrinal matters; they differed about the sacraments, about women's ministry, about many of our methods, but they felt that

The Army must possess some essential thing which God loved and approved or it would never have found arrayed against it in the way it did the world, the flesh, and the Devil. The very thing which hopelessly frightened many of their co-religionists drew them to us and made them valiant in our defence. We owe them much ; they helped to roll the old chariot along, even though they were not always pushing behind with might and main. They were auxiliaries of the main attacking Army, freelances wielding redoubtable steel. They have their reward.

One venerable friend who has lately left us I have not forgotten, but I have left him till last because his name forms such a fitting completion of this honoured roll. Dr. Clifford always looked with kindness on The Army. Back in the old days, when we had few friends among the Nonconformists to say one good word for us, he said many. I can never forget his helping hand in the great legal fight over the Eagle Tavern. Some of the hatred which fell on us fell on him also. Again and again his pulpit has been at our disposal. I like to think of him as I last saw him, though the shadows were already creeping up the splendid hills of his fruitful life. It was the night of my father's wonderful funeral service at Olympia. Near to the representatives of the King and Queen, and among the leading men of every Church and religion, was Dr. Clifford, seven years the Founder's junior, his hand raised on high and singing with all his might, his eyes filling with tears, as the mighty audience burst forth :

> We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
> And soon shall hear the trumpet sound.

Dr. Clifford's power was in his marvellous capacity to throw himself body and soul into what he was doing or saying. Power on the platform is often falsely put down to a special gift of speech, when it really arises, as in his case, from a burning and overflowing heart.

Dr. Clifford should have been a Salvationist !

VI

How the Buttons Came Off

Late one Sunday night in Whitechapel, when I was about twelve or thirteen years of age, I was walking home with the Founder when he led me for the first time in my life into a drinking saloon. I have never forgotten the effect that the scene produced upon me. The place was crowded with men, many of them bearing on their faces the marks of brutishness and vice, and with women also, dishevelled and drunken, in some cases with tiny children in their arms. There in that brilliantly lighted place, noxious with the fumes of drink and tobacco, and reeking with filth, my father, holding me by the hand, met my inquiring gaze and said, 'Willie, these are our people; these are the people I want you to live for and bring to Christ.' The impression never left me.

The Founder's struggles in those early and formative years were not always with the outward and visible. There were more subtle difficulties, questionings, uncertainties, hesitations, misgivings. How could it be otherwise? The very foundations of his life were challenged. Many old cherished things were already marked to pass away and many utterly undreamed-of things were to become new. In the result, he gradually came down from the aloofness of a semi-ecclesiastical position into that of a man who deemed all else of no account if by any means he might win some.

For a long time he shared many of the notions which prevailed in the then religious world with regard to what may be called ecclesiastical precedence or order. He believed, for example, that there was some superiority in the mere fact of being a minister, that the call and separation involved in that life really did convey some special grace,

that it necessarily set a man apart from the people and put a hedge about him. He left Methodism of his own motion. It is quite true that, from a certain standpoint, the Methodist authorities may be said to have ejected him, but he never felt quite happy in putting it *only* in that way. They offered him a circuit, and with a circuit, a home, and salary, with no small opportunity to work for the Kingdom of God. It is scarcely the whole story to say that he was turned out ! On the other hand, it is also true that when he joined the Methodist New Connexion there was a distinct understanding with the authorities of that time that he became one of their ministers for *evangelistic* work, in which he had already gained a great measure of success in various parts of the country. It was their subsequent refusal of that work which brought about the rupture.

After he broke with the Conference he was immediately invited to visit various circuits as Missioner, holding special services, and at once had a great measure of success, particularly in Cornwall, in the Midlands, and in South Wales. Thereupon the ministers who had personally agitated against his evangelism within the Church felt that the position ' would be worse than ever ' if he were allowed to roam about the country without any restraint. Accordingly they moved their Conference—and with entire success—to close the pulpits against any travelling evangelists who were not authorized by the Annual Conference. The same resolution which closed their doors against William Booth closed them also to James Caughey, and to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who had been instrumental at that time in strengthening many of the Nonconformist Churches in the United Kingdom. No doubt, some of the opposition which developed in the long run against the Booths was originally due to a prejudice against ' foreigners,' the Evangelists just mentioned having come from the United States. The very strong, not to say bitter, feeling then prevailing against the ministry of women, had also to be reckoned with, for Catherine Booth had shared in the Founder's work.

For two years after the Churches were thus closed against him he wandered about the country without a religious

domicile. Towns in which he had been marvellously used could offer him nothing except the personal hospitality of individuals, which was not what he was seeking. Those two years were probably the darkest in his whole life, at least from the time of his ordination onwards. Small buildings only were available for his services—he who had been accustomed to great congregations ; and the results were, I am afraid, correspondingly disappointing. Financially also they were years of very great embarrassment, rendered the more so, no doubt, by his independence and his delicacy about accepting gifts. Many of his letters during this period illustrate the acute personal conflicts through which he passed. Mrs. Booth was living meanwhile with four children in a little house in Yorkshire—her husband wandering about the country, separated from her sometimes for months at a time.

Yet this period, dark and perplexing as it was, was a period in which, I consider, he was being most marvellously fitted for the work which, unknown to him, was awaiting his hand in the East End of London ; nay, in the ' East End ' of the world. If he had had to come down straight from those crowded buildings, with a thousand or fifteen hundred people night after night, with influential ministers and leading men of all parties on his platforms, and streams of penitents just below them—if he had had to come down from all that immediately to the cold and tumble-down tent or the little barren skittle-ground of Whitechapel and the Mile-End Waste, and to submit himself to the tender mercies of a London mob, the change might have been too much even for his brave spirit. They were wilderness years, but they were years in which the reality of his call was being proved in his own consciousness and his fibre stiffened for conflict and conquest. They were years of enduring and of hardness.

All this time, notwithstanding that the ceremonial trappings of his Church life had been, if not torn away, at all events considerably loosened—the buttons coming off, as Carlyle would have put it—there still remained with him a haunting sense of superiority or separateness as a minister

which was a constant embarrassment. As he himself said, it was a long while before he could divest himself of his white tie and his black clothes, and his umbrella, and come right down to the common people as one of themselves.

What was substantially the same difficulty in other aspects of his own work and experience appeared again and again during the earliest developments of The Army. I remember his addressing on one occasion a congregation of twelve hundred or so at Whitechapel, the large majority of those present being utterly godless, many of them openly vicious. He was making only the most trifling impression, do what he would. But when presently he called upon an old man—a kind of gipsy hawker, who was converted from a life of open wickedness a few weeks before—to speak after him, a wonderful impression upon the throng was created by that man's words, bungling as no doubt they were. He saw it and felt it, and he said to me afterwards, ' Willie, I shall have to burn all those old sermons of mine, and go in for the gipsy's.' And yet those ' old sermons,' or *old swords*, as we might well call them, had done wonderful execution in the former days, and he was not a little attached to them. But he found, as he wrote later on, ' that ordinary working-men in their corduroys and bowler hats could command attention from their own class which was refused point-blank to me with my theological terms and superior knowledge.' Thus in the methods of The Salvation Army, as they gradually took shape, there was so much that was contrary to his preconceived notions, that perhaps the greatest struggle of all in the making of The Army was the struggle within himself.

To a large extent Catherine Booth was under the same influences, but with her the conflict was rather in the intellectual than in the ecclesiastical arena. She had in those early days no little difficulty, for instance, in reconciling herself to the employment of young and untrained minds to convey the great messages of divine things. Should she approve or disapprove when it was proposed to call simple and ignorant people away from their homes, impose upon them a rather stern discipline, and involve them in a wan-

dering life of poverty in order that they might minister of the sacred things to the multitude ? What advice was she to give when servant girls and 'prentice lads seemed to be so manifestly shaping for leadership ? She went through no small measure of humbling in realizing that, after all, these rough and untutored spirits might be chosen vessels of Ministering Grace, worthy to take their places beside her more carefully prepared and more precious earthenware.

But with her, as well as with him, these traditions and hesitations, so natural, nay, so honourable in them both, were overcome by the tremendous passion for souls which possessed them, and especially for the souls to whom, if they did not actually antagonize them, the Churches made little or no appeal. Here, and in their delightful humility, was the true secret of their emancipation from many clinging prejudices. In their burning love for men, the bonds which during twenty years had been wound round them were destroyed. Love—*love for humanity*—found a way. It routed, at last, all the fastidiousness alike of temperament, association, and habit. The more degraded, the more vicious, the more distant and stubborn the people, the more fiery became their own zeal, the more steady their own pursuit until they were won. William Booth at this time, let it be remembered, was not a young fellow of twenty-five embarking in a youthful spirit of enterprise on new adventures. He was forty and mature.

The growth of The Army brought also struggles of another kind. His contemporaries never realized—will posterity realize ?—how often William Booth had to do violence to himself. Consider, for example, the government of the Organization, and his place in it. It was not that he wanted to be an autocrat. All his predispositions were the other way. Yet from the earliest days of the East End Mission there was, I think, always before him the idea that soon or later—no matter how reluctant he might feel when the time came—he would have to take control of everything. I am sometimes asked how it was that for the first thirteen or fourteen years of our existence we made comparatively so little impression. I honestly think that the reason was that

the Founder, after the first two or three years, hesitated, chiefly on account of his previous notions of Church government, to take the lead. He was still in thought—or rather in attitude of mind—a good deal of a Methodist. And although later in life the influences of his early years in the Church of England were clearly seen, he would still say, 'there is one God, and John Wesley is His prophet.' He had always in his ears an echo of the impact which Methodism had made upon the world. It was only natural that John Wesley's example should influence him. He felt himself as time went on to be placed in circumstances in many important respects similar to those in which Wesley had ultimately been placed, and his position was very like Wesley's in one respect at least, that people would come to him and say, 'Take us under your care. We have loosed our anchors.'

For some time he held back from taking this absolute control. It was not only the natural diffidence of a refined spirit which held him back; the habits and training of his previous life were against such a course. We had for some years, for regulating the local work, the usual organization of Elders and other meetings composed of selected officials of the different societies, and in the middle of the seventies there came into existence a governing body known as the Annual Conference, with which the Founder freely shared his authority and in a less degree his responsibility. But the Conference failed, obviously and palpably failed, as 'government by talk' generally fails, and there came at length a time when he went the whole length in the direction of what has often been called his autocracy. The immediate crisis which led to this change, so long seen to be approaching, was the expressed dissatisfaction of many of his most effective helpers. They came to him, and said plainly, 'We gave our lives up to work under you, and those you should appoint, rather than under one another.' 'Very well,' he answered, 'let it be so,' and took up the burden. Much, if not all the pressure of his previous training had to be shaken off. It took him twelve years to reach that position, and even then there remained an instinctive shrinking from

much that was involved. On one of the first occasions on which the title 'General William Booth' was used in print, he ringed the first word in the proof and returned it to me with a note at the side, 'Cannot this form be altered? It looks too pretentious!'[1] And yet, side by side with this natural shyness, there was, at any rate after the first few years, the most determined and absolute dedication of all his powers to make known the Saviour of the world, and the utmost readiness to be made a spectacle—if need be a derided spectacle—for men and angels, if only he could attract attention to the Lamb of God.

When he assumed the entire control of the work, he had of course but the faintest idea of the possibilities which time has shown were before us. But even so the question as to what form the Organization should take immediately became a serious one. No one desired to build without a plan, still less to build without sufficient foundation, and least of all to build without some reasonable prospect of permanence. A system of government must be decided upon. When it came to making a choice in that matter he conceived himself to be perfectly untrammelled as regards the various Church systems already in existence. So far as he could see no particular theory of a Church and no particular form of Church government could find any support either direct or indirect in the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. This being so, he felt that he was free to adopt that modified form of militarism which has proved so practical for our great purposes, and is seen to be so effective in The Army of to-day.

But it must not be supposed that this was determined upon without great searchings of heart and humbling of spirit, nor without doing considerable violence to his own feelings. He, of all people, had no ambition to be a Pope! He did not desire to make a new sect. Indeed, neither he nor any of us who were associated with him had any such thought. We were, of course, as the work prospered, assailed on that point both by friends and foes, but it was

[1] The Life of William Booth, by Harold Begbie, Vol. I, contains a facsimile of the sheet referred to.

not difficult to answer that we were as far as could be from a sect, as ordinarily understood. It was not a Church after the fashion of the Churches but an Army that was aimed at —and which, thank God, is still aimed at. That is, a force as real, as active, as self-sacrificing and as much under control for soul-winning as the ordinary military armies are for slaughter and destruction.

Writing on this matter, which continued for years a tender point with the Founder, I find Commissioner Railton, saying, and his words come home to some of us even to-day :

> ' But this is making a denomination—a new sect.' Well, and supposing it is. Is there any harm in doing so ? Is there not a need for just such a ' sect ' in many a city and town of this kingdom, where no such work is being done amongst the masses ? But we deny that we are in any proper sense a sect. We refuse to settle down into places of worship such as might be agreeable to our people and their families, but insist upon the open-air stand and the place of amusement, where there may be little comfort, but where the most good may be done. We refuse to allow our Officers to stay very long in any one place, lest they or the people should sink into the relationship of pastor and flock, and look to their mutual enjoyment and advantage rather than to the Salvation of others. The whole Army is kept in its course by the direction of one controlling will. . . . We refuse utterly to allow of any authoritative assembly, committee, church meeting, or any other representative or popular gathering, except purely for the purpose of auditing finance and accepting and confirming and arranging for the execution of the plans which have been tried and proved most calculated to promote the common object. We are not and will not be made a sect. We are an Army of Soldiers of Christ, organized as perfectly as we have been able to accomplish, seeking no Church status, avoiding as we would the plague every denominational rut, in order perpetually to reach more and more of those who lie outside every Church boundary. Owing to our adherence to this military system, we are losing almost every year Officers who, having lost their first love, begin to hanker after the ' rights,' ' privileges,' ' comforts,' ' teaching,' or ' respectability ' of the Churches.

And there came to be something of the same freedom from the trammels of the past in the relation of many methods of The Army to its inner spirit. This, again, was seen first of all in the Founders themselves. They came to understand in a marvellous way the power of external impression on the people, and the influence which it could

exert in favour of religion and righteousness. Holding back somewhat in the early years from the sensational and broadly emotional, they came at last to accept every lawful thing which would arrest the divided attention or seize for God the imagination of the crowd. The employment of music was one example of this. The Churches, from Rome and onwards, used instrumental music of some kind. But they first, since the days of the Israelites, brought the trumpets and cymbals and drums out into the highways and market places of the world. They put the 'secular' music to sacred uses, and made the 'sacred' music more sacred still! Ours is the marching Chorus, the bivouacking Choir, the peripatetic Organ! How well that this should have been done! What a message of hope and peace, what a call to higher things The Army musicians have brought to the people!

The employment of untrained and often very uncouth and ignorant converts to do the work of calling their former associates to Christ, and to do it in their own free and easy way, was another instance of this same principle of being 'all things to all men' that by any means they might save some. They saw that the mighty change produced by Salvation and the whole outcome of that change, including emotion and sanctified passion, could be employed for the spread of Christ's Kingdom.

In the preface to his remarkable book 'Broken Earthenware,' Harold Begbie says:

> Does one expect a man whose entire being has suffered so great, so pervasive, so cataclysmic a change, to walk sedately, to measure his words, to take the temperature of his enthusiasm and feel the pulse of his transport? The enchanted felicity which sends this man singing and marching into the slums is not only the token of the miracle in himself, but is the magic, as my book shows over and over again, which draws unhappy and dejected souls to make surrender of their sin and wretchedness. Does not Christ speak of a sinner's repentance actually *increasing* the joy of Heaven?

And there is a profound truth in Professor Seeley's words:

> No heart is pure that is not passionate,
> No virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic!

Yes, but with all this, definite and distinctive and effective as it was and is, there was no depending on it or on kindred influences or activities for spiritual results. Our religion works by regeneration, not merely by impression ; 'by life rather than by movement; by the incoming of God, not merely by worshipping Him or by building up a kind of likeness to Him.'

The purpose, deliberate and persistent, to make an impression by external means, was there with the Founders and is with The Army, but always as a subordinate aim, merely as a way towards the great end. The Army has ever set out to awaken and move the spirits of men, striving to stir by any means the slothful, the sensual, the wilful, and ready to employ every kind of measure which will serve to do that work. But in that work we have ever recognized that only the Holy Spirit can quicken the spirits we long to save, can bring them to that Holiness which they were made to manifest, were destined to enjoy.

And so, as ' the buttons came off,' and more and more a holy liberty spread its influence in the Founders' lives, and from them to us, there was more and more seen the power of a Living Saviour working among the peoples, a Saviour strong to deliver, mighty to save, almighty to create and renew, our ever-present Keeper, our all-satisfying Food.

VII

'Signs and Wonders'

And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from Heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? ... And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man; but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink.—Acts ix. 3, 4, 8, 9.

I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth); such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth): how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.—2 Cor. xii. 2–4.

All my life I have been interested in what are sometimes spoken of as bodily manifestations, though I have had a considerable degree of misgiving. From my earliest years of responsible work for God I have approached all such manifestations, if not with a hostile mind, certainly with a mind deliberately cautious. I have always felt that anything claiming to be of the supernatural must have credentials which placed its genuineness beyond cavil. Nevertheless, I have this feeling also—and with regard to The Army I have it particularly—that there is a place for these outward demonstrations which have undoubtedly been witnessed by us, and the like of which are recorded in various periods of religious history.

The first instances of manifestation to which I was introduced were seen in the extraordinary breaking down of ungodly persons in the presence of the Spirit of God. I have seen men in our Meetings, who were raving and blaspheming when the service began, suddenly broken down as

though some physical power had laid them prostrate on the floor, and after a time of silence, weeping, and penitence, they were confessing their sins and imploring the mercy of God. In many such cases the whole of their subsequent lives was changed, and no question could arise in the minds of any of those who knew them as to the reality of the experience.

One of the earliest instances of this which I met with was not in connexion with Army work at all. As a young lad I visited Cardiff from time to time and stayed with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Billups. During one of these visits Robert Aitken, vicar of Pendeen, in Cornwall, and father of Canon Hay Aitken, was conducting a ' mission ' in St. John's Church there.

The mission was very successful. Night after night the churches were crowded, and many scores of persons crowded together at the Communion rail and were afterwards met in a schoolroom by Mr. Aitken, who exhorted them as penitents. Lad as I was, I was detailed by Mr. Aitken, who had known my father, to look after some lads of my own age, and I became somewhat intimate with the inner work of the mission. It was there also that I became acquainted with one of the most delightful men who has ever crossed my path. This was Mr. (later Canon) Howells, a Welshman, one of the saints of God, so intimate with spiritual things and so gentle and lovable in his whole personality as to be a brother of all the Church of Christ.

In the course of this mission some opposition and ridicule developed in the town, and Mr. Aitken was specially attacked for certain remarks he had made in a sermon on retribution, and it was indeed a tremendous sermon. I was walking up the street one day when I saw Mr. Aitken approaching. A number of men, on seeing him, flocked to the door of a public-house and jeered at him as he passed, one of them offering a pot of liquor. Mr. Aitken turned sharply round on this poor fellow, and said to him in his deep voice, but with extreme tenderness, ' *Oh, my lammie ! how will you bear the fires of Hell ?* ' At those words the man instantly dropped on the pavement. He fell like a piece of

wood, apparently losing all consciousness for the moment. One or two people assisted him, Mr. Aitken looking on, and presently there on the sidewalk he came to himself and sought the mercy of God, afterwards, as I learned, becoming an earnest Christian man.

Later on, in Meetings of The Army, we had far more wonderful scenes of this nature. During an 'All-Night of Prayer,' for example, there would be a certain movement apparent among the people, and sometimes when prayer was being offered, and at other times during the singing or the address of a particular speaker, here and there among the audience people would be observed to fall to the ground At times they appeared to fall with great violence, yet I have never known of anyone being really hurt. On some occasions there would be perhaps in a meeting of several hundreds of people only half a dozen such manifestations, although I have known as many as fifty or sixty in one gathering. Sometimes the younger people were in the majority, but at other times those thus influenced were mainly from the older portions of the audience.

One case is recorded in my journal of January 16, 1878, of a meeting following our half-yearly Council of War at Whitechapel, when nearly all our evangelists were present :

At night Corbridge led a Hallelujah Meeting till 10 o'clock. Then we commenced an All-Night of Prayer. Two hundred and fifty people were present till 1 a.m. ; two hundred or so after. A tremendous time. From the very first Jehovah was passing by, searching, softening, and subduing every heart. The power of the Holy Ghost fell on Robinson[1] and prostrated him. He nearly fainted twice. The brother of the Blandys[2] entered into full liberty and then he shouted, wept, clapped his hands, danced, amid a scene of the most glorious and heavenly enthusiasm. Others meanwhile were lying prostrate on the floor, some of them groaning aloud for perfect deliverance. I spoke twice in the course of the night ; so did Corbridge. He did well. . . . It was a blessed night.

In many cases these manifestations occurred among those who had resisted the light breaking in on their lives. In some cases they had resisted the call to surrender themselves

[1] Robinson was a North Country pitman of specially powerful build, who had lately entered the service of the Mission.

[2] Two Evangelists of ours.

to some particular service or self-denial, or to abandon some doubtful thing. Not infrequently persons who seemed most unlikely to be the subjects of these special influences—some of whom had indeed openly said, ' I will take care that nothing of this kind ever happens to me '—had been overcome. Others, again, would be sincere seekers after higher things ; perhaps in some of these last cases there was a predisposition to yield easily to the influence of the hour. I always looked upon such—although it seems almost a contradiction to say so—as the least satisfactory. All the same, judged by their subsequent experience, they often proved to have been most graciously and wonderfully blessed.

My own course, and the course adopted by most of our leaders in the presence of these influences, was, while never opposing or deprecating them, to take care to have the subjects of them immediately, or at any rate as soon as it was possible, removed from the public gathering. They were usually taken to adjoining rooms, the men separate from the women, and quietly laid down. Wherever possible, especially in the early days when we were less accustomed to what afterwards became more ordinary, we had a doctor within call lest some ill effects should follow these experiences ; perhaps also sometimes with a view to confirming their genuineness.

This rapid removal from the open meeting was a wise thing. It effectually prevented any vain or neurotic persons from drawing attention to themselves. But it is important to remember that we very seldom had any cases that were not entirely sincere. Although we had various doctors in attendance at different times and in different localities, the number of cases in which it was the medical opinion that there was something 'put on' was exceedingly small, whether among women or men ; so small, in fact, as to be almost negligible.

What happened afterwards ? Well, the great majority of those who were unsaved sought the pardon of God and lived new lives, and the fact that their new lives dated from so extraordinary a beginning no doubt helped their faith.

With regard to those who were already our own people or were Christian people visiting our meetings, the after-effects, of course, varied. In the majority of such cases an immediate desire was manifest to give themselves wholly to the will of God.

I must have heard hundreds of testimonies to the wonderful help received during or in consequence of these visitations. They were testimonies from people about whose absolute sincerity there could be no reasonable question, and of whose increased devotion in the cause of God there was abundant evidence. The explanation of these prostrations is difficult to frame. May it not be that, so far as the merely physical is concerned, certain Divine influences coming upon a crowd of people are specially attracted by those who might be described as spiritual conductors, and that such persons, being overweighted as it were on the side of the physical, lose their balance and fall down ?

In a certain number of cases we had remarkable descriptions of visions or revelations occurring during the period of unconsciousness. These were, however, relatively few in number, for though I heard of many who had been conscious of remarkable things, they did not, as a rule, seem anxious to say much about them. There was a kind of restraint upon them. The impression they gave was akin to that expressed by the Apostle when he spoke of having been caught up into the third heaven, and being uncertain whether he was in the body or out of the body ; being, that is, in some rapture or ecstasy which left him afterwards undecided as to where he was—and of hearing unspeakable words not again to be uttered.

Nevertheless, some striking descriptions were given. I cannot say that such recitals, with here and there an exception, impressed me deeply, and for this reason. There was nearly always an element in them which sounded unnatural. Still, some of them were truly most remarkable, and to the ordinary mind most moving, and often produced great effects in the telling.

One of these exceptions just referred to was the case of a woman named Bamford, an Officer who came from

Nottingham. After a visitation of this kind which came upon her during an ' All-Night of Prayer,' in which she lay for nearly five hours unconscious, and during which her countenance was most evidently brightened, she gave a picture of something she had seen, relating chiefly to the felicity of the redeemed. It made a profound impression upon my own heart, and I believe it afterwards helped her to win hundreds of souls for God, for she constantly referred to it in her work as an Officer. She died some years later with a glorious record of soul-winning behind her. In some of her Corps her name is still as ' ointment poured forth.'

There was also a similar instance of a man. He was undoubtedly an extraordinary person, in the sense that he always seemed to be living on the verge of considerable elation, so that he had to be scrutinized carefully. He had several visitations. In fact, he seemed a favourable ' subject,' and when he came back to earth, so to speak, he had something wonderful to relate, not perhaps wonderful in the sense of profundity or originality, but wonderful for the intensity with which it had evidently gripped his own soul. For instance, he spoke on one occasion—I think it was at Hammersmith Town Hall—on a picture he had seen of himself at the Final Judgment, and how in this tremendous ordeal he had only barely escaped the censure of the Judge because of the negligence of his life and character. I shall never forget how it affected a town-hall audience, three parts of whom were men who did not believe in this sort of thing, and at first regarded the speaker with a certain pitying amusement. Yet he took hold even of these scoffers in a way which gave them to think. He made them feel that at least his eyes had seen the thing described. He was a lovable fellow, became an Officer afterwards, and killed himself with work for others.

Instances of levitation also took place in our services, and well authenticated stories came before me from time to time. Ofthese, however, I do not write now, except to say that I cannot doubt that everything about them was open and true. Nor can I dwell at any length upon equally well authenticated instances of Divine healing. The Army has

ever had in its ranks in various parts of the world a number of people unquestionably possessed of some kind of gift of healing. If extravagances have gathered round the subject in some quarters, they ought not to be permitted to obscure the central fact, which is that the healing of the sick by special immediate Divine interposition, in answer to prayer and faith, has undoubtedly occurred.

Surely there is nothing surprising in this. On the contrary, it would have been surprising had it been otherwise. For we have not merely recognized that the healing of the sick by the power of God has from the beginning been associated with the office of prophets, priests, teachers, and apostles, but it has always seemed to us in perfect harmony with the views and experience of The Army itself that God should heal the sick after this fashion. Not only has nothing to the contrary ever been taught amongst us, but far and near we have insisted upon the fact that God does raise up the sick in answer to our prayers; and numerous instances, as I have said, of this healing ministry have occurred throughout our history.

All these manifestations of the unusual have been experienced also in the work of The Army in other lands. Perhaps one of the least likely countries for such phenomena is Holland; yet there they have occurred, especially in connexion with the work for the thoughtless and the unsaved. Men have fallen on their faces as though stricken by some unseen Hand, and have cried aloud for the mercy of God. In Switzerland also similar wonders have been witnessed, and in some of the Scandinavian countries, where indeed we have had trouble owing to manifestations called the 'Gift of Tongues.'

We have to be suspicious of any voices or gifts which make men indisposed to bear the Cross or to seek the Salvation of others; and although some of our own people have received what is spoken of as a gift of tongues, we have almost invariably found that one of the consequences has been a disposition to withdraw from hard work for the blessing of others and from fearless testimony to the Saviour. I recognize the dangers which attend the whole subject, and

while I believe that these things, as I have witnessed them, are Divine in their origin, I do not forget that in some instances they may have been mixed with what is the very reverse.

In the United States, in the earlier days, we had a record of somewhat similar experiences, except that there they generally took the form of extreme joy. One of the peculiarities of the prostrations and trances and the like in Europe has been the great solemnity which has nearly always marked their occurrence, no matter whether they concerned those who were outside or inside The Army. But in the United States it was rather the other way about. In these demonstrations of the Spirit, the reality of which no one would challenge who knew what had really happened, there was an accompaniment of overpowering joy, exhibited in singing, and sometimes in a disposition to dance, or to remain for a long period in a kind of ecstasy. The practical effects, however—and it is by their practical effects that all these things must be judged—were very much the same there as elsewhere.

VIII

The Founder and the Bishops

An interesting episode in the history of The Army was the series of discussions—or, shall I say, negotiations—which took place with certain distinguished leaders of the Church of England in the early eighties. The impulse to these negotiations really came out of the interest awakened in religious as well as irreligious circles by the rise and progress of The Army. Early in 1882 the then Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson) wrote as follows to the Founder:

> Sir,—Some of my clergy have written to me to beg that I would ascertain how far it was possible for the Church to recognize the work of The Salvation Army as helping forward the cause of Christ consistently with our discipline. For this purpose they asked me to put myself into communication with your Leaders. I now, in compliance with their request, address you with this friendly object. . . .
>
> Some of us think that you are able to reach cases, and to do so effectually, which we have great difficulty in touching. They believe that you are moved by zeal for God, and not by a spirit of rivalry with the Church, or any other agency for good, and they wish not to find themselves in needless antagonism with any in whom such principles and purposes prevail.

Shortly afterwards, the Lower House of Convocation petitioned the Upper House, that is, the House of Bishops, to issue some general instruction as to the attitude of the Church of England towards The Army. A Committee was then appointed to consider the question, of which Dr. Benson, the Bishop of Truro, was the chairman. The instructions issued do not concern us here, but shortly after this the Founder received a letter from the Bishop in which, after referring to the growth of the work, he opened the subject of harmony with the Church. It was not purposed

to enter upon any formal arrangements, but several of the bishops had desired to know more of the Movement and to make themselves acquainted with its spirit. If from a free interchange of views there should be found any way of co-operation with The Army many Christian people would rejoice. Would the General be willing to meet a few representatives of the Church for a friendly discussion? The Founder accepted this invitation.

The purpose which the Church of England authorities had in view was to find a means of linking up The Army in union with that Church. The principal ecclesiastics who took part in the negotiations were Dr. Benson, then Bishop of Truro, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Canon Westcott, of Westminster, and of the University of Cambridge—afterwards Bishop of Durham; Dr. Lightfoot, at that time Bishop of Durham; Canon Wilkinson, who was subsequently Bishop of Truro, and after that Bishop of St. Andrews; and Randall Davidson, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then Dean of Windsor. With each of these I had some intercourse, and on one or two occasions met several of them together. Each one of them made a distinct impression upon me, which the passage of a long stretch of years has not effaced.

Dr. Davidson, the only one of the group who is now living, was acting in these negotiations as the representative of Dr. Tait, the then Archbishop of Canterbury. He struck me as a man who, while sincerely anxious to explore the ground and, if possible, to arrive at some means of linking The Salvation Army with his Church, and of helping forward its work, was yet fully determined, if this should be the issue, not to allow the Founder to continue in what was called his 'autocratic' relationship. Evidently it was unthinkable to him that William Booth should ever become a high ecclesiastic in the Church of England, and for that reason alone he was careful to ensure that no power beyond what he could not help conceding should remain in the Founder's hands if The Army should come into alliance with his Church. Dr. Davidson was very urbane and considerate throughout the negotiations, and although he was

the rigid—not to say narrow—ecclesiastic, he showed real ability in fastening upon essentials when in conference with the Founder. I do not think he quite realized on his side how completely the Founder saw the 'buttons on the back of his coat,' but he did grasp the fact that he was not willing to relinquish his full control, no matter what advantages might be secured from the inclusion of himself and his Organization under the wing of the Church of England. So far as Dr. Davidson was concerned, this was, I am afraid, from the beginning, fatal to the project.

Canon Westcott's was quite a different type of churchmanship. He was a scholar and recluse rather than a man experienced in ecclesiastical politics, and if a given end seemed to be desirable, he was inclined to underestimate any practical difficulties which might be in the way. I regarded him as one who really cared for the progress of religion, quite apart from the advancement either of the Church of England or of The Army. His influence upon the negotiations was that of a large-minded and sympathetic statesman, earnestly desirous of securing for his Church the accession of youthful zeal and vitality which unmistakably characterized the new Movement. He was, I dare say, more at home in the privacy of his study than at our round table, and he hardly realized how when a thing is theoretically desirable, its attainment may be impeded by obstructions which arise out of the nature of the case, and are not to be ascribed to the narrowness or obduracy of anybody. I carried away from our brief intercourse a deep impression of Dr. Westcott as a truly spiritual man; not exactly one of the old mystics, and yet possessed of a good deal of their vision and their charm. He was indeed a man to thank God for, no matter in what age he lived or to what Church he belonged.

Of Dr. Lightfoot I saw little; but here, again, the student and the scholar predominated. He was more willing than any of the others to leave the matter to Benson and Davidson. He spoke very kindly at that time in public, commending what he called the 'apostolic zeal' of The Army. He remarked with great satisfaction that a large

proportion of its converts and members were comparatively young people. To his thinking it was a grand testimony to the character of its message and to the efficacy of its work that this Organization should be able to call to its banner the fiery and adventurous spirit of early manhood and womanhood. He also spoke with great appreciation of my dear mother's writings, and he joined heartily with Dr. Benson in desiring to bring about some kind of union with us.

Bishop Lightfoot's most memorable testimony to the work of The Army is found in his unforgettable words about the lost ideal of the work of the Church of Christ. Let the passage be quoted in full :

> Shall we be satisfied with going on as hitherto, picking up one here and one there, gathering together a more or less select congregation, forgetful meanwhile of the Master's command, ' Go ye into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in ' ? The Salvation Army has taught us a higher lesson than this. Whatever may be its faults, it has at least recalled to us the lost ideal of the work of the Church, the universal compulsion of the souls of men.

Of the five negotiators perhaps I retain the happiest personal memory of Canon Wilkinson, afterwards Bishop of Truro, and later of St. Andrews. Wilkinson was one of the sweetest men I ever knew, either within or without The Army borders. Both humble and sagacious, he had a gift for mediation and reconcilement which he had already put to good use in his own Church by intervening between the bishops and the ritualists. His feeling for The Army and some of its leaders was not simply admiration ; it was love. He was the member of the group to take up the rôle of persuading the Founder to soften his conditions ; and he it was who suggested with regard to the sacraments a compromise—which afterwards for a time bore some fruit—whereby the members of The Army were to be invited once a year to the Communion in their respective parish churches. To the more strait-laced of the negotiators the accredited position which the women Officers already occupied in The Army presented serious difficulty ; and it was Wilkinson, again, who suggested that these comrades should be

given an assured position and recognized as a body of deaconesses, but that any future additions to their number should be required to go through a certain examination following our Training. I think that Canon Wilkinson worked more arduously to bring about what they all desired than any of the others, and also that he had more faith than any of them for a practical outcome.

The Bishop of Truro, Dr. Benson, however, was the moving spirit in the negotiations. To him there had evidently come a kind of revelation of the new strength which the Church of England would acquire with The Army as its fighting auxiliary. His naturally sanguine temperament helped him to see not only what presented itself at the moment, but what was likely to come to pass in the future. He realized—and said as much—that The Army, which was then working in only three or four countries, was destined to play an awakening part in many lands. The Bishop of Minnesota (Dr. H. B. Whipple) had acquainted him with what The Army was beginning to do in the United States, and Benson saw an opportunity for that extension of the Church beyond the Old Land which his school of thought most earnestly desired.

I believe that Dr. Benson also had the best conception of the spiritual forces which The Army had released. Whereas the other negotiators, more particularly Dr. Davidson, centred their thought upon the Leaders and their Staff, Benson saw The Army *en masse*. Moreover, there was a prophetic vein in him. He had a vision of the future after the manner of Balaam, when he said of Israel of old, ' from the top of the rocks I see him . . . who can number the fourth part of Israel . . . as the valleys are they spread forth, as trees which the Lord hath planted. . . .'

Benson saw The Army as a force—a force which would go far and carry much ; and subsequent events have abundantly proved that he was right. It was undoubtedly these considerations which stirred his spirit, and urged him to take the initiative. I never thought so highly of him intellectually as did some others who were more intimate with him. I cannot say that I regarded him as being of the

calibre of Westcott or Lightfoot; but his combination of courtliness and candour, his genial freedom of manner and evident sincerity of feeling, made him lovable and unforgettable. There was something, half hidden, perhaps, but yet attractive, about his personal sympathy with heart religion, and therefore with our religion. He struck me, and I talked of it at the time, as a man who suddenly perceived in actual life what he had long looked for, more or less in vain. There, in flesh and blood, visible to all, were ordinary people who had renounced the pomp and glory of this world, who were really living for others, and who had organized the new-old conception of the Kingdom of God as for the *poor*. And, seeing it, he longed with a great longing to bring it into close union with himself and with the Church he loved.

All these men were, of course, Church of England men. They put the Church to which they belonged first in everything, and indeed nothing in our discussions involved the smallest departure on their part from a perfect loyalty to their own communion. But more than once we saw signs of the difficulties which undoubtedly confront all sincere thinkers when they come to claim, as the Church of England does claim, exclusive graces or privileges for any particular body of Christian people. The fact is, that the Church of England is no more *the* Church than the Church at Jerusalem or the Church at Rome, or the Church of the Lutherans and Puritans, or the Church of the Calvinists and Presbyterians.

It was, of course, the purpose of our Lord Jesus Christ to gather out of the world a people composed of His true believing followers. This was spoken of in the New Testament as the Kingdom of Heaven or the Kingdom of God. It is obvious that in the accomplishment of this purpose a Body or Society would be formed distinct from the world in life, in purpose, and in interests, and that it would be generally recognized as such. This implies union and some form of organization, varying, no doubt, from time to time, but marked always under whatever form, by the possession of a certain common spirit—the spirit of Christ. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Thus we get a visible society—the Society spoken of in the Bible as the Church or Con-

gregation.[1] But as to the outward form which this Society should take, Jesus Christ gave no recorded instruction. It is impossible to believe, if He had intended any particular constitution or form of government to be essential to this Society—His Kingdom on earth—that He would not have left explicit directions with regard to it. Whereas on the whole matter He is entirely silent—says, in fact, nothing at all on the subject.

No, there is one Church. Just as there was only one people of Israel, no matter how widely scattered, so there is only one spiritual Israel. As Paul so finely says, ' There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling ; one Lord ; one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.' And being one, yet it is to be for all peoples and all classes. In the Church of Christ ' there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free ; but Christ is all and in all.'

Of this, the Great Church of the Living God, we claim, and have ever claimed, that we of The Salvation Army are an integral part and element—a living fruit-bearing branch in the True Vine.

The idea that Jesus Christ in some way instituted a society with set orders of worship, and appointed the times and manner of sacred things, such as sacraments and sacrifices, or settled an order of ministers who should be the exclusive channel of grace, has no particle of authority in the New Testament. On the contrary, the fact is that He left His followers free to adopt such forms and methods, under the guidance and instruction from time to time of the Holy Spirit, as they should feel wisest and most appropriate to attain the objects in view. The Apostles did likewise, foreseeing that no matter how appropriate and wise might be the rules they could lay down for their day, other rules would be required for other times.

Dr. Lightfoot, to whom I have just been referring, expresses in his work on ' The Christian Ministry ' what is

[1] In the original the same word stands for both.

so entirely in harmony with our view on this point, that I shall quote him. He says :

The Kingdom of Christ, not being a kingdom of this world, is not limited by the restrictions which fetter other societies, political or religious. It is in the fullest sense free, comprehensive, universal. It displays this character not only in the acceptance of all comers who seek admission, irrespective of race or caste or sex, but also in the instruction and treatment of those who are already members. It has no sacred days or seasons, no special sanctuaries, because every time and every place alike are holy. Above all, it has no sacerdotal system. It interposes no sacrificial tribe or class between God and man by whose intervention God is reconciled and man forgiven. Each individual member holds personal communion with the Divine Head. To Him immediately he is responsible, and from Him directly he obtains pardon and draws strength.

Further, as to the calling out and setting apart of leaders in the days of early Christianity, we find also a wonderful record of freedom and a remarkable likeness to what happened with us. No one who knows The Army can study the story of our Lord's selecting and calling the Twelve without being struck by the similarity in many respects—I say this with all reverence—of our method with His. And the glimpses of further calls which we get in the Acts illustrate also our nearness to Apostolic plans. The early Christian leaders—that is of the first hundred years—proceeded much as we have done. They dealt with a not dissimilar kind of material, chiefly uneducated and poor working people—and, guided by the Spirit of God, they adopted means for spreading and establishing the work just as the Founder and those who gathered around him, also led by the Spirit of God, adopted means, and not dissimilar means, for us—means which we still follow.

On this subject it is of interest to read the earliest Christian writing (apart from the New Testament) which now remains in the world—a letter from a celebrated man of that time whose life in part ran parallel with the concluding years of the lives of many of the first Apostles. Clement of Rome, in about the year A.D. 96–8, says :

The Apostles received the Gospel for us from the Lord Jesus Christ ; Jesus Christ was sent forth from God. Christ then was from God, and the Apostles from Christ. Both therefore were from

the will of God in perfect order. Having then received commands, and being fully assured through the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and being confirmed in the word of God with full assurance of the Holy Ghost, they went forth, preaching the good tidings that the Kingdom of God was at hand. Preaching therefore from country to country, and from city to city, they appointed their first fruits [*that is the converts*], having tested them by the Spirit, to be bishops and deacons to them that should believe.[1]

The word rendered 'bishop' means literally *overseer*, and would answer to our Divisional Officer—one who came to have the oversight of several of the congregations or societies of Christian disciples. The word 'deacon' means minister or servant. The 'deacon' was the first visiting official, he cared for the sick, and distributed the alms of the society among the poor as well as gave instruction in the Scripture. The deacon of those early days answers in many matters to the Field Officer of our own early history.

We believe then that our Lord Jesus Christ has called us into His Church of the Redeemed, that our call has not been by man or the will of man, but by the Holy Spirit of God; that our Salvation is from Him, not by ceremonies or sacraments or ordinances of this period or of that, but by the pardoning life-giving work of our Divine Saviour. We believe also that our system for extending the knowledge and power of His Gospel, and of nurturing and governing the believing people gathered into our ranks, is as truly and fully in harmony with the spirit set forth and the principles laid down by Jesus Christ and His Apostles as those which have been adopted by our brethren of other times or of other folds.

In this we humbly but firmly claim that we are in no way inferior, either to the saints who have gone before, or —though remaining separate from them, even as one branch in the Vine is separate from another—to the saints of the present. We, no less than they, are called and chosen to sanctification of the Spirit and to the inheritance of eternal life. And our Officers are, equally with them, ministers in the Church of God, having received diversities of gifts, but

[1] It will be noted that no reference is here made to 'Ordination,' but to appointing; nor to 'Sacraments,' but to the good tidings.

the one Spirit—endowed by His Grace, assured of His guidance, confirmed by His Word, and commissioned by the Holy Ghost to represent Him to the whole world. Speaking of this matter in 1894, the Founder said :

> The Salvation Army is not inferior in spiritual character to any Christian organization in existence. We are in no wise dependent on the Church. . . . It it perished off the face of the earth to-morrow we should be just as efficient for the discharge of the duties we owe to men as we are to-day. . . . We are, I consider, equal every way and everywhere to any other Christian organization on the face of the earth (i) in spiritual authority, (ii) in spiritual intelligence, (iii) in spiritual functions. We hold ' the keys ' as truly as any Church in existence.

But I must return to the bishops. In the course of the negotiations Benson and Davidson visited, either by appointment or quite unknown, certain Salvation Army centres, and were present at typical meetings. Of his visits Dr. Davidson afterwards wrote :

> Whatever be their errors in doctrine or in practice, I can only say that, after attending a large number of meetings of different kinds in various parts of London, I thank God from my heart that He has raised up to proclaim His message of Salvation the men and women who are now guiding The Army's work, and whose power of appealing to the hearts of their hearers is a gift from the Lord Himself. I am sorry for the Christian teacher, be he cleric or layman, who has listened to such addresses as those given by General Booth, Mrs. Booth, and by some five or six at least of their ' Staff Officers,' who has not asked help that he may speak his message with the like straightforward ability and earnest zeal.

Among the places to which Dr. Benson came was the Training Garrison at Clapton. His purpose was to look over the buildings, see something of the character of the students and of their work, and from this to form a judgment. He was late for his appointment that morning, and by the time he arrived I was conducting one of our ordinary Prayer Meetings with Officers. As soon as he learned that this was in progress he sent word that he would like presently to come into the service, where he hoped I would allow him to remain for at least a part of the time. Accordingly while I went on with the meeting, he looked round the buildings, saw something of the Cadets, the classes and text-books,

and at last came into the Lecture Hall. He entered at the back, and, apart from myself, no one was aware of his presence. Some two hundred Officers were on their knees, and the meeting was one of liberty and fervour, with hearty responses and moving singing. We were having what we call a ' good time.'

After watching the meeting, on his knees, for nearly an hour, the Bishop, seeing that it was about to conclude, withdrew, and waited for me in one of the reception rooms. I was a little doubtful of the kind of impression such a gathering would have made upon him, not in any degree because I questioned its naturalness or rightness, but because its extreme freedom and its noise were in such contrast to the modes of worship to which he was accustomed. As I came into the room he rose from his seat, took both my hands in his, and before I could say a word, exclaimed, ' O, my dear brother, the Holy Spirit is with you ! ' I began to explain certain of the incidents which it might have been difficult for him to appreciate, but he stopped me, remarked on the evident *sincerity* of it all, and gave me Godspeed.

There the story tails off. It is left with a rather ragged edge. Tait died, Benson became Archbishop of Canterbury, and Wilkinson Bishop of Truro. Other topics filled the mind, and other duties became urgent. My feeling is that the Founder unquestionably adopted the right course in these negotiations. I never took upon myself, nor did Railton, who was now in our inner councils, to urge upon the Founder that the freedom for which he had paid so great a price should in no case be forfeited, if its forfeiture meant the furtherance of what we all had more deeply at heart. We were aware that some kind of union with the Church of England would enhance our position in the eyes of the public, and that it would not only clear our financial skies in the immediate present, but probably enormously increase our resources for the future.

But just as Dr. Davidson felt that the question of authority was the real difficulty, so we saw on our side that the absence of authority was a grave weakness of the Church

of England, and that its sacrifice on our part would involve the ruin of The Army. There was nothing little or petty in this. It was not a point of personal prestige or dignity ; it was simply that the so-called ' autocracy,' although it might lay us open to misunderstanding, was necessary for the effectiveness of our War. Railton here was a wise counsellor. He had already seen The Army beginnings in other lands ; he foresaw it encircling the globe, and he felt —as we all came to feel—that to barter the very thing which made The Army capable of such prompt mobility and such singleness of front could only prove disastrous.

We must admit that had it been possible to reach some kind of combination, or even a treaty of mutual support, The Salvation Army would have been greatly helped, and there would have been an infusion of new enthusiasm and energy and spiritual life into the Church of England. Part of the energy and devotion which have been turned into High Church channels would have been guided into spheres of activity much more fruitful to the Church and useful to the world, and as I firmly believe, much more honouring to God. But it was not to be. And yet The Army is marching on !

IX

Some Other Churchmen I Have Known

Archbishop Tait, who was one of the moving spirits in the negotiations referred to in the previous chapter, was the first prominent ecclesiastic of the Church of England to give any kind of help to The Army. Early in 1882 my father bought the Grecian Theatre and dancing saloons and the Eagle Tavern, then a notorious place of evil life and corrupt influence in the north-east of London. We immediately turned it to a new employment, amid a storm of abuse from theatrical and kindred interests. It was towards this enterprise that we received £5 from the then Archbishop of Canterbury. The gift was accompanied by a somewhat tremulous letter. His Grace's secretary said :

> The question of the co-operation of the clergy of the Church of England in the actual work of your association is one of extreme difficulty. Without at present expressing any opinion on that subject, his Grace has no hesitation in approving the acquisition by you of premises used for so different a purpose.

It is always to be counted to Archbishop Tait for righteousness that he did this in the face of most bitter opposition. As an example of the kind of thing he had to put up with, I find quoted in his ' Life ' a letter from one of his angry correspondents, in which it is said : ' Things have indeed come to a pass when the head of the English clergy, the official guardian of our orthodoxy, the man who more than any other is solemnly bound to denounce and if possible to extirpate heresy and schism, sends a donation from the chair of St. Augustine to promote the cause of the Church's most profane and mischievous foe ' !

But the chair of St. Augustine has shifted its position. Archbishop Tait's successor, Benson, looked on these

matters differently. He was appealed to in 1888 for help towards the establishment of new rescue homes and food and shelter dépots, the forerunners of the Social Scheme. In reply his secretary wrote :

> His Grace thanks God for every hand held out to help the sad and suffering and to rescue the fallen, and can but rejoice if your work helps to fill one of the gaps in the lines of attack upon the kingdom of darkness.
>
> But while thus feeling deep sympathy for your philanthropic efforts in general, and wishing success to the rescue homes, he feels that he could not support a plan of passing and casual relief which aims at no permanent assistance and tends only to prolong the present distress, and also that state endowment of religious charities is contrary to the principle of the National Church, and would create both strifes and imperfectly organized rival agencies.

The dictum that ' State endowment of religious charities is contrary to the principle of the National Church ' is really rich ! But even this was not the final archiepiscopal word on the subject. On the occasion of our International Congress, in 1914, the present Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Randall Davidson) wrote a very kind letter to Bishop Boyd-Carpenter in which he requested him to attend the opening gathering and express the appreciation of the Church of England for the social and philanthropic work in which The Army, ' working in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, has shown so much capable energy and persevering enthusiasm.' ' Its authorities will not expect,' his Grace went on, ' that we can, as the Church of England, express agreement with their doctrinal or ecclesiastical position. But this wide difference in no way weakens our appreciation of the remarkable service which they have beyond all doubt rendered to the community, both in England and abroad.'

So that we have one archbishop refusing to help the Social Work because he thinks it is casual relief and also because it would be State endowment of religious charities ; while another expresses approval of this very work, although he cannot subscribe to our doctrinal and ecclesiastical position ! It reminds me a little of a famous American millionaire who, when asked to subscribe to our work among

the American troops during the war, said, ' No, you are not a Church ; you are a mere mission, and this is work for the Churches.' When, later, we approached him on behalf of our home service work there, he said, ' No, you are another Church, and that is what we do not want ' !

One of the first great churchmen with whom I came in contact was Dean Church. The incident is a curious one to reflect upon to-day. This Dean of St. Paul's was a lovable and extremely sensitive man. He could never quite get free from the overwhelming influence of the cathedral and of the more outward aspects of Anglican worship and ceremonial, which he did so much to revive there. Yet he was a man of great spiritual insight, and, as any one who has read his sermons will understand, he made a very marked impression on all who were even casually associated with him.

My purpose in going to him was to ask if a service for The Army could be arranged in the cathedral, which is a stone's throw from our Headquarters. We did not propose that any leader of The Army should take part in the conduct of the service. Members of The Army were to form the congregation while worship would be conducted perhaps by Lightfoot and the sermon preached by Liddon. Dean Church looked doubtful. It was evidently painful for him to refuse, but his duty to the cathedral must be done ! He asked, after a few kindly words, whether most of our people, being working people, did not wear hobnailed boots ; I agreed that this might be so, and he said that St. Paul's had not long ago been repaved at great expense, and that he feared the marble might be scratched ! ' Surely,' I said, ' you would not consider that a sufficient ground for keeping them out of a place set apart for the national recognition of religion ? ' But he had made up his mind and insisted on his decision, and although I was profoundly disappointed by the absolute inadequacy and inconsequence of his reason for refusal, I could not but feel that it was in no way *intended* to offend. Dean Church had the unfortunate limitations of an extreme refinement of nature, combined with the ghastly narrowness of a high ecclesiasticism.

Of Dr. Liddon, the great pulpit figure of St. Paul's, who died within a few months of his Dean, I recall that he came to some of my weekly Holiness Meetings in Whitechapel, where he appeared much at home, taking a hearty share in the singing and evidently stirred by the testimonies. On one of these occasions he was introduced to me by a man who was with him, and gave me a kind of benediction. I can well understand, however, that Liddon, with his severe notions of discipline and seemliness in the church, may have been disturbed, as he was reported to have been, by some of the things which we did, though not, I think, at that meeting. There was no suggestion of this when he spoke to me. He was a man who saw that the Kingdom had a very wide door, a Broad Churchman, less strait-laced than any other divine of his time, and infinitely sad on account of divisive weaknesses in his own Church.

I have heard other preachers in St. Paul's, but Liddon and Knox-Little were the only men who seemed resolved to drive their message home. Neither of them was a man who contented himself with the quarter of an hour which many preachers deem sufficient. Liddon would preach the hour round. Knox-Little appeared to be a man determined to make the people understand what it was he wanted to say, and a man, too, with a heart stirred to its depths by the truths he spoke. He always read his sermons ; but this, while no doubt it detracted from their power in delivery, seemed to add to their substance.

A very taking figure among the Churchmen of the same period was Archdeacon Wilberforce, He will be remembered as of Westminster, though perhaps his most fruitful years were spent in Southampton. He was a man who appealed to me from the very first time I met him, when he was rector of the fine church he built as a memorial to his father in the southern seaport. He showed the most charming old-world courtesy to my mother. For her he had, and often expressed, a reverential regard. She stayed with him more than once at Southampton and spoke at meetings which he organized. Later on I came to know him a little when he attended some of our services, and I

heard him speak on more than one occasion. Once or twice during the series of conferences my mother held in the West End of London he opened the meeting for her, giving out the hymns and reading the Scripture, and saying a few words of introduction.

With all the charm of his personal character and the delightful influences that played about his home—due in large degree to the beautiful affection which existed between himself and his wife—there was nevertheless a feeling that in many ways he was overmuch concerned with worldly things. His position was one of no small difficulty. Flattered and favoured by the great ones, and with everything around him that spoke of art and wealth and beauty, he was perhaps bound to appear something of a contradiction.

Wilberforce stood by us in the Armstrong business, in 1885. After that I lost touch with him to a great extent. In 1894 he came to Westminster, and seemed for a time to suffer eclipse. On his wife's death, I believe, he was heart-broken. I wrote to him about his grief, to which he replied in tender words.

The last time I saw him, though not to speak with, was at the funeral service of the Duke of Argyll, in the Abbey. He was then acting for the Dean of Westminster. I thought him looking much aged and worn, and my heart went out to him, so that I resolved to find some way of seeing him. Before I could put the resolve into execution, alas! he was gone.

I do not class Wilberforce with Liddon as a great pulpit power, but he did exercise a very sound, restraining influence, especially during fourteen or fifteen years of his life, on the upper middle-class of Church people at a time when many were beginning to give up their confidence in the divinity of the Son of God.

The mention of these great Churchmen recalls another who belonged to their period. I refer to Dr. Temple, ultimately Benson's successor at Canterbury. Immediately after Temple became Bishop of London in 1885, I came into touch with him over quite a different matter. When 'The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon' was published,

the charge was made in one quarter that the facts had been overstated, whereupon Stead arranged that a committee of investigation should be set up, with the Bishop as chairman. To this committee in due course we presented our facts, and they found that there was abundant evidence for what Stead had alleged. Temple impressed me as a man who felt in a special degree the burden of London, its shame and sin. The gruff, shaggy prelate, who had small concern for the politer trifles, had had a harder struggle than most men who come to wear the mitre. He grew up under circumstances of real poverty.

On one occasion during the sittings of this committee, the Lord Mayor (we met at the Mansion House) sent word that Temple wanted to speak to me. I found the Bishop standing with his back to the fire in the mayoral parlour. The Lord Mayor was commenting, in rather a fussy way, upon the peculiar circumstances which had brought the Bishop and The Army together. 'You know, my lord,' he said, 'I don't know what your friends will think; and I am afraid I am responsible for allowing it to happen!'

The Bishop looked at me with his humorous eye, and gave one of his deep chuckles.

'I don't think it matters very much,' he said drily, 'what my friends think of me. What is important is *what I think of them!*'

Another great figure of Westminster—of Roman not Anglican Westminster—was Cardinal Manning. Our first touch with him was in 1882, when he wrote a paper on The Army in the 'Contemporary,' of which Mr. (afterwards Sir) Percy Bunting had just become editor. It was critical in part, and yet it was thought to be a remarkable pronouncement of friendliness. One sentence in that article to which he gave emphasis and which he repeated was that The Salvation Army 'could never have existed but for the spiritual desolation of England.' 'The spiritual desolation of London alone,' he wrote, 'would make The Salvation Army possible.' The article was a great lift, up to a certain point. It brought us, of course, a small avalanche of correspondence from the extreme Protestant party, and some of

our critics who had always been disposed to discover Jesuitry in The Army now had their suspicions fully confirmed! But it helped.

Later the Founder and one or two of us met him and had a delightful time, and after the publication of 'In Darkest England and the Way Out' he wrote to the Founder:

'You have gone down into the depths. Every living soul cost the Most Precious Blood, and we ought to save it, even the worthless and the worst. After the Trafalgar Square miseries I wrote a Pleading for the Worthless, which probably you never saw. It would show you how completely my heart is in your book. No doubt you remember that the Poor Laws of Queen Elizabeth compelled parishes to provide work for the able-bodied unemployed, and to lay in stores of raw material for work.'

Manning influenced other Roman dignitaries to sympathize with us, and he used our work to broaden their views. He had greatly regretted the alienation of Cardinal Vaughan (then Bishop of Salford) from other than Catholic workers, urged him to visit some of The Salvation Army Shelters. Vaughan did so, accompanied by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who gives the following account of the visit to one place:

'In one room sat a number of old women, at various sorts of needlework. "Are any of my people here?" asked the Bishop, addressing the assembly. And, dotted about the room, aged dames, in the dignity of poverty, stood up for their faith. Then the Bishop turned on the Captain: "And do these attend Protestant prayers?" "They attend the praises of God every evening." "And what do you preach?" "We preach Christ, and Him crucified; and we shall be very pleased if you will stay and so preach Him this evening. We are quite unsectarian."

'This was too much. "Well, but if I told them that unless they were baptized they could not be saved?" "I should tell them that it was not true," said the Captain. "And I should tell them that it was not true," echoed Cardinal Manning when we told him the story an hour later; "I should explain to them the Church's doctrine of the Baptism of Desire."

'Later in the day the Cardinal said to Vaughan that he hoped that he who was already so good a Catholic would now, after his contact with The Army, also be a good Christian!'

The impression which Cardinal Manning made upon my mind was that of a very clever, not to say wily old saint! There was an undercurrent of subtlety about him which made one never quite sure of one's grip. He had the wisdom of a serpent with, in a quite extraordinary degree, the harm-

lessness of the dove. But for the poor he no doubt greatly cared. In all his dealings with them he endeavoured to bring them to a knowledge of God. I do not think that outside The Salvation Army I ever met a man who more uncompromisingly brought his religion into everything he touched, into everything he wrote, into everything he planned. He did it with the most exquisite tact, and without the slightest suggestion of putting himself forward, but he did it.

I saw him several times at Westminster. More than once we spoke of the most intimate spiritual experiences. The Salvation Army was not within his Church, but it was at least within the protection of his Church's prayers. He joined heartily in several attempts to raise funds for us. He saw the worth of those whom Society esteemed as worthless, and he liked The Army because it saw the same thing, and said so, and went to work to help them. I have seen him in various moods. I have seen him intensely critical, arguing with the most subtle skill with those who sought to cross swords with him. I have seen him angry, with flashing eyes and emphatic gestures denouncing iniquity. And I have seen him tender, with the tears running down his ascetic cheeks, moved by some tale of sorrow, especially where little children were concerned. But I never lost the impression that somewhere behind those penetrating grey eyes, and those fine manners, and that exquisite tact, and that mystical saintliness, there was an astute diplomatist looking out for the best way for his Church to take.

I think that Manning was utterly wrong in the ground he took for joining the Roman Church, and personally I had more sympathy with Newman's position than with his. I never mentioned to Manning—straight out—his action with regard to the doctrine of papal infallibility, the evidence for which he marshalled at great length in his writings in 1870. But I did once say to him that no matter what fears might exist about infallibility in other quarters, *we* had no doubts as to the infallibility of *our* Pope!

How he laughed!

X

A Manager of Men

The pages of this book about our Founder have already extended beyond the space I had planned, but I cannot refrain from a reference to what was, after all, more outstanding and significant in him than his oratory, or his business genius, or his diplomatic skill—I mean his excellence in the management of men.

Early in the history of our work he became convinced, as he said, that the best way of reaching the large class of the population lying at that time outside religious and moral influences, was by means of those who were of the same stock, who had its roughnesses still upon them, but who had passed through the saving fires and had become new men. In setting these men to work, he asked little more than that they were one with him in love for God, in zeal for the Salvation of men, and in willingness to obey orders received; he took no account of birth, education, social position; indeed, he felt that what the world calls advantages might easily prove encumbrances in the work we have to do.

It was strange and often very difficult material that came to his hand in this way. He had, perhaps, a natural love for rough and original characters. He liked to have some angles about a man, upon which he could generally manage to hang something. Moreover, a fighting organization called for the spirit of enterprise, adventure, audacity, rather than for judgment or reflection. Among the men who stood close around William Booth in those early days were many bold, buccaneering spirits who quite as often needed the bridle as the spur. They were splendid material in many respects, but not easily manageable, not taking kindly to any yoke,

men not easily to be told the day and the hour what they were to do. The Founder, whatever gifts of management he may have had previously, had his powers wonderfully sharpened through having to deal with these devoted but singular co-operators. It was partly, no doubt, owing to his habitual contact with these men during the early years of The Salvation Army that he became eventually one of the most successful managers of men the world has ever seen—one who must be placed very high in the ranks of commanders, no matter how illustrious, in war, in politics, or in industry are the names of the others.

It is worth while to inquire a little into the secret of his managing quality.

In the first place, he had the invaluable gift of discerning the good and useful qualities in every type of man, and this faculty became more sure and unerring as time went on. Some men have an instinct for detecting base metal in those who carry the appearance of honesty ; William Booth had rather the gift for discovering fine, even heroic qualities beneath exteriors which suggested the very opposite. Men who were to all appearance the most unlikely to be of any use to his organization—men whose participation in it might even be expected to create prejudice—were found by him to possess some unsuspected grace or ability or energy which fitted them to occupy a particular niche. Again and again I have known him seize hold of apparently hopeless material, give it a shake or two, invoke upon it the blessing of God, and put it to most excellent service.

Not that he was invariably right in his judgments. He made mistakes, especially in the earlier years. But they were the mistakes of optimism. If he was at fault it was in action taken because he was too sanguine. If there was blindness in him it was blindness to the shadow, not to the light. He saw men's weaknesses, and he knew and studied the peculiar dangers of every type of character ; but, on the other hand, he had a vivid realization of the possible good in every man, and was so hopeful about it that sometimes he did not allow enough for the downward drag of old habit and antecedents. At the same time, the men

who proved altogether unworthy of his trust were singularly few.

Allied with his discernment went his power of command. He was accustomed to call men and women to his side by vigorous methods, and once there he disciplined them into orderly legions. This power of command grew as the years went on, as he became not only more wise but also more confident. During the last twenty-five or thirty years of his life he was the ideal commander. His authority extended, not only to men's hands and feet, but to their spirits, to the motives which governed them.

Like all great leaders of men, he made great demands on his followers. The spirit of Cromwell, who rallied his men at Naseby by saying, 'Gentlemen, we are upon an engagement very difficult,' is the spirit of the true leader. William Booth had that spirit in full measure. He never scrupled to ask hard things of those who fell in behind The Army Flag. He never tried to conceal the fact that he had called them to what many would regard as a desperate adventure. He knew that the hearts of all true men are won for a cause and a leader, not by what is promised to them, but by what is exacted from them. And they for their part recognized the voice of authority. Here was one of the men who are obviously made to be obeyed, a man who said to one, 'Go!' and he went, and to another, 'Come!' and he came.

Many men he sent on what might well appear to be forlorn hopes. Some he called to endure exile, to lead The Army in new lands, to face physical peril. To some he gave the charge of quite small spheres of service—humdrum service—where, however, faithfulness was as important as in any other part of the field. Few men in history have asked their fellows to do such difficult and unusual things. But rarely had they any serious misgivings as to the rightness of their leader's choice, rarely any feeling that he had asked too much of them, or too little. It was very far from his ideal, of course, to get men working at top speed—the ideal that might content a factory manager—but in the matter of sanctification, in the matter of being given up

wholly to the will of God, there was nothing which he did not require. When he was not satisfied with the answers given to his solemn questions he would add, in tones and with authority not to be forgotten, ' Then to-day is the day. Let it be done to-day.'

With the extension of The Army to other races and nations the capacity for command grew upon him. It did not depend upon his prestige as the head of a world-enveloping organization, it was inherent in his personality. Men who came into contact with him, even when they could not speak his language, nor he theirs, were conscious of his authority. Thousands could have echoed the remark of the old Irish prize-fighter in the East End, when explaining how he came to surrender to William Booth at the first encounter, ' Sure, there was something strange about him that laid hold of a man,' and, later, after he had been brought down before God, ' I got up from my knees ready to die for that man.'

Side by side with that humble tribute may be placed the remark of a distinguished American describing the impression which the Founder made on a gathering—at Washington—of senators and others, including some of the greatest in American politics : ' The Salvationist chief took them captive without their knowing how ' ; one result in that case was that a series of after-dinner speeches became personal and very moving confessions. To me it was often a matter of astonishment to observe how a man who had comparatively little acquaintance with him would receive at his hands orders for the toughest of tough jobs, and would go out eager to do it and, if need be, unhesitatingly to risk his life in the cause.

This power to command was not a mere inherited genius, not an arbitrary gift of nature, but in the main something gradually and painfully acquired. It was something superimposed upon his natural characteristics. It may have been there in embryo from the beginning, from the time when he played soldiers in boyhood in the streets of Nottingham, and was usually captain, but it was quickened and refined by the work of the Holy Spirit in him and by

his own patient cultivation, the result of self-discipline, of concentrated quest, and of reliance on the help of God.

But he did more than command his followers, he inspired them. He set to work to make them believe in themselves. He would have no part or lot in the 'Oh, to be nothing, nothing,' theory. He believed that all things were possible with the man who really gave himself up to God. He was not surprised at anything which might happen to that man. In dealing with his Officers he started out to make them believe that they could accomplish something greater than they had ever anticipated, or than any one had ever anticipated for them. He believed that every man was bigger than he thought himself to be—that every man had, so to speak, the making of a greater man in him, just as the bud enfolds the flower. He was always prepared to find the new man emerging to surprise the old. His own expectations themselves helped to form and elicit that which was expected. I have seen him a hundred times produce the most marvellous changes in the whole outlook of a man, especially a young man. Such a one may have believed himself to be nobody in particular, and perhaps was very nearly right in that respect, but he has come out from William Booth's presence with his head erect, knowing himself to be somebody, with a bit of work assigned to him which no one else could do, and for the time being he has regarded himself as one of the spear-points of the whole Army.

To be able to inspire a man with confidence in himself is a great gift. It is a sort of miracle, the extending of oneself upon another, making the listless eager, the sluggish quick, the timid resolute. The Founder was never afraid of the element of human worship in all this, because he ever kept looking himself and pointing others to the divine life and energy as the source of it all. Indeed, the fact that the Divine Spirit was all the time available for every man was the grand support of his own heart and mind in all that he did to inspire his fellows.

Another characteristic which was largely contributory to his success in the management of men was his capacity

for detail. Some of those who saw him amid his various activities might have supposed that his achievements cost him little or nothing, 'came natural' to him, in a word. That would be a great mistake. Like other men, he toiled on step by step. When, for example, he has been writing an article I have known him go over a passage many times, like a lapidary polishing a precious stone, in order to bring it to his satisfaction. I have said to him, 'My dear General, you have done enough at this. That will do.' His answer, in his playful, half-testy way, has been, 'Chief, I am not writing to please you.'

It was just the same with his dealings with individual men. In a letter written in his seventy-sixth year he said, 'I am more than ever impressed by the idea that we must do more for the staff, and I can see at present no better way of helping them than to go about amongst them and show them how to meet their difficulties *one by one*.' This master of assemblies was a one-by-one man. It was not only in articles intended for the eyes of the thousand that he devoted scrupulous care to his phrasing, but in a letter intended for just one individual he would often draft and re-draft half-a-dozen times, usually with his own pen, so that the phrases would convey the exact shade of meaning he wanted to convey and give rise to no misunderstanding.

No doubt the recipients of such letters regarded them as ordinary epistles, struck off at the first attempt, simply because they fulfilled their purpose so well. But the truth was that—especially if they had to do with difficult personal questions—they had often cost him immense labour. The late hours of the night and the early hours of the morning were his favourite times for correspondence. He would often come home late from a Meeting, to all appearance tired out, and, as his biographer says, 'would seek his writing-table as another man would seek his couch.' Details which many men would call petty became to him of infinite importance because they concerned the well-being of one particular individual under his command, for whom he felt a responsibility. The care of military leaders has usually been for the regiment, rather than for the

individual, but The Salvation Army has not been built to that pattern.

Another great quality which shone out in his leadership was his absolute justice. He knew no favouritism. Some people, of course, commended themselves to him more than others, some natures were more congenial. And, as it happened, not a few of those in whose company he found the most pleasure tormented him by their carelessness and transgressions! But whatever his personal liking or disliking, when it came to any question of privilege or honour, or anything which affected a man's happiness or usefulness, his merely personal preferences became of no account. It did not matter who the man was, nor how near he might be to the General's eye, his case was dealt with, or the appointment filled, or the difference adjusted solely in the interests of fair dealing and the advantage of The Army. He was out to do justice, to secure fairness, to establish equity in his ranks. Possibly here, too, he may have made mistakes, but, if so, the mistakes were not due to any conscious bias. In all my forty years' experience of his work at the closest range I cannot charge my memory with a single case among the many thousands he dealt with in which he acted with anything approaching injustice. And when mistakes were subsequently seen to have been mistakes I think they generally caused him more suffering than they had ever caused anybody else. No man was more generous in admission of a blunder, or more unhappy until its consequences were repaired.

It must not be inferred from what has already been written—and indeed it cannot be inferred by any one who has the smallest knowledge of the Founder's later life—that all his dealings were with the rough and uncultured. He had to do with men who occupied very high positions in many countries. And it is an astonishing circumstance that William Booth, of humble birth, with very limited educational advantages, with no opportunity until he was well in middle-age of coming into contact with the leisured or polite classes, should nevertheless have been able to make himself at home with men of the university, of Parliament,

of the Court, of the 'City.' He met them on common ground, he was not 'awkward' in their company; they found him interesting, and very often, before they were aware, he had slipped the leading strings on them, and was taking them whither he would.

But this rare gift of adaptability was exercised equally in his dealings with the poorest creature of the street. He was more proud of the fact that he could, so to speak, break bread with the poor than that he could sit as an honoured guest at a dinner table in Park Lane. He had the infinite tact—if tact is the right word—which condescends to men of low estate, without letting it appear to be condescension. In spite of many temptations, he always resisted, nay he hated, what he called the 'Nabob' spirit. In this respect, no doubt, his kindly humour often came to his help. The man who has real humour is sure to have a saving humility and to be, at least to some extent, unspoiled. And his humour also often got him to the heart of a situation.

No matter whether he was dealing with the prodigal of the gutter or with a ruler who sought his advice, he was the same man, adaptable, though never opportunist, brotherly, though still careful of his position and authority, projecting himself by sympathy into the place of another, but never surrendering a principle to please or conciliate anybody. Everywhere he went, up and down the world, the people who faced him—their faces white, or brown, or black, or yellow, the setting a convict prison, a great auditorium, a council chamber, or a throne-room—knew that he belonged to them, was one of them—

> Men felt
> That in their midst a son of man there dwelt,
> Like and unlike them, and their friend through all.

I want to make it plain that he laid himself out for this. He professed it. He was not concerned to disavow the compliment that he was remarkable in these matters. It was his boast that he had studied human nature, that he could read it like a book, that he could meet it on its own

levels, high or low. He was equally at home as the centre of an enthusiastic gathering of ten thousand people, or presiding over the hard bargaining of a Finance Council. The world in general saw his excellence in the one respect, it was given to only a few to see his excellence in the other. In later years, of course, much of the business side of Army work in every country was delegated to others, but when it came to the final bargain and the finish up those others always wanted to know that he was pleased.

In a word, William Booth was a man who never lost an opportunity of making contact with his fellow-creatures. In a train he would have regarded it as shocking to ride hour after hour without a word to the other passengers. He would speak to the platelayers on the line when the train stopped at the signals, and to the inspectors and porters on the platform, and to the men on the engine. He could mix also with those who were in despair or profligacy and talk with them—real talk, not the asking of superior questions. His knowledge of the drunkard and the criminal was obtained by first-hand acquaintance. Every creature was to him a rare book, occasionally gilt-edged, but more often very rough-cut indeed, and loose in the binding, and sometimes very difficult to decipher.

The greatest of all his qualities in the management of men has been implied all along in what I have written, and yet I have not specifically named it. It was his love, his spirit of goodwill. In him this was a constant fountain of benevolence, seldom a sudden gush of feeling. The Founder was more benevolent than he was compassionate—I mean that his love went further back than the immediate appeal to the feelings, although the feelings were there—and was therefore a more dependable quality.

His love for his fellows seemed boundless. It was not to be put off by the extreme unloveliness of some of those before whom it was poured out, nor by their ingratitude, nor their hardness of heart. It was like strong, kindly hands searching for the worst. He plunged into the underworld in quest of those whom others shunned or of whom they despaired. Here and there a great soul has gone to sublime

levels because of the God-given love that was in his heart for his fellows, but William Booth went further than the sublime, he did not scruple to go to the verge of the ridiculous if by any means he could save some. His wide-embracing and fervent 'charity' no criticism could stay, no rebuffs diminish, no hatred quench. Because of the love that was in him he dared, not only the anger of the world, but its laughter.

I close this chapter—and my 'memories' of him in this book—with some words from an address which he gave at one of the gatherings of Officers:

'The secret of our success is often inquired for, and here it is: it is not in gifts, or human learning, or exceptional opportunities, or in earthly advantages, but in a heart consumed with the flame of ardent, holy, heavenly love.'

Thank God, that is still 'the secret.'

XI

Sweden and All the World

The year 1878, in which our Movement took the name of The Salvation Army, was a year of great strain, upon me in particular. I was then twenty-two, and although I had recovered in a great measure from the weakness of my early teens, I was again physically in a thoroughly limp and shaken condition. Our friend Mr. Billups, of Cardiff, with whom and his wife my people had formed a friendship several years earlier, was then building a railway between the Swedish port of Halmstad, in the Cattegat, and Jönkoping, the great centre of the match industry of Sweden, a hundred miles from the coast. On this business he was going to stay there for a month or two with Mrs. Billups, and, seeing my run-down condition, they very kindly asked me to join them for a few weeks' holiday, and not only received me as their guest in Sweden, but paid my travelling expenses. Accordingly I journeyed with them, via Dover and Ostend, my first Channel trip, and then — that Mrs. Billups should not be over-fatigued—by easy stages to Copenhagen and Malmö.

At Hamburg a trifling circumstance occurred, which, however, had its significance in view of what was to happen later. After dinner at the hotel on the evening of our arrival Mr. Billups invited me to go with him to a small Mission Hall, carried on, if I remember correctly, by a joint committee of English and German residents of Hamburg for the benefit of English sailors entering that port. We found the little place without much difficulty. Once there I became greatly interested in a group of German sailors who were watching with more or less attention the service conducted on behalf of their English mates. After

saying a few words to the English part of the audience, it occurred to me that I might also speak to the Germans if I could get any one to translate my words. Turning to I think it was the English Missionary in charge, I asked him if he could speak German, and learning that he could, I then addressed myself to the Germans present, giving my message sentence by sentence through my missionary friend.

The meeting and all concerned with it soon passed from my thoughts in the experience of further travel, but I realized in a sort of presentiment that I had stumbled upon a method in which, by the use of interpreters, in a certain way, we might largely overcome our own limitations in the matter of speech, and address ourselves to any people in their own tongue.

Our journey proceeded, the last lap being by road, and a day or two later I found myself with my kind hosts established in a roomy farmhouse on the outskirts of a village on the lakeside at Wernamo, some fifteen miles from Jönkoping, and on the railway line which Mr. Billups was constructing. After a few days I began to feel uncomfortable because the farmer's wife and the servants could take no part in the English family prayers, which I was in the habit of conducting at the suggestion of my good host. On thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that, in spite of the language difficulty, it might be well if they were invited to be present. This was arranged, and the servants at once began to show interest. They used Swedish Bibles, though, of course, our reading and prayer were in English, which they did not understand.

On the second or third morning one of the maids asked permission for her father, who was working on the farm, to come in, and this was granted, and on the following morning another of the servants was particularly impressed, even to distress of mind. We learned after some trouble that this young woman had been moved by the realization of her sins.

These circumstances encouraged me, much to the delight of Mrs. Billups, to persevere in our little effort ; and

obtaining the assistance of Mr. Billups's manager—a rough Englishman of the navvy type, who showed little or no sympathy with religion—I started out to discover whether some one could be found in the neighbourhood who spoke both English and Swedish. We made our way to the bank where Mr. Billups transacted his business, and here, to my great satisfaction, we found a Scotsman, named Duncan, who could speak both languages. I introduced myself, and asked him if he would be so very kind as to come to the farm house for two or three mornings to read to us in Swedish from the Bible, and to translate for me sentence by sentence anything that I might wish to say in prayer. After a little persuasion, he gave a reluctant consent, and on the following morning we made a start.

It was in that room, where the small company included Mr. and Mrs. Billups, the latter's attendant, the farmer's wife, the three maids, the father of one of them, and Duncan the Scotsman, that was begun that method of testimony and appeal and instruction which has since been carried all over the world by The Salvation Army, and which has given us the ear of multitudes in many lands, both East and West, even though the speakers knew no language except their own. Had we all been accomplished linguists, with half the languages of the world at our command, we should still have had a stammering tongue compared with the direct and open speech whereby, through this method, Salvation truths have been proclaimed around the globe.

On this first morning Duncan read verse by verse with me. I then made a few remarks, specially directed, I must say, to the maid who had appeared in distress of mind on the previous occasion, and he translated them, though very nervously, sentence by sentence. At the conclusion of prayers we found the young woman really broken down in a spirit of repentance towards God. We sent away the others, and Mrs. Billups and I and the translator remained and tried to point her to the Atonement and the promise of sins forgiven. We did not succeed that day, but shortly afterwards she and others were wonderfully delivered from

condemnation and fear, and, in what we now recognize as Salvation Army fashion, began to speak to those around of what God had done.

This new development was altogether so unexpected that, small though it was, we could not but be impressed by the thought that the hand of God was in it. I was at once asked to conduct evening prayers at an hour when other workers also could attend, and after only one or two days we had an evening attendance of, perhaps, thirty people, some of whom began to seek after God. The room available was too small, and we obtained permission to use a large room at the post office once or twice, which also was quickly crowded.

Among others who received a revelation from on high which changed the character of their future was the post-mistress herself. Her name—one which has come to be revered in Army annals—was Hanna Ouchterlony, a remarkable woman, who came of one of the old Swedish military families. Of striking personality and courageous spirit, she had already proved her mettle in connexion with the Woman's Movement in Sweden, and she afterwards became the first Officer of The Salvation Army in that country, and its pioneer leader for nine or ten years, during which time she was instrumental in accomplishing a really national work for God and righteousness.[1]

The room at the post office being too small, Mr. Billups fitted up the unfinished booking office of the new railway station with a platform and rough seating, and here I spoke twice daily for about a fortnight, still with the aid of my interpreter, the Scotsman. Among others to be greatly blessed in the meetings was the Scotsman's wife, a Swedish lady, a daughter of one of the leading families. Several other people of importance in the locality were influenced, as well as many of humbler station.

Once again we outgrew our accommodation, and at last a Mission House, seating about five hundred people, was placed at my disposal. Here for some ten days I conducted

[1] Commissioner Hanna Ouchterlony, after some years of honoured retirement, died in 1924.

one or two meetings a day. There would have been no difficulty, so far as attendances were concerned, about holding an even larger number of services, but I was supposed to be on furlough, recruiting my overworked nervous system! Nevertheless, I thoroughly enjoyed this unpremeditated campaign, including the small day meetings, which were held in the homes of several of the converts who lived at a distance from the little town, and who liked me to go to their homes in order that I might speak at close quarters with their neighbours. On its small scale, it was quite an important awakening, and out of it came not only Commissioner Ouchterlony's dedication to our service, but other important influences which to this day are traceable in our Scandinavian ranks.

I was happy in this unlooked-for effort, and greatly interested in the people—especially in those who had been blessed in the way I have described. In a letter, written to Mrs. Billups, from Malmö, the day after I left Wernamo on my return to London, and which I found among the correspondence she sent me shortly before her death, I see that I thus described my feelings:

I could not tell you, if I tried to do so, how much I have felt leaving the Wernamo friends. I felt on Sunday afternoon in that Mission House as though my inmost soul was knit with theirs. I do not think I have ever felt drawn out to yearn over people more, and seldom so much, and doubly so, of course, for those who have taken Jesus Christ. I was unduly anxious about them in the night and this morning, and could not help feeling (realizing) what trials of faith and courage are before them all, and there is no one strong to fall back upon. I asked the Lord to speak a word of quietness to me, and, opening my Bible, my eyes rested on, 'And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels, *and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.* . . . "

How slow we are to confide in God, and how slow of heart still are even *we* to believe all that the prophets have spoken! . . .

The Lord give you, dear Mrs. Billups, more and more of the pertinacity and violence of faith. . . .

Yours by His mercy,

W. Bramwell Booth.

The Swedes attracted me greatly. Young as I was, and entirely without experience of other nationalities which could serve me as a basis for comparison, I began to see in them at that time what I have since proved to be their distinguishing qualities, both the very good and the less good. I discovered at once in them what I can only describe as a certain intellectual clarity—a resilience of mind—which enabled them to apprehend spiritual things in a way that is not the case with all peoples. There seemed to me to be fewer twists and turns and tergiversations in the Scandinavian mentality, and especially the Swedish, than in that of some other nationalities. I have noticed a similar thing in parts of Scotland. I know no audience to whom it is a greater intellectual pleasure to speak than an audience of northern Scotch—say in Aberdeen, Inverness, or Dingwall; not because they are demonstrative or even very responsive to personal appeal, but because the speaker is sure that there is at least intellectual sympathy between himself and his listeners ; that their thoughts are not constantly running off at tangents, but that they open their minds and weigh his words from start to finish.

All this I discerned in the Swede. Inexperienced as I was, and in spite of the fact that the work with which I was connected had not up to that time gone beyond the limits of the Old Country, I at once saw Sweden as a new field. I was taken also with the Swedish combination of spiritual insight with genuine emotion. Their nature had both substance and *warmth*. No doubt, then as now, they were not free from some drawbacks attaching to emotionalism, but they certainly gave promise—a promise which has been abundantly fulfilled in our subsequent experience of them —of doing a great work as the result of a sanctified emotion.

Much is written and said in deprecation of feeling in religion ; but, when all is said and done, the emotions do spring from the depths of our nature, and the attempt to divorce religion from them is really absurd. The idea that the feelings must for ever be mistrusted and denied has probably had more to do with the production of frigidness and formality in religion than any other single thing.

I defy any man to read the Bible with an open mind, especially the Old Testament with its psalms and prophecies, without realizing that God intended the emotions to play a great part in action and experience, not only in our personal communion with Him, but in the practical carrying out of His word of love and righteousness in daily life. ' O *taste* and *see*,' said the Psalmist, ' that the Lord is good.' How absurd to deny the precious feelings and affections of which Jesus Christ Himself was so manifestly an example. We know better than to flee from knowledge, but it has been well said, ' Christianity consists far more in having a full heart than in having a crowded head.'

A heart right in the sight of God is, in fact, the prime necessity of religion as revealed in the New Testament. ' As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' ' The hidden man of the heart ' is the real man. Especially and constantly is the word heart used in the Bible of the emotion of affection both towards man and towards God. It is there that the Kingdom of God is to be set up ; that the life of Christ is to be seen in us ; that the Fire of the Holy Ghost is to come, and enthroned there the love of God and man is to govern our lives. As well might one seek to live without life and spirit as to love without feeling !

The work of The Army in Scandinavia sprang from that little effort by the lakeside of Wernamo, and Scandinavia —in which term I here include Finland—has proved one of The Army's very fruitful fields. Not only has that work been of immense service among the Scandinavian nations themselves, and brought blessing to the lives of multitudes in those northern lands, including the Lapps, but it has spread amongst the Scandinavian populations of the United States. And, thank God ! it has been the means of raising up from those various peoples hundreds of valiant souls who have gone forth into the dangers and difficulties of the dark lands—some to lay down their lives without question for the lost. Few things give me greater satisfaction about the work of The Army in any country than the missionary effort which it produces and the blessings which it disperses into the heathen world. And next to

England—which, of course, has had special advantages in the fact that it was the land of The Army's original foundation, and that it has had a longer time in which to prepare and develop its missionary enterprise—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland have, in the experience of The Army, produced the greatest results along this particular line.

When some time ago I was leaving the King of Sweden, at the termination of an interview with him in Stockholm, he said to me with great earnestness that he wanted to thank me for the work The Salvation Army had accomplished amongst his people, and to express his desire that that work should make still further progress. It was with serious purpose and also with great satisfaction that I was able to answer him, 'And I thank you, Sir, and through you the Swedish people, for the noble and splendid spirits Sweden has given to aid us in the extension of the work of God among the non-Christian peoples.'

XII

Some Methods of Arrest

One night, after a meeting I had been holding in the West End of London, several members of The Army were personally introduced to me. Among them was a man of perhaps forty-eight or fifty; one, I think, of our Local Officers. I asked him how he came into The Army. 'I was in a miserable state,' he told me. 'I had wasted a great part of my life. And then a very unusual, even remarkable thing happened, which led to my conversion. One evening I was wandering aimlessly across Hyde Park when I was attracted by a crowd in the middle of which was a man shouting out something. It proved to be an Open-Air Meeting of The Salvation Army. I waited on the edge of the crowd for a little while, not paying much attention, and presently I turned away. As I did so, the speaker shouted out, "Now, remember what I said," quoting a passage, and then crying out, very loudly and emphatically, "John, Three and Sixteen!" Those words, "John, Three and Sixteen," electrified me. I went home, but not to rest. In fact, I knew no rest until I had come to God, and by His grace was a new man.' 'But,' I said, somewhat puzzled, 'What was there about the words "*John, Three and Sixteen*" which had this effect on you? Did you turn to the passage?' 'Well, you see, Chief,' was his reply, 'my name is *John;* I have been married *three* times; and I have had *sixteen* children!'

I met with a somewhat similar case, illustrating the extraordinary way in which souls may be roused from lethargy, some years ago in Leeds. A fully uniformed Salvationist came up to me and said, 'You don't remember me?' I had to say that I did not. 'I was converted,' he

went on, 'at one of your meetings in London. It was an All-Night of Prayer at Stratford.' 'Yes,' I said, recalling some remarkable episodes of a night of prayer there, 'how did it come about?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I was saved really by a snore.' 'Saved by a snore!' I repeated in astonishment. 'Yes,' he said, 'by a man snoring. I went to the All-Night of Prayer out of curiosity, just to see what you did. I took a seat rather towards the back of the building. In the course of the night I fell asleep. I was roused out of my sleep by a violent snore in my neighbourhood. This I found to proceed from another man in the seat in front of mine. I woke up startled, not realizing where I was, and, jumping to my feet, made my way to the aisle. At that moment the Officer who was leading the second meeting for you shouted at the top of his voice, "Here's another soul for Jesus!" Then a second Officer at the end of my row seized me, and led me almost dazed to the penitent-form. I was thoroughly aroused now by the extraordinary circumstances which had brought me to my knees, I reflected on what I had heard in the earlier part of the service, and I did honestly begin to search my heart and think of my life of sin. In the end, I gave myself to God, He pardoned me, I became a Salvationist, and here I am.'

The old General used to tell a story of a man in South Africa who was exceedingly successful in dealing with mule teams. Asked how he managed these stubborn creatures, he said, 'Well, when they stop and won't go on, I just pick up a handful of gravel or soil, put it to their mouths, and let them taste it. Of course, they spit it out again; but, as a rule, they begin to go on.' 'Why do you think it has that effect on them?' persisted his questioner. 'Well, I don't know,' was the reply, 'but I expect it changes the current of their thoughts!'

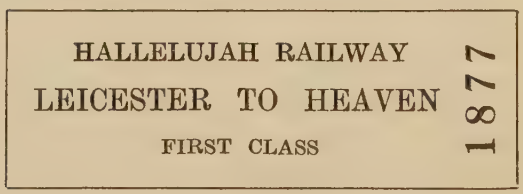
There is a philosophy in this. Do some of our methods, which appear erratic and irrelevant, need any apology after all? Their connexion with spiritual things may not be immediately traceable, but if they shock and startle men, wake them up and turn them right about, have they not their purpose? The ordinary materialistic monotony of

life induces such a stupor that the spirit has often to be stabbed awake. The thing which snaps the coiling thread of the humdrum has its justification in the result. It 'changes the current of their thoughts.'

When people have told me that they have found Salvation or some other blessing on hearing my addresses, I have often discovered on further inquiry that what actually enlightened them or met their difficulty or turned them to Christ was not some great truth I had propounded, not some striking thought to which I had perhaps given a little extra emphasis, not a careful and arousing passage; but, on the contrary, some quite simple and detached circumstance, a forgotten phrase, a chance aside, a passing allusion. One woman, for example, came and told me that she had given herself to God through a quite incidental reference I had made in an address to the previous evening's sunset. It reminded her, she said, of the sunsets of long ago as she used to see them in her village home when she was a girl and went to Sunday school, and thus her heart woke up to desire and seek after God. In such apparently casual ways the truth finds admission. Can it be doubted that this is the philosophy which underlies some of the extraordinary proceedings on the part of the ancient prophets and kings? The breaking of pitchers and other outlandish things which were done in the presence of the people were not mere symbolism. They were means of arrest. They were sudden diversions. Their purpose was to secure the attention of the thoughtless, the forgetful, the preposessed. To use a very modern figure, they were the last jerk of the crank handle which availed to start the engine.

No doubt this explains some of our success. We had one man, for example, who, despairing of getting the people otherwise to hear him, went every night during a week in winter and lay down in the market-place in the snow, remaining there for three-quarters of an hour without saying a word. By the end of the week half the population had gone out to see him, and then he got up and talked to them, and talked with effect. We had another man who even went so far as to 'play ghost' in order to get the people within

sound of the Gospel. The Army records to this very day, are rich with the stories of men who did strange things, things which others could not have done because of their timidity of spirit or their sense of propriety. It is easy to scoff at what they did ; often it has been difficult to defend, sometimes we have had to disapprove and restrain, but there is a true psychology behind it. It is another instance of the foolish things of the world confounding the wise. The trouble with conventional religion is that it is not ' foolish ' enough. It is too dainty in its choice of weapons to get to the heart of the ungodly. It thinks that everything must be solemn and proper and in good taste if it is to be effective. It forgets that in almost the literal sense people have to be wakened before their souls can be won. The Salvation Army might itself have been stiffened by the starch of respectability had it not been for some enthusiasts who have not hesitated to strike away from the beaten track, and counted it a light thing to suffer ridicule. I think of many a man who helped to set us loose, Dowdle and his fiddle, the Neals and their preaching and song, Cadman and his amazing displays, Corbridge and his announcements. One of Corbridge's little railway tickets :



is before me now. On the back of it are the words : ' Conditions fully explained at every service by Corbridge, the real old Hallelujah Man, and crowds of Blood-washed passengers.' Another handbill of a later period announces a ' Great Fair at the Salvation Market,' and among those billed to appear are Moorhouse and Bricky, Skelton the Thrasher, Wells the Converted Thief, and a score of others described with similar force and freedom.

We in The Army have learned to thank God for eccentricity and extravagance, and to consecrate them to His

service. We have men in our ranks who can rollick for the Lord. Often they have blundered, and occasionally they land us in awkward places. Some of them have been very rough and uncouth, and all that. I have never wanted to imitate what they did. I could not have done so. But they have enlarged my conception of the power of God and the mysteriousness of His ways. And I have felt less inclined to shrink from doing some unusual thing myself because they on their part did not shrink from doing things far more unusual. Thank God for the dare-devils! They led us on the forward march. Their freedom of attack has brought, and still brings, within our reach the very people we most want. They have helped to keep us free from the shackles of respectability. They keep us passionate. So that even such a writer as H. G. Wells, after saying that our 'shouts, clangour, trumpeting, gesticulations, and rhythmic pacings stun and dismay my nerves,' can add, 'I see God indubitably present in these excitements.'[1]

I know, of course, what some of my scientific friends will say to this. But I may be permitted to reply to their views in the words of a great student of human life:

> . . . however convincingly it [science] may show us that religion is a clumsy term for describing emotional excitement, science itself cannot and does not save the lost and rescue the abandoned. Science cannot do this; it knows how it is done, and yet cannot itself do the thing which it assures us is not a miracle; and science does not do it, does not desire to do it, for the very reason that it lacks the religious impulse which alone can accomplish the miracle, the miracle not only of converting the people, but of making the conversion of the evil and the bad a passion of the life of the good and the virtuous.

A method I have sometimes adopted in conducting an Army meeting is to be frankly emotional up to a certain point. I set out deliberately to create a certain impression upon the hearts of the people to whom I am speaking. I use various means to that end, some in one place, some in another, according to the audience and my own state of mind. I desire to produce that heart opening without which I believe it to be of little use making an appeal

[1] 'God the Invisible King.'

either to the intellect or the conscience. Then, when I have come to that point, I begin to produce the harder facts of my message. Having softened the wax, I press the die. Then can come a definite invitation to resolve, to act, and an opportunity to do it then and there. For myself, I do not even then, in this sternest phase of the battle, rigidly exclude the relation of a fact or incident which may have an emotional bearing. But this is not done with the same object as at the opening. The object now is to fortify the people so that they may overcome the immediate difficulties and hesitancies which are the impeding work of the enemy of souls. Therefore I tell of the power of Christ's love to change. I use whatever comes handiest to urge them to the final step. I bid them with all the tenderness I can muster come and make the great surrender, come and find the great Salvation. And, thank God, they come!

XIII

Stories of The Army's Treasury

Many stories could be told of mysterious gifts received from strangers for The Army. Once a man, then quite unknown to us, called at Headquarters and said, 'I want to see Mr. Bramwell Booth.' He was shown up to me, and he told me his name, and said :

'I have been very much interested in the work you are doing, although I wish you were not so much mixed up with disturbances. I want to give you a thousand pounds.'

He brought out his cheque, and after I had thanked him, I asked him how he had first come to be interested in us.

'Well,' he said, 'I will tell you. Some time ago I was walking down Aldersgate Street, and I noticed on the other side of the road a costermonger loading sacks of scrap iron on to a barrow. One of the sacks was apparently too heavy for him to lift, and a tall man wearing a silk hat stopped and put up the sack for the old costermonger and said a word to him. I was so much interested that I asked a policeman who was near by to tell me who it was that had assisted the costermonger. "Oh, don't you know?" said the policeman; "that's General Booth." "Well," I said to myself, "if that is the spirit of The Salvation Army, then I shall help it as I have opportunity."'

The same benefactor gave us further help afterwards. He had a friend, a man nearly blind, who came to our Meetings occasionally, where he was deeply interested and blessed. One day this gentleman called at Headquarters, seeking me, and said :

'Look here, I am going to give something to your work. How are you off for funds?'

'We are really very hard pressed just now,' I said. 'I have been praying the Lord to send us along some help, and I have no doubt He has sent you.'

Then he took out of his pocket-book a cheque, and held it up close to his eyes.

'It is signed,' he said. 'Fill it in and make it payable to The Army.'

'How much shall I make it payable for?' I asked him.

'Well,' he said, 'what do you think?'

'I leave it to you.'

'Fill it up, then, for what you think the Lord would have me give you.'

I remembered that he was a rather wealthy man, but, still, I did not know much about him, and I cast my mind upwards for help in this emergency.

'Shall we say a thousand pounds?' I said at last.

'Well—yes,' he replied rather hesitatingly; 'as you have *only* said one thousand pounds, we will make it one thousand.'

I am afraid my pleasure in receiving the gift was dashed a little by regret that I had not said five!

Wonderful indeed have been the answers to prayer in special predicaments. Sometimes in bygone days I have signed cheques, and stood them up against the inkpot, saying, 'I cannot let them go until the Lord has sent along the wherewithal to meet them.' And even while I have been waiting at Headquarters casting up my heart to God for help, people have called and said, 'I feel the Lord would have me come and give you a hundred pounds'—or two hundred pounds, or five hundred, as the case might be. That kind of thing has been repeated in practically every department of The Army, and in every land, and even in many a Corps. It ought to teach us to believe hard as well as work hard.

Once I remember our good friend T. A. Denny coming in when we were in a tight financial squeeze. The old General was just off on one of his long-distance tours, and I was terribly tried about getting in money.

'Now, Mr. Bramwell,' said Denny, 'I hear from Beard'—we had then a friend named Beard at Headquarters—'that you are very hard up as usual.'

'That is true. Mr. Denny,' I said; 'we are in a corner.'

'I have never known you far from that corner,' was his reply. 'How much do you want? Will a thousand pounds be of any use to you?'

'Of course it will be of use,' I said, 'but it will not get me over this special difficulty.'

'Then how much *do* you really want?'

'I want four thousand.'

Denny took a cheque out of his pocket.

'Bramwell,' he said, 'I made it out for four thousand before I came along. I had an impression that that was what you wanted.'

'Did Beard give you any idea of the sum?' I asked in amazement.

'No,' he said, 'nobody gave me any idea of it.'

To put it mildly, a remarkable coincidence!

When we were buying and altering the Congress Hall property at Clapton for our Training Work we had to raise some twenty-five thousand pounds, at that period of our history a very large sum. Sir William M'Arthur, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1880, and a zealous Methodist, signed a letter on our behalf, which was sent to a number of leading Methodists. A few of the recipients were asked to come together and hear about the General's scheme. One of them was Dr. James Wood, of Southport, a Methodist layman and a doctor of laws. The meeting was summoned for a Monday afternoon, and on the previous Saturday Dr. Wood came to see me and said that he was going to give us fifty pounds. After a little talk he decided, without any suggestion of mine, to double the proposed donation. I asked him, and he agreed, to come to a Holiness Breakfast the following morning at our Whitechapel Hall. We met in the City and walked to the Hall. About two hundred of our people were present. The doctor would not come to the platform, as I wished; he insisted on sitting among the people.

Next day, at the gathering at Headquarters, Dr. Wood set the ball rolling, after the General had outlined his scheme. Our Lancashire friend told how he had come up with his cheque already made out for fifty pounds. After hearing a little more of the work, he decided to make it a hundred pounds. But when he went on the previous day to one of the Meetings he found the enthusiasm and warmth of old-fashioned Methodism at its best. He explained that he had sat among the people for two reasons. 'I wanted, in the first place, to see whether they were genuine working people who got their living with their hands. After I had looked at them and spoken to several, I had no doubt at all on that score. So far from getting anything out of this work, they contribute to its support. The other reason I sat amongst them was to see whether they were clean, and I am satisfied that they were. I could see that they had all washed their necks and ears. General, yours is a work of practical godliness. I shall give you a thousand pounds.'

M'Arthur gave a thousand guineas, and we got several thousand pounds as a result of that afternoon meeting. We put it down in no small measure to Dr. Wood's scrutiny of our people in Whitechapel, and his discovery that they washed their necks and ears!

I have had quite as much satisfaction, however, in receiving small gifts from small people as in receiving bigger gifts from bigger people. I know that was true also of the Founder. It never ceased to be to him a source of pleasure that so large a proportion of The Army's income was drawn from the masses. When Officers reported to him that there was no gold in the collection, he would often say, '*Well, never mind! There is plenty of copper.*' He did not disesteem the democratic coin. He knew that it often spoke of sacrifice as great as the more precious metal.

And what the poor gave was not always 'copper.'

One day an elderly woman, a Soldier in one of our London Corps, wrote asking me for an interview. I was extremely busy at the time, and asked my secretary to write her and say that he would see her in my stead. She replied

by return, saying that she must see me herself. Accordingly she was asked to come. I went into the room where she was waiting, and she opened the conversation by saying :

'General, I have come to give you £100.'

I replied that that was very interesting, and looking at her thin garments and work-worn hands, and guessing that she earned a precarious livelihood, I said :

'And how did you get it ? '

Quick as thought she answered, 'General, excuse me, but I think that is my business ! '

'Yes,' I said, 'but you are not in ordinary circumstances. I do not like the idea of taking such a sum from you without knowing more about you.'

Then she told me.

'When my husband died he left me £40—all his savings. We had both been brought to God in The Salvation Army, and the Lord has been good to us. Moreover, we had no one dependent on us. After he died, I began to go out cleaning, and I generally got one meal a day given me, so that I was able to put by sometimes a shilling and sometimes half a crown. Then, about two years ago, I thought I was living in too expensive a room. I paid six shillings a week for it. After praying about it, it came to me that by sharing my room with another lady, I might halve that rent. I did it. So, little by little, by the Lord's goodness, I have added to that £40 until it has become £100. And now He has told me to come and give it to you to help on the work of The Army.'

'Well,' I said, 'Mrs. ——, this is very generous and good of you. But I do not feel quite happy about it. What is your age ? '

Bridling a little, she said, 'I think that is my business, too, General.'

'Yes,' I said, smiling at her bashful appearance, 'but you must tell me, because I am thinking of what the future may have for you.'

'Well,' she said, 'I am sixty-six, and when I am seventy I shall be receiving the old age pension, so that you need not trouble about me.'

After turning the matter over in my mind for a few moments, I said :

' Well, now, I don't quite feel as if I ought to take this money from you, but I will tell you what I will do. I will receive it and enter it in our books under your name. And I will make an entry to the effect that should you be sick or in any way in need of it, you can at any time withdraw what you require. Should you not require it, and be taken to Heaven, it will fall entirely into The Army's funds.'

But my suggestion encountered unexpected obstinacy in her. She was evidently surprised that I should raise any objection.

' If your father, our dear old General what's in Heaven, had been here,' she said, almost severely, ' he would not have made all this fuss about taking my £100 for the work of The Army ! '

So, after all, I had to yield the point, and when I knelt down beside her, and thanked God for the spirit He had put in her poor old heart I could not help but praise Him. A lonely widow hidden away in the purlieus of the great city, toiling hard every day, adding slowly to her small store of savings, and then bringing them all into the treasury of her Lord.

Many people will hardly believe it, but the old General had an instinctive dread of money. The Army has from the very first been widely associated in people's minds with money-raising. Tens of thousands, especially in London, first heard of us through a queer music-hall chorus of the eighties :

> General Booth sends round the hat ;
> Samson was a strong man,
> *But he wasn't up to that !*

The Founder said more about money, probably, than any other leader in the religious world. He also instituted a system under which money has been raised in quite considerable sums. Yet, for all that, he had an instinctive dread of it. It was a sort of constitutional fear of its power and tyranny. After the first ten or twelve years of the life of the Movement he never himself touched the money. All

his financial arrangements, though carried on, of course, in his name, were attended to by others. By 1878–9 I was already signing the cheques. He himself had nothing to do with them, although he insisted on exact returns and on knowing from time to time where we were financially, and he bore the heavy burden of money raising.

This is not to say that he did not realize the necessity for exactness and economy in dealing with money, both private and public. He had great confidence in the public Auditors who have looked after our accounts. While he never took anything from the funds of The Army for himself, he was careful to have full accounts rendered to him by the publishers of his books. These works of his and of my mother's—and later on her 'Life'—for a number of years largely supported them. On the establishment of 'The War Cry,' when some of our friends urged him to make that, at least, private property, and thus place himself and his family out of need, he declined the suggestion. I believe his will was worth a great deal to The Army funds. People woke up to the fact that this man, with legitimate opportunity to do so, had never enriched himself.

He carried his financial diffidence to a point which many would regard as quixotic. Soon after the Mission started, in 1865, he had a Financial Guarantee Committee, of which Stephenson Blackwood and one or two other fairly well-known men were members. This Committee authorized the payment of his insurance premiums. When, later on, his books became a source of income, he paid these premiums himself, and a few years afterwards he asked the Auditors to make an estimate of the total sum paid during the years that they had been met by the Committee. They did so, and determined the amount at five hundred pounds, and this sum he handed over to the funds of The Army.[1]

Mr. T. A. Denny, whom I have already mentioned, was one of several friends of like mind and heart. Henry Reed

[1] See 'William Booth, the Founder of The Salvation Army,' by Harold Begbie, Vol. II, p. 131.

was perhaps the first on the list. Another was Samuel Morley, then head of the great Nottingham firm of I. & R. Morley, who loved to consider himself a ' sleeping partner ' in our work. He varied from time to time in his feelings, but one of the last things he did before his death was to give a couple of thousand for the extension of the Women's Social Work in London. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Billups, of Cardiff, and John and Richard Cory, of the same city, who knew and trusted ' the Booths ' before as well as after The Salvation Army was born. There were the Armitages (Farnley), who not only gave nobly up to the limit of their means, but came to the Meetings, and marched with the processions. There was Mrs. Freeman, from whom came many a ray of light amid the financial anxiety of the earliest days. And there were the Misses Wells, who not only brought of their wealth, but joined The Army, donned its uniform, and gave up their luxurious home to live as simple Salvationists. John Newbury, of Purley, and William Johnson, of Cambridge, both Congregationalists, were also noble givers. Perhaps the most generous of all our helpers, though of a somewhat later period, was Frank Crossley, of Manchester, whose splendid gifts largely made possible the extension of The Army's work in other lands during the late eighties. I wish he could know now what harvests have been reaped from the seed he helped us to sow!

With the development of The Army's philanthropic work we had frequently to do with a different kind of benefactor. Men came forward to help us because of the downright common sense of some of our efforts for social amelioration, although perhaps they had no sympathy with, often no understanding of, our presentation of the Gospel. The very daring of the Founder's schemes caught the interest of men who, in their own financial transactions, were accustomed to ' think big.' One such man was the late George Herring.

George Herring began his career as a bookmaker. He was associated with that class of doubtful characters who frequent race meetings. To the end of his life, although probably one of the best-dressed men in London, he always gave a certain impression of being ' horsy.' He made a

large sum of money on a particular race, and on the same day he 'cut' the Turf. He came into the City, went on the Stock Exchange, and took up a branch of business connected with the floating of loans for foreign Governments. Of this, with a partner, he made a great success. Before he had reached middle life Herring was a wealthy man.

We first came across him on the publication of 'In Darkest England and the Way Out,' in 1890. He came to see us, and at once said that he would put up £10,000 of the money required to purchase the proposed Land Colony. He made very many excursions with one of our Officers seeking land. We finally decided that Hadleigh, in Essex, was the right place for us. Herring did not like the land, however, and accordingly his ten thousand came to nothing. He then rather drew off from us for some time. He was chaffed a good deal by his friends about his Salvation Army experiences. In our later intimacy we learned that one of his chums who thought to make fun of him sent him as a Christmas box a Salvation Soldier's cap. This joke pleased him greatly, but in a different way from that which the sender anticipated. He had an elegant glass-case made, in which he placed this cap as one of the ornaments in the drawing-room at his beautiful hunting lodge near Luton. He often explained to his friends how the cap came into his possession, and how he only wished that he was worthy to wear it.

Later on he became very much interested in our proposal for housing the people on a scheme of higher-class Shelters. He got much more intimate with us all, especially with the Founder and myself and the late Commissioner Sturgess. He went to our Shelters, attended Meetings, tramped about with us at midnight, and gave considerable sums towards new and enlarged premises. The General and the 'Bloater,' as his familiars called him, taking liberty with his name, became quite good friends, and he was probably the only Society person in London with whom the General ever 'dined out.' This was at Herring's town house in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly.

The last time Herring was at Headquarters he bade the

old General a cheery good-bye, and was so delighted with his youthful optimism and plans that he called up the lift as it was carrying him down, ' Good-bye, I thought you were twenty-six, and I see you are only about nineteen ! ' Herring was at the foundation of a small-holding scheme which we inaugurated at his suggestion. He found about forty thousand pounds for it, but as the later developments of that scheme come within my own period of Generalship, the story must await another occasion.

George Herring was a singularly unassuming man. In my own intercourse with him he never presumed to dictate or to instruct me even as to matters on which I wished to defer to him. I had more than one talk with him on spiritual things, though I fear I did not make very much progress. I remember well the occasion of our last meeting. We had been discussing at some length the plans for the small-holding settlement, and I passed to some very serious words about eternal things. He seemed touched, and as he left me I said, ' Well, Mr. Herring, I shall pray for you.' He paused at the door, and came back to my table, and after a moment's hesitation said with great seriousness, ' No, don't bother about me. I'm not worth it.' I wonder whether I ought to have been more earnest that day !

The story of Army finance recalls our critics as well as our friends. One of these critics was Henry Labouchere, the editor of ' Truth.' Labouchere began by belabouring The Army, saying that we had no accounts to show, and so forth, and Charles Bradlaugh, his colleague in the representation of Northampton, dotted his ' i's ' and crossed his ' t's.' One morning there was brought to me a cutting from ' Truth ' which abused us with more definiteness than usual. Forthwith I put the cutting into the hands of one of our Staff, and the man himself into a hansom, and told him, in effect, that he was not to come back until he brought Labouchere with him.

If his instructions did not go quite so far with regard to ' knocking down or locking up ' as those which were given to Sam Weller when he set out to secure Mr. Winkle, they were more effective. Labouchere came to Headquarters.

In the meantime I had communicated with our auditors and one of the partners came over. Everything was in readiness for 'Labby's' inspection, and he spent a useful hour and a half going over the books, examining the vouchers, and talking to members of the Staff.

I do not pretend that Labouchere ever came to the penitent-form, but from that time onwards he was more or less a friend. He occasionally helped us in an appeal for money, signing one or two 'round robins' which we issued; but the chief value of his countenance to us was in the fact that he was so great an authority on such matters that when he took a thing up and even faintly praised it people accepted its credentials right away. Bradlaugh we never succeeded in 'converting.' One of his exclamations on his death-bed was, 'Oh, General Booth's accounts!'

The secret behind Army finance is not expressed in the word 'genius,' nor even in 'prevision'; it is the result of faith in God. Our Movement was born in absolute penury. Nobody connected with it at the start, from the Founder downwards, possessed a spare sovereign. Yet money was a necessity. Buildings must be erected or hired. The poor and neglected must be cared for. Evangelists or leaders must be provided with their daily bread. The work must be made known. Casual gifts, the result of occasional appeals, were forthcoming, but these meant only spasmodic and disconnected efforts. We could not make any great show with the scissors when we were so uncertain of the cloth. The Founder saw that the work must be made, so far as was possible, to be self-supporting.

But ours was, and still is, a very poor community. The people lived from hand to mouth themselves. Few of the stations became self-maintaining in the first years. The money they raised had to be supplemented from the centre. By 1880, nevertheless, we had abundantly proved that the little communities in the different localities could, as a general rule, be supported by the people's own gifts and exertions. No doubt many of our Officers did suffer great privations in establishing this principle, often because they were so keen upon their work that they would not apply

for the provision which was available for them. But the principle of self-support within each community once accepted has become widely adopted, and has answered beyond all expectations.

We unite with this principle of self-support the further principle that the strong must help the weak, or, rather, that the strong and the weak must help each other. The earliest form by which we tried to raise money for work other than that carried on among the people from whom we begged it, was by what were called Quarterly Collections. The amount thus collected once in three months at each Station was set apart for *new* work. Later came the Self-Denial Fund. That Fund came out of a remark of Major (now Commissioner) Carleton on the platform of the old Exeter Hall, to the effect that he proposed 'to give up his pudding' for a certain period in aid of the Funds. 'Why not have an annual effort,' said the Founder, 'in which every one shall be invited to perform some act of self-denial?' But for this principle it would have been impossible either to begin or to carry on the missionary work of The Army. Every Territory contributes to the Fund, even those Territories which receive assistance from it towards their own missionary enterprise.

Had it not been for this definite policy in connexion with our exchequer, The Army might never have broken its national boundaries, never have found opening before its tread the gates of the future. We have gone on the principle that if people have a religion worth having they will prove it by making some sacrifice to maintain it. And if it is the religion of Jesus Christ, they will want to extend it to their fellows, even to the uttermost parts of the earth.

XIV

The Minotaur

In the autumn of 1885 I was indicted at the Old Bailey —the Central Criminal Court of the United Kingdom— together with the late W. T. Stead, then editor of the ' Pall Mall Gazette,' and certain other persons, on the charge of unlawfully taking Eliza Armstrong, aged thirteen, out of the possession of her parents and against their will. The other persons concerned in the alleged abduction were Rebecca Jarrett, a woman who had formerly kept a house of ill fame, and had reformed her life after coming under the influence of The Salvation Army; Elizabeth Combe, a Swiss Officer of The Army; and Mussabini, a Greek, who had taken the name of Sampson Jacques, and had assisted Stead in the investigations. There was a further charge against Stead, Jarrett, and Jacques, together with one Madame Mourez, a procuress, of being concerned in an assault on the child in question.

The case was tried before Mr. Justice Lopes and a common jury. Mr. Justice Lopes, who afterwards became Lord Ludlow, was said to have exceptional ability in a certain class of case, but not even his closest legal friend would claim a place for him among the great lawyers of his time. Any distinction which the bench lacked, however, was fully made up in the well of the court. The then Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, who afterwards became Lord Alverstone and Lord Chief Justice of England, led the prosecution for the crown, and with him were Mr. (now Sir Harry) Poland and Mr. R. S. Wright, then M.P. for Norwich, and afterwards a very able judge of the Queen's Bench. On our side another future Lord Chief, then simply Mr. Charles Russell, appeared for Rebecca

Jarrett. He was the outstanding figure in the defence, and showed the conspicuous qualities for which the name of Lord Russell of Killowen will long be remembered in the annals of bench and bar. His junior was Mr. Charles Matthews, afterwards Public Prosecutor. My own counsel was Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., later a judge of the County Court, and with him were Mr. Horne Payne and Mr. R. F. Colam. Mr. Sutherst was for Mrs. Combe, while Jacques's principal counsel was Mr. Henry Matthews, who became Home Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Government, and afterwards was raised to the peerage as Viscount Llandaff. Stead defended himself, though his case was ' watched ' by Charles Matthews.

The hearing occupied thirteen days in all, and seldom if ever can the Old Bailey have witnessed the unfolding of such a drama. The facts which were elicited created a profound sensation throughout the country, and, indeed, in many parts of the world. In the result I was acquitted ; the charge against Elizabeth Combe was dismissed before the case for the defence was even opened ; Stead was found guilty of abduction and of aiding and abetting in the assault, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment ; Jacques was acquitted on the first charge, but was found guilty of the same offence as Stead on the second, and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and Jarrett was found guilty on both charges and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. In all these cases the punishment was without hard labour, but Madame Mourez, whose case was in a different category, was sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for six months.

Behind this prosaic narration of names and facts is a somewhat important episode in the social history of modern England. The trial itself was an anti-climax; it was a cross-scent on the trail, and although, as I will explain presently, it had its uses, particularly for The Salvation Army, it must not occupy the field to the exclusion of the real achievement, namely, the violent awakening of the public conscience which had already taken place on the subject of child prostitution, and the expression of that conscience

in the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885.

I am concerned mainly in these pages with my own and The Army's share in the events of those agitating days, and I write simply from that point of view.

From our earliest years as the Christian Mission, there came, occasionally, to our penitent-form in Whitechapel, unfortunate girls who looked to us for some means of enabling them to throw off the fetters of their deadly calling. Here and there kind women-comrades would fix up these poor creatures for a night or two, but that was only a very casual and uncertain method of dealing with the problem. Presently one motherly woman, a baker's wife, who had already given up her front room to Magdalen, suggested to me that if only she had more accommodation she could take in these girls for a few days and look after them until they were passed on to some employment.

Accordingly, The Army helping her, she and her husband took a larger cottage, which was soon given over entirely to this work, and another cottage was taken in addition. The name of Mrs. Cottrill, in her little home in a shabby East End street, is one to be handed down in honour to our Army posterity, not only for what she herself did, but for the mighty rescue work to which it led. To such humble souls there is reared no monument on earth, save the work of which they helped to lay the foundations, but surely there is a window set up in Heaven!

This work into which The Army, without any set purpose of its own, was gradually led, was placed under the personal supervision of Mrs. Bramwell Booth. Some time after my marriage, the Founder, talking with me of this new development, had said, 'What about Florrie?' (meaning my wife). 'She is very young, I know, but if she feels her heart drawn that way, then let her have charge.' From this time forward my wife began to interest herself in these pitiful cases, and she was duly appointed to lead the new undertaking.

Before she had been at her task for six months, it was brought home to her that a frightful state of things existed

in London. She was prepared for the evidence of widespread prostitution, terrible as that is, but it came upon her as an appalling revelation to find that young girls—children, really, of thirteen and fourteen—were being entrapped by a vicious network of carefully devised agencies and in their innocence condemned to a life of shame. She declared further that there existed a regular traffic in these girls; that it had widespread ramifications, both in England and on the Continent; that it was maintained by the most atrocious fraud and villainy, and involved such anguish and degradation as, in her opinion, could not be matched by any trade in human beings known to history.

Those hideous facts greatly affected her, and during the first year or two of our married life, the skies were often overcast on this account. Where there should have been smiles and brightness there were often tears and sorrow. Thinking of the miseries of these poor creatures, Mrs. Booth cried herself to sleep night after night. She told me of the most harrowing incidents which had come to her knowledge. I tried to comfort her by suggesting that the stories were probably exaggerated; that the credibility of these folks was not to be trusted too readily, and so on. But, presently yielding to her entreaties, I said that I would look into the matter for myself. I made certain inquiries and interviewed several people. Among the latter was the then Chamberlain of the City of London, Mr. Benjamin Scott, who, in association with Mrs. Josephine Butler, had been attacking the Contagious Diseases Acts then in force. He said that he could well believe all that I heard from my wife, that it was a disgrace to civilization, and that some of the police winked at the betrayers and procurers. He expressed in his gentle, courteous way the hope that something would be done. I answered him with emphasis that something would!

It was some little time after this that, on arriving at our offices in Queen Victoria Street one day, I was informed that the housekeeper when he opened the front gate at seven o'clock that morning had found a young girl outside who had told him an extraordinary story. The girl was

brought to me, a decent, well-favoured girl of about seventeen, wearing a very beautiful red silk dress. She told me that she had come up from the country to London in answer to an advertisement for a girl to help in the general work of a house, and had been received on arrival by the mistress who had answered her application. She soon found, however, that she had been entrapped into a brothel.

As the days went on her 'mistress' urged her with increasing force to be a 'lady' like the others in the house, gave her the red silk dress, and compelled her to visit a certain music-hall in her company. The girl resisted all importunities, but escape seemed to be impossible, and she did not know what to do or where to go. On the previous night a man had made himself very objectionable, whereupon she fled and barricaded herself in one of the kitchens, yielding neither to threats nor cajolery. After some time she heard the landlady say, 'Leave her there till morning; she will come to her senses when she wants her breakfast.' Left alone, the girl remembered amid her alarm and agitation that in her own town she had attended some meetings of The Salvation Army, and that in her box was an old song-book, which bore on its cover the address of General Booth. He was surely the one person in all the great city who would help her! It was four o'clock in the morning before everything was still in the house. She waited a while, and then crept up to her room, found the little red-covered song-book, and slipped out. Inquiring her way of a policeman, she walked from Pimlico to Queen Victoria Street, and remained outside the door of Headquarters until it was opened.

The story was hard to believe, but there was the girl, who had been found outside the door between seven and eight o'clock that morning; and there, moreover, was the dress, which obviously was not such as a mistress would provide for a domestic servant.

I sent a man at once to the address from which she said that she had escaped. There they stated at first that they knew nothing of her, but when he told them that they were telling lies, and that he was an Officer of

The Salvation Army, which already had the girl under its protection, they changed their tune. At last he got her box away, and we found further confirmation of her story. The incident made a great impression upon me, an impression which was deepened further when a number of girls were brought up from Whitechapel by Mrs. Booth, and I had the opportunity of questioning them. One of them, about fourteen years old, manifestly enceinte, told a terrible story of how she had been met in the street by a very 'nice' woman, taken to a music-hall, persuaded to meet her 'friend' again, and so dragged into virtual imprisonment and the last outrage.

All this caused me no little suffering and I resolved—and recorded my resolve on paper—that, no matter what the consequences might be, I would do all I could to stop these abominations, to rouse public opinion, to agitate for the improvement of the law, to bring to justice the adulterers and murderers of innocence, and to make a way of escape for the victims.

It will be asked: Where, all this time, were the police? Was there no law which could be invoked to scourge the offenders? The legislative position in 1885 was this: The House of Lords, to its credit, had already three times passed a Bill the primary object of which was to ensure greater protection for young girls and women, and particularly to raise the age at which a girl's consent could free her seducer from responsibility. The age at that time, wickedly and absurdly, was thirteen! On the first two occasions the Bill, after passing the Upper House, met with some untimely fate in the Lower. It was passed for the third time by the Lords in the spring of this fateful year.

We knew that the Government was very tepid on the whole question, and without the stimulus of popular agitation it seemed unlikely that the Bill would meet with any greater success on its third venture into the House of Commons than on its first or second. As a matter of fact, to anticipate a little, although Sir William Harcourt, whom we approached, lost no time in putting the Bill on the Orders of the House, it was talked out on the second reading

early in May. Altogether an inglorious chapter in the records of the People's Chamber!

The appeal, then, must be to the people themselves, whose heart and conscience, we were sure, had not been interpreted by their representatives in Parliament assembled.

After some further conference with various friends, including Benjamin Scott and Mrs. Josephine Butler, I consulted W. T. Stead, and told him the facts of child enslavement and prostitution as they had come to our notice. I said that I and Mrs. Booth had looked into them sufficiently to feel that, although there might, here and there, be exaggerations, there was urgent need for the passing and the strengthening, if possible, of the measure then before Parliament. I asked him to give publicity to the business so that the Government should become aware of the pressure of public opinion. At first Stead hesitated. He had not been so very long in London, and though editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' was not perhaps so firmly in the saddle as afterwards. Finally, however, he came to Headquarters; I introduced him there to Benjamin Scott, who explained the legal situation and also the Continental traffic, a branch of the iniquity with the history and detail of which he was specially familiar. After Scott had gone I told Stead that I had three or four women in the next room, together with a converted brothel-keeper, whom he might interview for himself. These women were brought in one by one, and Stead put them through their stories. Women I call them, but, with the exception of Rebecca Jarrett, they were all under sixteen.

When the interrogatories were ended and the girls had withdrawn, there was a pause, and I looked at Stead. He was evidently deeply moved by what he had heard. It had shaken his vehement nature, and presently his feelings found vent. Raising his fist, he brought it down on my table with a mighty bang, so that the very inkpots shivered, and he uttered one word, the word 'DAMN!' This explosion over, I said, 'Yes, that is all very well, but it will not help us. The first thing to do is to get the facts in such a form that we can publish them.' Stead agreed; we not

only took counsel together, we prayed together, and then he went away.

A period of consideration, during which Stead conferred with one or two friends, including Mrs. Butler, followed.[1] Ultimately we had another meeting at Headquarters and decided that the best thing to do would be to examine the situation, independently of the evidence of the injured girls whom we had collected. Stead wanted to obtain first-hand information. I provided a woman who actually went and placed herself in a brothel as though she were a woman of doubtful character, and lived there for ten days, reporting what happened. This beautiful and fearless girl carried through the scheme with complete satisfaction. We

[1] Mrs. Josephine Butler, one of the pioneers of freedom for women, the wife of Canon Butler, of Winchester, had been long and deeply concerned about the very painful conditions prevailing in some Continental countries, and she entered with enthusiasm into our campaign. Her one fear was that we should delay the publication of what we discovered, and she urged us to make public the facts already at our disposal before the then approaching General Election. The following, from a letter from *Winchester, June* 11, 1885, shows something of her feeling:

'My dear Mr. Bramwell,

'I have received your letter; thanks. I wish I could have seen you to express my strong conviction of the mistake, it will be, if the publication of our discoveries is delayed. Hear me, as an old political agitator, and the daughter of an old political agitator. In some ways my experience is far less than yours in your blessed Salvation work, but I have been taught something of political agitation.

'I never believed that you could have got the age of protection raised this session by a "fluke," as it were. God sees further than we do. While you (we) were thinking of moving London in order to obtain our good end, He has, I think, a wider purpose, i.e. to move our whole country. Remember London is but a small part of England, and no great reform on any moral question was ever carried by London alone—*never*. The backbone of our country is in the provinces. . . . Now in order to arouse these, and above all to move the *new Electors*, the country people, you want time, and you have not got a bit too much time before the General Election comes on. If you put off other questions on which the new constituencies are already being [?] will beat you out of the field. I *do believe* God means us to make our appeal to the conscience of all England (still the land of the Bible), and *now* is the *very* time to do it. . . .

'See what an opportunity missed it will be if you let this General Election pass without having roused the people over the country in a way which London people alone cannot be roused; and what an influence on the character of the new Parliament you will have. I do pray you and Mr. Stead to look at the matter in this light, and also please let me tell you this that there is no time to lose, for it takes longer than you may suppose to set the wave moving in the provinces. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately.

J. E. Butler.'

provided her with money, so that she could pay the brothel-keeper suitably, and at the same time express a certain fastidiousness with regard to callers. Although she had some unpleasant experiences, she came through unharmed. We planned also that Stead should visit her in the house, and there she told him the awful story of what she had witnessed concerning girls of thirteen or thereabouts.

Other people also were set upon the task of investigation, including a detective, a clever fellow, the Greek already mentioned. In the result we found a great deal more immorality in London than we had ever supposed to exist, a great many more houses of ill fame than even the police had known about; but, shocking and sorrowful as all this was, it concerned men and women, and was more or less open and acknowledged. The further thing which we found, and the discovery of which determined our subsequent action, was that running through all this brazen organization of vice, was, as Mrs. Booth had affirmed, a deeper and darker vein of more cruel and appalling wickedness—nothing less than a traffic in children who were lured to a physical and moral doom. It was not the immorality that stung us so much, horrible as it was; it was the deliberate scheming and planning whereby mere children were bought and sold as irrevocably as in a slave market.

The 'Pall Mall Gazette' 'Extra' of July 6, 1885, in which Stead described 'The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon,' took the British public by storm in a way that can hardly be paralleled in newspaper history. I remember that I was out of London on the afternoon that the first article, which I had already seen in proof, appeared, and, returning in the evening, I found that the only copies of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' to be obtained were being sold by boys in Ludgate Circus for half-a-crown a sheet. The sensation was all the more tremendous because the 'Pall Mall Gazette' had a high reputation for exactitude. It was a paper of tone and privilege, much patronized by clubmen. The hot waves of public feeling quickly swelled and lapped up to the doors of the House of Commons.

On the very day of the publication of the first of the articles, Lord Salisbury's new Ministry had met Parliament. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in his programme for the remainder of the session, had made no reference to the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, which had been left in the air—and, being House of Commons air, none too healthy a medium in which to be suspended. Nor did the ex-Ministers opposite protest against the omission. But a day or two later, evidently prompted by the state of feeling outside, the Home Secretary, Sir Richard Cross, proposed to resume the interrupted debate, on a promise of co-operation from Sir William Harcourt. Stead and I and one or two propagandists were called in to suggest how the measure could be strengthened. The Bill was a week in Committee in the House of Commons, and it passed into law early in August. The age of consent was put even higher than the fifteen years on which the Lords had insisted. On the motion of the Home Secretary himself, by 179 votes to 71, it was raised to sixteen. Never has there been a more immediate capitulation to the Fourth Estate. But the Fourth Estate in this case had behind it a British public stirred to the depths.

So far so good. We had suffered in the fray and we were still to suffer, but nothing could undo the result of the campaign. The battle was won,—though wounded we were! I say nothing here of myself, but the following by Mrs. Josephine Butler may give some idea of the extent to which Stead had passed through the furnace:

> Mr. Stead is publicly known only as a brave and enterprising reformer. But to my mind the memory is ever present of a dark night in which I entered his office, after a day of hand-to-hand wrestling with the powers of Hell. We stumbled up the narrow dark stairs; the lights were out, not a soul was there, it was midnight. I scarcely recognized the haggard face before me as that of Mr. Stead. He threw himself across his desk with a cry like that of a bereaved or outraged mother, rather than that of an indignant man, and sobbed out the words, 'Oh, Mrs. Butler, let me weep, let me weep or my heart will break.' He then told me in broken sentences of the little tender girls he had seen that day sold in the fashionable West-end brothels, whom he (father-like) had taken on his knee, and to whom he had spoken of his own little girls. Well might he cry, 'Oh, let me weep!'

XV

The Old Bailey

The events—and the success—I have here narrated will raise the query, 'Why the Old Bailey? Why three months' imprisonment for the chivalrous man who had laid bare the infamy, and in doing so had risked his reputation and even his life? Why imprisonment, or at least the strain and odium of public trial, for his associates?' Strange indeed it was that in the first case of any public interest under the new Criminal Law Amendment Act the 'criminals' in the dock should be, not the monsters who had battened on the villainy, but the men and women who had helped to expose it! To explain that strange twisting of causes and circumstances, I must retrace my steps a little, and go back to the secret inquiry which led to the publication of the 'Maiden Tribute.'

It was one thing for Stead and the rest of us to satisfy ourselves of the truth of the position; it was another thing to gain public credence for what we knew. It was not enough to put forward the general results of our observations; we must have concrete cases proved or capable beyond all doubt of being proved. Before venturing on publication, therefore, Stead suggested that certain experiments be made. He got an old procuress to 'sell' him two girls, both under sixteen, for each of whom he paid £10. The girls were produced at the appointed house, and Stead had a talk with each of them with the object of discovering how far they were aware of the nature of the transaction. It was evident, particularly so in the case of one of them, that they had only the vaguest notion of any possible impropriety. Stead's blunt talk thoroughly frightened them, however, and, giving each of them £5, he sent them away.

Other experiments of various kinds were made, equally confirmatory of what we had heard.

But even such stories were not definite enough for the purpose. They would have to be taken only on the word of Stead and those co-operating with him. We then decided that the only other thing to do was to make an experiment with an actual case, and to carry it through in such a way that we could call evidence from people of repute with regard to what had happened. We thought out the plan most carefully, and it was put into execution on the Derby day of 1885.

The plan was this: that Rebecca Jarrett, who, being an ex-brothel-keeper, understood the business, should go to some woman she knew would part with her child. The child should be taken to a professional procuress (Madame Mourez), who would certify it to be a *virgo intacta*, this being one of the abominations essential to such transactions. Then it was arranged that the child should be conveyed to a well-known house where Stead had engaged a room, and that there he should be left alone with her for an hour or so. It was important, further, to have it certified after this experience, that nothing had happened to the child, and accordingly it was agreed that she should be taken from the brothel by one of our trusted women, who was a great factor in these investigations, and was known throughout as Mrs. X,[1] straight to the house of a specialist whose name I had suggested, and who had most warmly agreed to help us, and that the specialist, after examining her, should furnish a certificate.

All this was done to plan, and the next morning at Charing Cross Station I received the child from Jarrett, and Mrs. Combe conveyed her to Paris. Thus the case was proved up to the hilt, for although this particular girl had received no whit of harm, it was shown to be possible for a procuress to buy a child for money, to certificate her, bring her to a house of ill fame, leave her with a man she had never seen before, and then send her off to the Continent so that nothing further need be known of her.

[1] Mrs. X. was Mrs. Major Reynolds, one of the most devoted of the splendid band of women then working under Mrs. Booth.

The moment this was done, Stead felt that his case was complete. He already had his information; he simply wanted to clinch it. The exposures in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' soon followed.

It would have been wonderful in such an enterprise if there had been no mistakes or miscalculations. The mistakes never made me regret in the least the plan that we pursued. The need was desperate, and was met by desperate measures, which usually mean risk.

The little circumstance which led us eventually to the dock was the (quite unnecessary) publication by Stead of a letter which the girl had written from France to her mother, and which, of course, had been intercepted. He published it with the object of showing the innocence of the child who had been sold for money. In this letter she had quoted a childish rhyme, which her mother recalled that she knew, and at once said, 'That's my Eliza' (the child had been called by another name in the revelations).

Forthwith, in the character of the injured parent, she went to a great enemy of ours who did not like the prominence which The Salvation Army had obtained through the affair. Another story was also set before the editor of a Sunday newspaper, also no friend to The Army. The 'crime' stood revealed! The girl had been abducted! We, the protagonists of repressive legislation, had broken our own law! An evening rival of the 'Pall Mall'—now defunct—took the case up. Information was laid on which a charge could be preferred. We were summoned under our own Act, which, of course, provided for much heavier sentences than had been possible under the old law! We, a gang of subterranean engineers, were hoist with our own petard!

The circumstances of the trial at the Old Bailey need not be gone into at any length. Stead and I and the others were summoned in the first instance to appear at Bow Street, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Rebecca Jarrett; I had refused to disclose her whereabouts, fearing, as I did, that, her case being on a somewhat different plane from ours, she might be refused bail. We resolved that we

would not have her arrested until the trial, when we hoped to be able to get bail for her along with ourselves, and so it turned out.

Every blackguard in London must have assembled in Bow Street while the case was before the magistrate. From every foul den in the metropolis the people had come to gloat on the discomfiture of these modern Galahads. I was mobbed more than once, dragged out of a cab, and maltreated, and only rescued with difficulty by a police inspector, who drove the crowd right and left. On more than one occasion the police placed a 'Black Maria' at our disposal, and we were rapidly conveyed from the Court to some distant Square, where cabs could be available for us. And, apart from the mob who shook *our* heads, there were the righteous and respectable people who shook their own. They were agreed as to the evil, were, in fact, horrified that such things could be in their midst, but, with here and there an exception, they strongly disapproved our methods of meeting it. It was impossible to disapprove of theirs, because they gave no hint of having any.

And so to the Old Bailey. Here the feeling inside and outside the Court was intense. At times during the hearing the Court was very subdued, the common hush almost suggesting a religious solemnity; at other times there was outburst and clamour. The public excitement could not be kept away from the precincts of the law. I am bound to say that on the whole we were personally treated with consideration. The robing room was given up to us, and we lunched together. Everything that could be unpleasant was dispensed with, except the necessary formality of locking us up for a few minutes in the cells each morning before we entered the dock. I had the 'condemned' cell, by the way, not, I am sure, because of its associations, but because it happened to be the most commodious in the old Old Bailey. The warders were very civil, the police quite nice, and all the time we were sustained by a current of friendliness, if not of sympathy, even on the part of some who were against us.

Mr. Justice Lopes, who behaved with great civility to

me personally, was against us from the beginning. His view was evidently that we were all guilty. He showed himself particularly hostile at first, but weakened considerably, and it was at his suggestion that Mrs. Combe was released, long before the hearing concluded. All parties agreed that there was no evidence against her; meaning, of course, that they had not been able to secure any evidence.

Rebecca Jarrett broke down under cross-examination. She had kept a house of ill fame, and certain things were brought forward relating to her past which she had not the courage to admit. It was a cruel ordeal for her, and I repented while I sat in the dock listening to her in the witness-box that I had allowed her to embark on such an adventure. Yet I am satisfied that the evidence we obtained through her was an essential link in the chain, and that without it we should never have enforced the need for raising the age.

My own feelings during the summing-up are set down in a letter written to my mother from the dock; from which I make an extract:

> As to the case, I have no regrets as to what I did. The mistakes and accidents all through have only been such as are usually attached to all human enterprises. I regret them, but I could not prevent them, glad as I would have been to do so. It is painful to have all regard for motive shut out of what they think it well to shut it out from, and yet to imply all sorts of bad motives in connexion with the smallest incidents of the affair. But I do beg you not to be distressed in any way about me personally. God will take care of me!
>
> Then another thing. I do hope that no efforts will be made on my behalf, if we go to prison, that are not made on behalf of Stead. Do please let me beg this of you. . . .

The jury showed a very intelligent mastery of the problem. Although we were told over and over again as the trial proceeded that motive had nothing to do with the law, and that the simple question was whether or not we had abducted the girl, we could see day by day that the jury were coming more and more to the conviction that motive must be allowed for. They were almost bound to find Stead guilty because of his own admissions, technical

though they were, yet such was their evident hesitation in doing so, and such the volume of public sentiment outside, that Mr. Justice Lopes gave what was a comparatively light sentence—three months—which the Home Secretary promptly ordered should be in the first division. Still, it was a conviction, and my satisfaction in my own acquittal was overshadowed by it.

The feature of the whole trial, in my opinion, was Charles Russell's speech for Jarrett. It was one of his most wonderful efforts. He spoke for two hours, and when he sat down, my dear wife sent up a note to me in the dock saying that she did not care how the case ended after that speech! 'It is worth it all.' Although Rebecca Jarrett in her evidence had produced an unfavourable impression, yet when Russell finished speaking for her there was not a dry eye in the Court. Even the Judge and the Clerk of Arraigns were moved by the appeal which he made on her behalf. When the Attorney-General came to reply, he dealt with Rebecca very cautiously.

During his cross-examination, Sir Richard Webster showed some tendency to bully. One of his favourite methods in cross-examining was to repeat the question, 'Do I understand you to say . . . ?' At last I said to him in reply to one such repetition, 'Sir Richard, I have told you once. Why do you ask me again?' From that point his manner greatly improved. One small circumstance which I recall with regard to Webster was our discovery of a bundle of letters on the table of the apartment assigned to our use, which Webster had evidently mislaid. I took them up and read one or two, thinking they were ours, but finding that they belonged to the prosecuting counsel, sent them to him. I gathered enough of their contents to know that they were letters from his constituents—he had just been elected for Launceston—hotly criticizing him for appearing against The Salvation Army!

The best speech after Russell's was Waddy's for me. Both Russell and Waddy saw our position from the beginning, but certain of our legal friends misunderstood it in some respects. At one of the conferences in the Temple,

at which nearly all the counsel—a formidable array—engaged in the defence were present, Stead expressed our unwillingness to take a certain line which, though it might be useful for the defence, was not, in his opinion, entirely candid. Thereupon Henry Matthews, in the presence of us all, burst out with the exclamation, 'Oh, Russell, I cannot stand these people's thirst for being martyrs!' Stead replied like lightning, 'No! you will never be one.' It was the idea of some of these gentlemen in wigs that the whole thing was a flare, either to win renown for The Salvation Army, or to make the fortune of a newspaper.

The uses of the trial? Of course, we had already obtained the Act, and we counted nothing else of very much moment. But the trial did The Army a great deal of good. It made us known, and put us at one stroke in the very front rank of those who were contending for the better treatment of the lost and the poor; and while it roused some powerful enemies, especially in the Press, the enmity lasted only for a time, while the sympathy which was generated remained and remains a permanent possession. Our work for women was greatly furthered by these strange circumstances. We gained friends in political circles, won recognition from the Government then existing and from its successors, and were brought into touch with Queen Victoria and with some of her Court who ever since have been interested in what we have been doing. We knew from the Dowager Marchioness of Ely and others that the Queen followed the proceedings with great concern and sympathy. The case opened doors for us also in the oversea Dominions, and in the United States, and the sympathy materialized in financial help, which, if not at the time large in amount, was encouraging in character.

A word may be said on subsequent happenings as they concern one or two of the persons who figured in these proceedings. One strange circumstance was the discovery, ten years later, that Eliza Armstrong was the illegitimate daughter of the woman who had posed as the injured mother. Had this been known at the time it is very improbable that we should have been prosecuted at all. The Salvation Army

has since assisted Eliza more or less. The mention of Rebecca Jarrett shall close this episode. It is pleasant to record that she has done well. Her subsequent life has amply proved the sincerity of her repentance. She is still with The Army, enjoying a happy old age, free from the bondage of the past, and trying to serve God in the sphere in which He has in His mercy placed her.

XVI

Glimpses of Statesmen

One of the early champions of The Salvation Army among British statesmen was John Bright. He it was who wrote to us, at a time when we were harassed by unruly mobs and law-breaking magistrates, 'I suspect that your good work will not suffer materially from the ill treatment you are meeting with. The people who mob you would, doubtless, have mobbed the Apostles.'

For a long period Bright had rooms in Piccadilly, over a shop, where he stayed during the Parliamentary week, going home into the country for the week-end. It was a dismal place, musty and dusty. At the time I saw him the Home Rule agitation was beginning to rend the Liberal Party. Bright was angry with Gladstone for having sent up his 'kite' without notice to his colleagues. 'Why didn't he ask us?' he kept on saying. I can see him now in the shadows of that room, his deep voice repeating the question. He seemed even more annoyed at the neglect of Gladstone to inform his colleagues than at his change of attitude on the Irish question.

We talked of W. T. Stead. Of some of Stead's views Bright had a great horror. He spoke with indignation of Stead's former agitation for increasing the fleet. I suggested that if he had a fine mansion, filled with precious things, he might not think it very wicked, with burglars about, to keep a good-sized bulldog in the garden. He laughed so that the teacup shook in his hand.

'Well,' he said at parting, 'tell your friend Stead I will let him have the dog, but he must keep him on the chain.'

It struck me—was I wrong?—that his objection to the

fleet and, indeed, to armaments in general, was more to the appearance than to the reality. He did not think it so very wicked to have a navy. What he objected to was having it too much in evidence!

With Bright, as with every really great man, there was a total absence of 'side.' Before I had been in his room for five minutes he had made me as much at home as if I had had his acquaintance for years. In some ways he was really a most charming man, and in appearance one of the most noble. Although, as in the case of Gladstone, at first sight his shortness of stature was disappointing, he had the most beautiful face and hands, and a head in ten thousand.

For all his Liberalism—shall I say Radicalism?—there was a strain of real Conservatism in Bright. He had a mind capable of certain important distinctions. I believe he was able to perceive, and did perceive, 'that while persecution is always bad, intolerance of vice, and of the opinions that promote vice, is the life-blood of a healthy society; that what is called broadmindedness is often just no more than not knowing what you think yourself, and not caring what other people think.'

Lord Salisbury impressed me in a different way. Like Bright's, his head was magnificent, though his features, if there be anything in physiognomy, were scarcely those of a strong character. His figure was an imposing one. A feature of it—especially in his later years—was a marked stoop, which at times seemed to be a defect, but which at other times appeared, curiously enough, as a not unfitting accentuation of the weight and burliness of the man. His head appeared to be too heavy for his frame. It was said of him, possibly with some truth, that in diplomacy he was 'a lath painted to look like iron.' There was something about his appearance which gave an idea of tremendous force, combined with a curious frailty. In some respects I regarded Lord Salisbury as an ideal diplomatist, *as diplomatists go*, though I was quite alive to his mistakes. I was first interested in him because of the fine part he played, then as Lord Robert Cecil, in the Schleswig-Holstein affair, in 1866. That, of course, was before my time of intelligent

comprehension of world affairs, but in after years I read his published speeches, and in my early visits to Denmark I attained a somewhat intimate knowledge of the heartbreak caused by the British failure in that matter. I never sympathized, however, with the clamour of those who abused Lord Salisbury's line of action in Berlin after the Turco-Russian War, miserable as the consequences have turned out to be for the world. I am confident that he really fought for what he believed to be right, and that the result might have been a far happier one for Europe if he had been alone there instead of being an understudy to Disraeli.

Hatfield is on the same railway line as my own station, and sometimes I saw Lord Salisbury on his journeys to and from town. On occasion, without noticing that he was already occupying the carriage, I got into the same compartment, to find him alone. Several times I noticed that he was reading the New Testament; once or twice it may have been the Book of Common Prayer. Now and again we had a brief conversation on these little journeys. One occasion I remember particularly. He was seeking to encourage me about the work of The Army, and he advised me not to take too much notice of the attacks which were constantly being made upon us. I cannot recall whether he said he had made the remark in a speech he had just delivered, or that he was intending to make it, but he said, 'I give you the counsel which I give to my own friends, "Never say anything for me unless you say something against me."' That idea, that unmixed praise may be a serious evil, and that a moiety of abuse may be a positive good, has often thrown a little ray of light upon the way.

Mr. Asquith, whose title, the Earl of Oxford, is not yet familiar to the public ear, I came to know owing to his being retained for us in various law proceedings. Of his skill as a lawyer I have something to say in another chapter. Later on we consulted him in matters concerning developments in our constitutional arrangements. From the first I felt a kind of surprised admiration for his ability, about which, indeed, no man with half an eye could be mistaken.

His is the kind of genius which I hold most in respect—the ability to take trouble, *plus the will to take it.*

In my opinion Mr. Asquith has always suffered from two great disadvantages. He came late in life to Parliament and office, and this, coupled perhaps with his legal training, in a great measure accounts for that inflexibility of manner and that compartmental habit of thinking noted by so many students of his personality. They are the signs of the mechanical habit of mind, although of the mechanical raised to the level of genius. It is a Jove who wields the hammer, but the strokes are too precise. One must recognize, however, that it was probably this very characteristic which helped to make him a master of lucid and precise statement. His other defect, to which I have referred, is the absence of what has been called the ' emotion ideal.' But I should like to say that I believe the Earl of Oxford to be a man of true principle. If he is not possessed of any great moral passion or crusading ardour, he is a true hater of compromises and shams, he detests dodgery, in politics or elsewhere, and he is a man who sees clearly what he sees and acts with concentrated energy. If he had seen that spiritual truth is not dependent on history, and if only he had had the dominating motive of religious conviction and experience—especially experience—he could easily have taken as commanding a place in his own time as Gladstone took in his—perhaps even more commanding.

With Gladstone I never came into personal contact. My father had one interview with him at Hawarden,[1] and Gladstone greatly impressed him as a sincere and spiritually minded man, and the Founder was a good judge ! A letter from Gladstone followed the interview, in which, referring to some notes which the Founder had sent him, he said that they helped him ' to look out upon the wide world and reflect with reverence upon the singular diversity of the instruments which are in operation for recovering mankind, according to the sense of those who use them, from their condition of sin and misery ; and encourages hearty goodwill towards all that, under whatever name, is done with

[1] The Life of William Booth, by Harold Begbie. (Vol. ii, pp. 213–18.)

a genuine purpose to promote the work of God in the world.'

Both men made a deep impression on the other. Writing shortly afterwards of the matter my father said :

It may be asked what were the general impressions made upon me by my conversation with this remarkable man ? No matter how widely divergent opinions may be respecting Mr. Gladstone's political views and legislative action, there is no room for opposing estimates of his intellectual powers, his oratorical gifts, the lofty positions he has filled in the Councils of his country, or the vast influence he has wielded in the world. No one could be with him, and hear him talk in the unconventional manner I had the opportunity of doing, without receiving some definite and lasting impressions respecting him. In my case, what were they ? At least, what were some of them ?

The first thing that struck me was his earnestness—you might term it *his unaffected earnestness*. He put his heart into my business, and that right away, going straight to the very vitals of the subject as phase after phase of it passed before him.

I was also much impressed by the *geniality* which made me feel at home all in a moment. Then at every point I could not help feeling that I was in contact with a lofty soul, controlled by motives of generous kindliness, who was pleased to learn something of what seemed like a wonderful work of God.

I was also impressed by the *disinterestedness* with which he pursued his inquiries, as well as with the choice and beautiful and expressive words which he evidently had at perfect command. There was no hesitation. The phrases wanted to express the exact shade of meaning he desired came at will and that, I thought, in tones most grateful to the ear. I had heard it said before the interview that he was a great talker. After the interview it is my opinion that he ought to talk. It is a luxury to listen to him. It is a shame for him to be silent. It surely is the message, and not the age of a speaker, which is the vital matter.

My Salvationist friends will ask me how far I was impressed with Mr. Gladstone's religious realizations ? I shall answer, that I had not much opportunity for judging ; but I may say that not only was the whole tenor of that conversation favourable to such a conclusion, but that there were passages in that interchange of thoughts, views, and feelings that produced on my mind very forcibly the impression that, among the many things carefully considered and experimentally known to W. E. Gladstone were the governing influences of the Holy Spirit and the saving Grace of God.

I saw Gladstone in the House once or twice and heard

him make a short speech. Some time after—during the period I think of his second administration—I was walking down Regent Street one afternoon when I recognized the Prime Minister on the other side of the street. No one who knew him at all could mistake him. The vivacity which belonged to his speaking and action showed itself in his very gait, and he conveyed something of himself in the varying changes of his facial expression. On this occasion he was accompanied by a young woman, and I, probably quickened in my perceptions as a result of Salvation Army experience, instantly saw that she was one of a sorrowful class. Mr. Gladstone was evidently speaking to her in the most kindly and fatherly manner. I did not of course hear what he said, but there was something about his whole attitude, and about the girl's appearance also, which led me to feel that he was appealing to her and bestowing some kind of favour upon her.

I did not then know what I afterwards found to be the case, that both he and Mrs. Gladstone concerned themselves for many years in work for those unhappy women, but it was certainly a curious thing that I, already much interested in Rescue Work and at that time feeling the admiration which many young men felt for the Grand Old Man, should have had a glimpse of him under such circumstances.

Perhaps my distant picture of Gladstone as a man worthy of all homage was coloured by my firm belief in his deep personal religion. The contrast with his great antagonist, Disraeli, no doubt heightened the effect in Gladstone's favour; and it was still further added to by some illuminating flashes upon the home-life both of himself and of Mrs. Gladstone. These were forthcoming from an old servant of the family, who through his own fault had fallen on evil days, and who at the request of the Gladstones was taken in hand and helped by us.

When, later on, I came to read Morley's 'Life,' I was glad to find so much that tended to confirm my former estimate. Few passages in any literature that I know of more finely express the fundamentals of the personal faith and practice of spiritual religion than some words of

Gladstone's, which I see I have underscored in my copy of that book[1]:

In the Christian mood, which ought never to be intermitted, the sense of this conviction—[*In His will is our peace*]—should recur spontaneously; it should be the foundation of all mental thoughts and acts, and the measure to which the whole experience of life, inward and outward, is referred. The final state which we are to contemplate with hope, and to seek by discipline, is that in which our will shall be *one* with the will of God; not merely shall submit to it, not merely shall follow after it, but shall live and move with it, even as the pulse of the blood in the extremities acts with the central movement of the heart. . . .

Resignation is too often conceived to be merely a submission, not unattended with complaint; to what we have no power to avoid. But it is less than the whole of the work of a Christian. Your full triumph is . . . that you would not if you could alter what in any matter God has plainly willed. . . .

Here is the great work of religion; here is the path through which sanctity is attained, the highest sanctity; and yet it is a path evidently to be traced in the course of our daily duties.

It has been said that Gladstone was a disciple, almost a creation, in fact, of Bishop Butler. I am not sure. I do not think we can easily overstate the greatness of Bishop Butler's conception of the truth or the unflinching sincerity with which he states it. He was one of the greatest teachers and one of the most earnest characters in the history of our faith, at any rate in England. Dean Church has a valuable comment on one aspect of Butler which I quote[2]:

Pitt is reported to have said of the 'Analogy' that it was a book which opened as many questions and raised as many doubts as it solved. Of course it does. No one can expect to sound the 'great deeps' of God's government, without meeting difficulties which defy human understanding. This would be true of any discussion going deeply and sincerely into a subject in which our only possible knowledge can be but 'in part,' seeing 'through a glass darkly.' But Butler's object is not to remove all doubts and difficulties, which, in such a matter as religion, with light and faculties like ours, is obviously impossible, but to put doubts and difficulties in their proper place and proportion to what we do see and know in a practical scheme of life and truth, and in a practical choice between God and the rejection of Him.

[1] Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,' Vol. i, Chapter vi, p. 216.
[2] 'Pascal and other Sermons.'

But I would rather speak of Gladstone as a disciple of Paul. I think that his fine intellect drank at that source. For Paul, history, revelation, reason, emotion, faith, ceased to be a huge aggregation of differing and sometimes contending forces the moment he saw them from the Cross of Christ. This was the great Apostle's chief lesson to the ages. Gladstone had received and assimilated that lesson, and in his long life, cast in surroundings perhaps the least favourable to spiritual things, he really strove to apply it.

I should like to add one word here about another view of Gladstone, described to me by the late Lord Armitstead, with whom I was rather intimate. Lord Armitstead always spoke of the sympathetic quality in his nature. He who saw Gladstone, not as a political leader but as a friend, saw the tenderness and considerateness that was hidden from the world by that stern old countenance and often remote and imperious manner. Lord Armitstead, who with Sir Donald Currie arranged little sea trips for their hero, said that when on board ship with Gladstone it often happened that many other members of the company had not the smallest inclination for devotions. But there was one who never missed the short daily service, who faithfully took his place whether any others joined him or not. It was the Grand Old Man.

XVII

W. T. Stead and Cecil Rhodes

Some of my recollections of W. T. Stead are told in the chapters which deal with the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act (1885) and with his appearance, with myself and others, in the dock at the Old Bailey.

I always think that Stead's three months' imprisonment did him harm. It tended to increase his insularity. When he came out of prison he had an immense following in the country, and if he had been disposed to adopt more ordinary methods of strengthening his influence he would no doubt have become a great power in the nation on the side of important reforms. But he preferred to plough a lonely furrow, if that is not too quiet a figure for the man's fiery energy, and he avoided association with any existing groups or parties of organized opinion. He remained always, however, very friendly with The Army, and helped us in the Press. He had indeed always done that from the time of his first meeting with our people in Darlington, where he was editor of the 'Northern Echo,' when he championed what was then our very unpopular cause. In his first letter to us he complained that our Officers in that town were overworked, and that it was not good generalship to let the soldiers kill themselves. The Founder replied that *he* would never make a general if he was afraid to sacrifice his men in order to win the battle! Later on, after he came to London, Stead used his influence with John (later Lord) Morley, then his chief on the 'Pall Mail Gazette,' to make known and put down the disgraceful violence which assailed us in many parts of the country. Later still (1890) his pen did very much to help us in connexion with the 'Darkest England' Scheme. He brought

the valuable help of his journalistic skill to bear upon the task of editing some of the material which appeared between the covers of the Founder's Book : ' In Darkest England and the Way Out.'

At an early period of my acquaintance with Stead I learned to appreciate deeply his religious character. It was both strong and passionate. During the investigations which led to the ' Maiden Tribute ' we spent for periods of weeks half an hour to an hour in prayer together daily. The offices of the ' Pall Mall Gazette ' were then in Northumberland Street, off the Strand, and Stead had rooms a stone's throw away, where he used to take lunch and tea. Thither we would adjourn and pray. The facts which he discovered during those investigations had a great effect upon us both, but especially upon him. He used to come to my rooms at all hours during those summer nights. I have seen him on my office floor sobbing, partly, no doubt, owing to the extreme tension and horror of the inquiry, but in a large measure also because of the human grief of his fervent spirit at the heartrending cruelty which stood disclosed. Some earnest prayer, a cup of coffee, and he was braced for further efforts. I was upheld, amid the whole ghastly business, by my conviction that the country could be roused on this subject. Stead did not realize, journalist though he was, what a sensation it would make, nor to what great purpose the facts, adequately presented, would stir the public soul.

Stead always impressed me in that early association as a man intensely anxious to seek the guidance of God. The deepest passion which moved him was for the victory of a righteous cause. He was a journalist, but he always subordinated his journalism to what he believed to be right. Religion with him was service. He set out, heart and soul, to serve his generation. The world was cleaner and sweeter for his eloquent voice. He aroused the nation on the social question. He carried through that battle to its end (which for him was Holloway Jail), not with a journalist's keenness for a scoop[1], but with the fierce zeal of a reformer

[1] Indeed, his crusade is said to have greatly injured the ' Pall Mall Gazette ' by the withdrawal of advertisements.

intent on righting a great wrong. He was a Salvationist in mufti. I remember that when I was in the witness-box at the Old Bailey, answering, I hope, with some effectiveness the cross-examining counsel, Stead sent me a slip of paper on which he had written, ' Hallelujah ! The Court feels like a Salvation Army prayer-meeting.' That was the spirit in which the whole of that dreadful business was carried through.

Although we were meeting daily and nightly, considerable correspondence passed between us at this time. Some of Stead's letters reveal something of the intense horror and anger we felt at the abominations unearthed. He writes on one occasion :

Dear Bramwell,

Hell, Damnation—and all the foul fiends. O man, it is a sore sight. To have a child of 14, beautiful and innocent as the day to be brought to you to be ruined—willingly—yes, for she wants money for her mother who is lying ill and in sore trouble. Poor thing, poor thing, it made my heart bleed. £10 for the price of her shame, selling it as she might for mother's sake.

She nerved herself up to it—poor child, but when I left the room she broke down in tears.

' Would you have half and not be seduced, or all and be seduced ? Half, oh, yes, half ! '

And she shall have it. But Dr. Miller never turned up ; so the examinations could not take place. Ask Mrs. Reynolds to call on me as soon as possible in the morning. I want her to go to the address the child gave me, to use it to take some nourishing food to her mother, and make inquiries, of course knowing nothing about this.

O Bramwell, it is killing me—the Devil's work.

But courage ! I must now hasten to the Café —— in —— Street, to eat a supper—infernal sacrament of the Devil—with one of the worst procuresses in London.

Good Lord, help me.

They also brought me a maiden, a healthy, motherless country lass just up to town—apprenticed to ———.

Oh, these she fiends ! I was at the Lock hospital to-day. Good Matron—very ; hates C.D. Acts and doctors and police like the very Devil.

And, Amen, and Amen. God help us all,

W. T. S.

Stead was a religious man. When I met him on his release from prison his first words were, 'I have had a great time. What the world wants is Christ!' And during my last conversation with him, many years afterwards, not many weeks before he went down on the *Titanic*—our talk turned on some of the disappointments he had found, and the burden on heart and spirit which they involved, and I shall not easily forget the way in which he suddenly held up his finger and exclaimed with deep feeling, 'Ah! It is in God I trust. Only the living God can hold up a living soul.'[1]

My dear mother was one of Stead's heroines. During her last illness I remember him twice coming down to Clacton-on-Sea and kneeling by the side of her suffering bed and pouring out his soul to God. With the Founder of The Salvation Army he never got on quite so well. Both men were doughty blades, and at times they clashed a little. Even when Stead was at the zenith of his public influence the Founder had misgivings about his real strength. Himself the soul of simplicity and candour, the Founder did not like a certain artificiality which he thought there was about Stead's exterior. And, on his side, Stead never quite accepted the Founder in the sense in which one man looks to another for leadership. He admired him, and foresaw something of the success of The Army when others doubted him, but there was some reserve between the two. I cannot resist telling a story of one of Stead's last interviews at Headquarters. Stead and the old General were alone, and evidently failed to reach complete agreement on some matter.

[1] Stead suffered acutely at times from depression. In such moments the clouds obscured all the lights in his firmament. Towards the end of the Old Bailey trial already referred to he had one of these experiences. I find I wrote to him:

'Your reputation is at this very moment such as you never dreamed of. Your name is as well known as any living man's—and known in connexion not with some old party cry and doctrine, but with the rising tide of a great new movement amongst the whole English-speaking population of the earth, in favour of right and purity and freedom. This Court, this Jury, cannot harm you in the end—the *worst* they can do is to make you a little harder fight.

'Don't talk about offering yourself up, GOD, I tell you, is above all this chatter. I have more to fear than you from the Attorney and the Judge—you have a House-top from which to answer in the P.M.G.; and *when all their lies are forgotten God's truth will go marching on.*'

Presently I thought it time to enter the room and apply the closure. After a few words I brought Stead out to my own adjoining room, while I remained for a moment behind with my father. My father, who was evidently a little exasperated, said to me vehemently, ' I cannot *stand* Stead ! ' And as for Stead, when I returned to him, he remarked, with his delightful chuckle, ' You've got a pretty handful in there ! ' indicating the next room !

Is this generation of short memories forgetting how great a national figure Stead was ? He began his career by pressing the Eastern question into life. He was really the founder of the modern British navy ; nobody worked as he did to create public enthusiasm for the fleet. Lord Fisher, in his ' Memories,' describes Stead as the greatest of all journalists—' he was absolute integrity and feared no man.' When Stead went down with the *Titanic*, Fisher wrote to Lord Esher saying that he could see him putting the women and children in the boats, ' and probably singing a Hallelujah ! and encouraging the ship's band to play cheerfully.'

In the South African War Stead took a very pronounced line. He was in violent antagonism to the whole British policy. He would never believe that there was anything in the attitude of the Kruger party which was at all serious. All the anti-British, pro-Dutch or Africander business, with its projected United States of Africa, he dismissed as purely superficial. Perhaps—I am not sure—his views on the whole question were unconsciously coloured by his antagonism to the eminent British statesman most concerned in the rupture.

Stead's open expression of his convictions, on the Boer War and on other matters, must have meant a great renunciation for him, yet he never wavered. He had confidence in himself as an instrument of Providence, directed to give effect to some things in the will of God. Above everything else, he was a fighter. Perhaps it was this as much as anything which drew us to him. He loved fighting, and he understood it. He did not raise the welkin when he got a scratch, nor ask for decorations when he had won a skirmish !

And in all his warfare he showed a marvellous generosity towards the other side. Usually such intense self-confidence as his goes with intolerance. In Stead we had a man who was convinced that his own sometimes very narrow way was the right one, and yet a man who could find something beautiful in his most deadly opponent.

All the harder, therefore, is it to speak of the spoiling influence of his later career. It was the grief and disturbance occasioned by the death of a dearly loved son that finally sent him over into ' spookism ' with which he had toyed on and off for some years. He soon showed the same dogged tenacity which had characterized him in investigations more worthy of his powers. He made egregious blunders in his estimates of the different mediums, yet he held to his main theory that communication was possible, and that it would serve a good purpose. I took, of course, the directly contrary opinion, and hold it still. During the many years that I have been observing human life I have never known any one who has been in any way bettered by association with what we have come to call spiritualism ; and I have known many who have been worsened. I do not say this merely because I think that the great majority of spiritualists are deluded, and a considerable minority fraudulent ; nor because of my belief that if any intercourse has really been achieved it must be with *evil* spirits. I say it because of what I have observed in the effects on character of those who have taken up spiritualism.

My own conviction is that if there are ' familiar spirits,' then they are evil spirits, and that these communications with the dead, assuming that there is anything in them at all, are due to personations by these evil spirits, who pretend to be the beloved departed. But I, too, am a spiritualist (for the word is too good a one to belong to necromancy), and the spiritualism which I believe in is that which manifests itself in the life of the individual, producing such wonderful changes and exaltations in human character as we continually see in The Army. I believe in communications from above, expressed not in terms of cryptic or trivial messages, but in terms of personal purity and courage, and

holiness and joy. Our spiritualism can marshal its converts by tens of thousands. They are men and women who have been brought up from utter selfishness into a new life of love and sanctity. By the side of this, what has been achieved by that other spiritualism to which poor Stead gave his adherence? Where has it ever taken us? How has it ever helped us?

W. T. Stead is linked in my mind with Cecil Rhodes by an unfortunate circumstance. On one of his visits to England, Rhodes told me that he had made a settlement of his fortune which would benefit education, and that he had appointed Stead in an important relationship to his trustees. He said also, incidentally, that he had given Stead instructions that he was to help The Salvation Army. This greatly interested both myself and the Founder, and we spoke to Stead about it. Stead observed a very proper reticence with regard to the intentions of Mr. Rhodes, but he confirmed generally what the latter had said, and told us that Rhodes had given him the direction, in addition to other instructions of a more formal nature, 'Booth is to be helped.'

Stead's attitude on the Boer War, however, led to a division between the two men, and in the end Rhodes largely altered his will and excluded Stead from any part in the disposal of his estate. We, naturally, were greatly disappointed. But Stead never varied a hair's breadth in his firm belief that the war was a crime against civilization. I dare say—I have no positive knowledge—that he would have benefited personally had he become Rhodes's trustee, but I do not believe he ever felt a single regret for the course he took.

I have never met any one, always excepting the old General, who made such an impression upon me as did Cecil Rhodes. In appearance alone he filled the picture. He was a mountain of a man, over six feet high, broad and deep-chested, and with the look of a Viking. One had a feeling that his enormous bulk was governed by a mind correspondingly large and powerful, and that his huge head and massive brow betokened a tremendous will. His whole presence spoke of personal force, of faith in ideas, and of iron self-

reliance. He was a man in whom temperament as distinct from character, and character as distinct from training, and training as distinct from either of the others, all combined to make a rare example of what a man could be. But what sombre tragedy he suggested, too! He was a man of profound melancholy. It enveloped him, and its folds extended out and covered you also. Here was indeed a great soul dwelling in the shadows.

This depression was all the more remarkable because his life was full of faith—though not, indeed, the highest kind of faith—which is ever the reverse and antidote of depression. The moving force of his career was his faith in Britain's future. He believed in Britain as no man I have ever met believed in her. His patriotic faith took on almost a religious enthusiasm. He believed in the British character and civilization. His ambition was to make the British Empire the supreme force in the world, not merely politically, but morally, intellectually, spiritually. I think that The Army helped to give his ideas a more international range before he got them into their final shape. But there he was, probably one of the most powerful, yet one of the most detached personalities that has ever loomed above the horizon to command the gaze of men.

Apart from some casual intercourse, I met him only twice, but each occasion was memorable. The first was in 1898, when he spent a day with us at our Land Colony for Men at Hadleigh. The second was when he came, quite unexpectedly, to one of our meetings in the (London) Mansion House. To deal with the second occasion first, we assembled as the custom is in the Lord Mayor's parlour, before proceeding to the platform. Here I introduced Rhodes to several people, and presently took him aside and asked him if he would speak at the meeting. He declined. It occurred to me that he refused because he thought that if he spoke he would be expected to subscribe to The Army. Rhodes's personal finance was always an amusement to us. The man who left six millions to education never seemed to have any cash in his pocket. I suggested to him plainly that he need not concern himself about giving us money. He replied with

a laugh, ' I suppose you have heard that I have not got any.' ' Well, not exactly that,' I said, but before I could proceed further he broke into a loud guffaw and remarked, ' I hear your friend Stead has been saying that I am a millionaire without a sixpence.' He paused to see the effect of this quip. I could not deny that I had heard something of the kind, and began rather awkwardly to explain. But he burst out laughing again, and clapping me on the shoulder, said, ' My dear fellow, if you only knew how true it is ! ' ' Well, all right,' I said, ' but come and speak.' Again he refused, and all I could get out of him on further request was, ' Well, I will see how *you* get on, and let you know.'

After the Lord Mayor, who presided, had spoken, I made my speech. As soon as I sat down Rhodes passed along his newspaper to me on the edge of which he had written, after a kindly word about my own address, 'All right, I will say a few words if you wish it.' Of course, I did wish it, and I had the pleasure of hearing him make a short but altogether capital speech in our support, to the great delight of the audience, and, incidentally, to the great astonishment of the Press. He had been most anxious previously to conceal himself, and had desired the Lord Mayor not to mention the fact that he was present. He finished his little speech by saying that he would give £200 for the particular fund we were met to promote. To those who did not know him it seemed a trifling gift, but to his familiars on the platform it was nothing less than a portent that The Salvation Army should have succeeded in getting money from Rhodes, who gave nothing to any cause save his great imperial projects. The speech was useful to us in other ways, and the next morning ' The Times ' commented upon it in a leading article.

But it was on that previous occasion, while visiting the Essex Colony, that I got the more intimate glimpse of the true man. He went down with us on the invitation of the Founder, whom he had met before in South Africa. Evidently he recognized in the Founder a kindred spirit. The picture of Rhodes which many people have is that of a silent, taciturn man, cold, stiff, and difficult to approach.

They would have been surprised if they had looked through the windows of that railway carriage even before we were out of the station. We had not been sitting there five minutes before Rhodes and the Founder were talking as hard as they could go about the poor and the miserable of the world ; about South Africa and the native races ; about the prospects of our work in Rhodesia, and the chances of our getting help to do something for the peoples of the Zambezi. Upon many things they agreed ; when they differed, they said so, and passed on. Rhodes seemed to enter fully into the Founder's ideas as to the value of the people to the country before all else, and the importance of watching over their moral and spiritual as well as their material well-being. The subject of prayer being mentioned, Mr. Rhodes referred to an incident which occurred when they were in South Africa, and, turning to Lord Loch, who was the fourth of the company, said :

' The General has prayed for me.'

Lord Loch replied, ' Well, I cannot say that he has ever prayed for me.'

The General answered at once, in the most natural way, ' Then I will pray for you now ' ; and, kneeling down in the compartment, he asked God's blessing on both his guests.

Rhodes did not kneel, in part because it was physically difficult for him to do so in that narrow space, but he bowed his head and closed his eyes, and when the General took his seat again Rhodes held out his hand to him in the midst of a silence which to me seemed eloquent of thoughts too deep for words. He was evidently greatly touched.

The great South African was delighted with his day at Hadleigh, and said so. He went everywhere, saw everything, asked innumerable questions, interviewed Officers and colonists, tasted the soup, challenged the price of the coal, offered his advice on the value of fruit trees, and chaffed me unmercifully about an old portable engine which ought, no doubt, to have been disposed of long ago, but which our poverty had induced us to keep going. He was much impressed with some of the colonists, and on invitation

spoke to a few of them, and showed his delight in the most unaffected way. He could not believe at first that these fine, brawny fellows had a history behind them such as we knew them to have. But he had seen something of the kind in South Africa. At Capetown, when one of our Commissioners met him, Rhodes asked a Local Officer of The Army who was also present about a discharged criminal in whom he had taken an interest, and who had been sent to us, in more or less despair, twelve months before.

'He is doing well, sir,' was the answer. 'He stayed with us for eight months, and he is now earning his own bread in regular employment.'

'Do you mean to say that you have made that fellow work for twelve months?' asked Rhodes.

'Yes, sir.'

'Then,' he said, 'that is the kind of miracle I believe in.'

At Hadleigh he also visited our little Hall. I shall never forget the expression on Rhodes's face as he stood and looked down at the penitent-form. 'Ah!' he said, 'I see. This is the dividing line between the old life and the new.' It reminded me of a remark by Sir Walter Besant, when I was taking him round an exhibition we were holding at the Agricultural Hall. The exhibition included a model village Hall, in which regular Army Meetings were going forward continuously. Sir Walter looked in at one of the open windows, and seeing two or three kneeling at the penitent form, he said, in a tone of great earnestness, 'I am very glad to see you have the converting work going on here.'

Coming home in the train from Hadleigh, Rhodes and I were left alone. My father was in the next carriage, and Lord Loch had left us earlier in the day to attend the House of Lords. Struck by the depression and gloom which seemed to surround the man, and hopeful for him because of his evident interest in our work, I leaned across and said, 'Mr. Rhodes, are you a happy man?' (A remark he had made at lunch about happiness gave me the opening.) I shall never forget how he threw himself back against the cushions of that first-class compartment, gripped the arm of

the seat, and in this tense attitude looked at me with that extraordinary stare of his and exclaimed, 'Happy? I—happy? Good God, no!'

'There is only one place, Mr. Rhodes,' I said, 'where we can find real happiness, and that is down at the feet of the crucified Saviour, because it is only there we can be freed from our sins.'

'Yes,' he said, and then he added, 'I would give all I possess to believe what that old man in the next carriage believes.'

As long as I live I shall never forget the tragedy—the utter tragedy—of his voice as he said, 'Happy? I—happy? Good God, no!' Yet if a vote had been taken in the City of London, how many would have coveted what Rhodes had before anything else in the world? Here he was, unbosoming himself to one who was almost a stranger. 'Happy? I—happy? Good God, no!' Considering all the circumstances, and the personality of the man, I think that conversation was a very remarkable one. He profoundly moved me.

When we were separating that night at Liverpool Street station Rhodes said to me, 'Ah! You and the General are right; you have the best of me, after all. I am trying to make new countries; you are making new men.' It was a sincere thought, finely expressed. Rhodes's eloquence came now and then, like the stones from his own reefs. He had no stream of eloquence at his command, but he could say, with apparent casualness, a memorable thing. He was dead within a year or two of that conversation, and even as I write I am reminded of his last words: 'So little done, so much to do.'

Nothing in the remarkable documents he left behind him seems to me more impressive than this testimony, which, save for the agnosticism of the opening phrase, might have been spoken on a Salvation Army platform:

'If there be a God, and if He does care, then the most important thing in the world for me is to find out what He wants me to do, and then to go and do it.'

XVIII

Earthen Vessels

I HAVE need to pull myself up in these desultory reminiscences lest they seem to treasure up the small coin of recollection of the wise men after the flesh and the mighty and the noble and leave out of the reckoning the sterling worth of that which, while often accounted weak and base, is really illustrious and great. The Army would be little or nothing had it not been for the great lowly ones. Our work has been the product, under God, of popular love and devotion and faith. It has been inspired largely from the ranks. It was the work of a dairy-maid in Melbourne which gave the original impulse to our labours among the lepers. It was a humble woman-comrade and her toiling husband in Lambeth who set us going at the Slum Posts. It was an East End compositor who was the means of originating The Army's work for prisoners. It was a carpenter at Salisbury who formed our first Band.

That is the solution of the puzzle which The Army presents of a multitude of various activities. Virile characters have arisen, very often from the lowest social levels, to whom The Army has come to owe no small part of its direction. They have often been rough and workworn hands which have started it upon fresh paths, pressed it forward over the painful miles of virgin territory. How can I pay an adequate tribute to those who have influenced us, who have prompted us to this or that or the other enterprise, or whose trust in us has been our perpetual encouragement! We could write another eleventh of Hebrews from the records of The Army and fill it with names which the world never knew, and of which the world was never worthy.

Of several men in my earliest East End days I retain

a picture which the long years have not dimmed. There was Bamford, the evangelist, a powerful man physically, and a really earnest talker, with whom I had a measure of fellowship when quite a young lad, scarcely in my teens, in the Whitechapel Society. There was Thomas, a comrade of later years, a man not at all effective on the platform, but with a heart of gold, abounding in sympathy and love wherever sorrow and wickedness and poverty raised their heads. Together Thomas and I visited the poorest and lowest districts of the town in which we were working, Thomas putting on an apron and scrubbing the dirt off the floors, cleaning the grates, and lighting the bits of fires, watched over me while I proceeded to wash and tend the sick, cut the tangled hair of the old and helpless, and so forth. Between us we clothed the naked and fed the hungry, and sometimes performed the last reverent services for the dead, while we struggled to win the souls of the living.

But it is of two men, each of them in his way an enthusiast, that I want specially now to write. The first is dear old Cornish. I was about fourteen when I first knew him. I suffered at that time from very bad health, and was in an unsatisfactory and unsettled condition of mind, both as to my present and my future. Occasionally I attended the services of the Mission in Whitechapel, where my ill health made me exceedingly shy and reticent, and on this account, and also as the child of my parents, I was no doubt an object of interest to many people in the Mission circle. Some tried very disinterestedly to help me, little thinking that in later years we should stand side by side in the fighting of many a desperate battle.

One remarkable spirit in the Mission who made a deep impression upon me and influenced in some ways my whole life was this converted drunkard who had been a wild and, I am afraid, a very cruel man. His wife had died, and whenever he spoke of her it was in such terms as made one feel that he charged himself with the responsibility for her death. By business he was a costermonger, gaining a precarious livelihood by selling greenstuff out of a barrow

in the Whitechapel streets. I do not know how it was that he became specially interested in me, but he often spoke to me in the After-Meetings, where he himself had great freedom in prayer He urged me to take part also.

One Sunday after the morning service he invited me to go home with him to his room and read to him. How well I remember it! I went there many times afterwards. Three flights of rickety stairs took one to a bare garret. In one corner were some strange cushions where he made his bed, and he had also a table, a couple of wooden chairs, and a large Bible, together with a kettle, a teapot, and a frying-pan. We began by praying together, and then I would read to him a little. He was only able to make out one or two chapters, which he did with the assistance of immense horn spectacles. Before long I found the most gracious and inspiring influence coming into my life through that one-time drunkard's prayers, and my visits to him became a sort of institution. He would fry me a piece of bacon, and with that and some potatoes I often made a meal with him. It was a veritable sacrament. When we knelt down together and when he began to pray he was so uplifted that it often seemed to me that he was another man, a man with a heavenly mind and an angel tongue. And there came to me, in answer to those prayers—mingled with my own no doubt—a new feeling of relationship to the souls of men, a new directional impulse, impelling me to love and suffer for the sake of others. Again and again I have come down those old squeaking stairs feeling as though I walked on the wind, and have gone out on to Mile End Waste to speak and pray with sinners in altogether a new and self-forgetting fashion.

Among the days of greatest progress I have known were those days in association with that strange old man, and in the presence of the divine influences which his simple and prayerful faith brought into my life. We were a peculiar couple: I, brought up in more or less refined and cultured surroundings, influenced by the teaching and example of some of the very noblest souls who had ever served God, and having some knowledge of the wider world; he, a poor

old drunkard, pulled out of the fire in the closing years of a ruined life, living on bacon and potatoes in a garret, unable to do much more than write his own name, and earning his bread by hawking cabbages in the purlieus of Spitalfields. Yet his influence on me was altogether in advance of the influence of any other human being who came across my path at that time, if perhaps I except my wonderful mother, and even with her the restraint and awkwardness of my growing youth made me for a time less responsive to her influence. Dear old Cornish, I shall find him in Heaven, and he will be one of those to whom I shall hope to express my gratitude for all that they have done for me!

It was after I first knew Cornish—I must have been about seventeen at the time—that we had in connexion with one of our Societies in the East End a man of very striking religious experience who suffered from the most awful lisp I have ever had the agony of listening to. He was a convert of the Mission, and had come one day to the mercy-seat in Whitechapel. I was delegated to speak to him. I found that he was seeking the power of God to witness for Christ, notwithstanding the ridicule which every effort of that kind brought upon him owing to this affliction. He was greatly helped by our prayer together, and from that day he did make his testimony in public like the enthusiast he was, though I confess that I often wished he had remained silent because of the turbulent amusement which his remarks produced among the crowd! And he really seemed to hug those sibilant phrases which brought out his infirmity most conspicuously!

I became acquainted with him somewhat, and it was my great joy to find that wherever he went to lodge he got some of the people of the house—his landlords or landladies or their families—converted to God. He worked at that time in a drapery establishment in St. Paul's Churchyard. One day I suggested to him that he should change his lodgings oftener because of this wonderful gift of his for securing the salvation of the people he lived with. And he did from that time frequently change his rooms. He also spoke often in the open air, his first efforts usually producing

such a howl of derision as would have discouraged any other speaker, but after a few minutes the people would quieten down, and he would go on with what he had to say in spite of his disability. I kept up my acquaintance with him for two or three years, and his courage and the results of his testimony deeply impressed me. One day I received word that he was dying in the London Hospital as the result, I think, of an accident. I went to see him, and we had a delightful time together. He thanked me for my help in encouraging him to give his testimonies, and in bidding me good-bye with many assurances, he quoted—I have never forgotten it—that wonderful verse of Cowper's hymn :

> Then in a nobler, thweeter thong,
> I'll thing Thy power to thave,
> When thith poor lithping th-tammering tongue
> Lieth thilent in the grave.

Another random recollection of those early years in the East End comes back to me. Near my father's house on the border of Victoria Park there was a little street of workmen's houses, small, and built as closely together as possible, with the front doors opening flush with the pavement. They were akin to the poorest sort of ramshackle buildings of the period. In the course of my early work in the Mission I frequently visited in this street, especially the sick, which as a lad I was rather fond of doing. In one of these houses I came across the wife of one of our own people, belonging to our Society at Bethnal Green. The man was a foreman in a cardboard-box factory in the City. They had a numerous family, and the wife, who had lately given birth to another child, was very ill. It was soon evident that she was sick unto death, and to my great distress I found her exceedingly sad, overcast and gloomy, in face of the coming shadow. I visited her on several occasions, prayed with her, and tried to bring her into the light, but made little progress. Then one day, as I was going up the stairs to her room, I heard her rejoicing and praising God in the most pronounced manner. As soon as I reached her bedside I asked what had happened to bring about this wonderful change, and she told me, ' O Mr. Bramwell, the Lord has come to me,

and I have given them all up '—she alluded to her children, whom she had been so concerned at leaving—' and laid everything at His blessed feet. Now I can trust Him. Now all is well.' A few days afterwards she died.

But there was a sequel. Her last request to me was that I would take charge of the baby—the latest of her family. Perhaps not altogether realizing what I was undertaking, I promised that I would. Naturally I turned to my mother for assistance, and after a certain amount of negotiation the little boy—Harry, we called him—was brought into our own home and placed under the care of my sister Emma, afterwards Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who was at that time in delicate health, and who found in the training of this baby delightful occupation. The child grew and prospered, and gave early evidence of being a child of God. While still in his teens he developed a singular gift for caring for the sick.

When in 1888 my sister was married to Commissioner Booth-Tucker and went to India this lad begged us to send him also. He went, and was no sooner there than he began to take an interest in the sick people connected with the native Societies which The Army had formed in various places. He had a remarkable knowledge of hydropathy, and was able to do some good work with that system. By this success he won the confidence of the people. Then he began to lance small abscesses and so on. I purchased and sent him a second-hand dental outfit, and he took out bad teeth, and was soon allowed even to attend the Indian women. A remarkable gift for surgery presently developed, including skill in setting broken bones, and we brought him to London and gave him a six months' course as ' dresser ' at one of the big hospitals. Here he proved himself something of a genius, learning more than any ordinary dresser would pick up in years. Returning to India, he was placed in charge of a small hospital. Although he was unable, according to the English law, to grant a death certificate, he treated hundreds of cases with the greatest success. The hospital was enlarged, partly by the gifts of wealthy Indian patients whom he had benefited, and before very long he began to perform major operations. Realizing that this

might involve certain risks in view of his lack of qualification, we decided to give him a course of reading, and let him take a degree, which he did at the University of Illinois in Chicago, himself contributing towards the cost of his support, as well as paying all the fees by his work during the course. Before he was in the University a year he was selected by the surgeons to perform delicate operations in front of the students. He returned to India a fully qualified man, and was placed in charge of our then largest hospital, a new hospital in the Punjab. The war came, and he was one of the medical men who perished in it.

But this is not quite the end of the story—even on earth—of my 'East End baby.' The following extract from the 'London Gazette,' which announced the bestowal of the V.C. upon him, speaks for itself:

'Captain Andrews was senior medical officer in charge of the Khajuri post. Hearing that the convoy had been attacked, he immediately took out an aid post under heavy fire and established it, *affording some protection to the wounded, but none to himself.* Subsequently he was compelled to remove it, but continued most devotedly to attend the wounded. Finally, when an ambulance was available, he showed the utmost disregard for danger in collecting the wounded under fire and placing them in the ambulance. Eventually he was killed on the completion of his task.'

Writing of him in the British 'Medical Journal,' Major-General Sir Patrick Hehir said:

'He was a man with broad human sympathies. . . . He was loved by the poor, and their care, comfort, and treatment were meticulously attended to in his hospital. He was a good operator, and crowds of people flocked from various parts of the Moradabad district to be treated by him. He designed and supervised the construction of The Salvation Army Hospital at Moradabad. It is a model of what a district hospital should be in India. It is one of the few hospitals in Oudh that has its own tube well. I was particularly struck with the admirable way in which the various departments of the hospital were arranged. It was well organized and administered. The hospital was made

over to Government as a War Hospital in a whole-hearted manner by The Salvation Army, and did most laudable work for our sick and wounded Indian soldiers. For such a man the future life could have no cause for apprehension, and we may be certain that he was welcomed into the other world with the words, " Well done, thou good and faithful servant." '

XIX

The Call and Ministry of Woman

The position held by woman in The Salvation Army almost from the beginning has been unique. There has probably been nothing like it before in the history of the world, and it may be useful to review, however briefly, some of the influences and circumstances which have led to what we now see.

When I say that the association of woman with The Salvation Army is unique, I am not forgetting that, so far as we are able to understand the circumstances, a prominent position was accorded to woman for a considerable period in the history of the early Church. Paul, who has been called ' the great silencer ' so far as woman's public ministry is concerned, nevertheless entrusted women with some of the most difficult and delicate work of the infant Churches. It is quite possible, not to say probable, that in this as in other matters his views had changed as he had gained experience. Whether this be so or not, there is sufficient ground for saying that woman did play an important part in early Christianity. She was recognized as a teacher and guide in the first centuries. She took her place by the side of man in proclaiming her Saviour, in suffering for her testimony, and in dying for the truth. Authentic records of the early martyrs are meagre, but so far as they exist it is clearly seen that woman had a place among them fully equal to that of man. Indeed, the complexity and delicacy of her nature made it possible to inflict upon her ignominy and anguish which her brethren were spared. And she did not quail.

But for one reason or another she fell into the background after the first two or three hundred years so far as public

ministry was concerned. Later the Roman Church raised up some remarkable women, as, for instance, Theresa of Avila, Catherine of Sienna, Bridget of Sweden, and in these islands, Hilda of Whitby, and Juliana of Norwich. Ireland had a Bridget as well as a Patrick.

Nearer to our own times George Fox revived in theory a great deal that had been in abeyance, and the early Quaker records, both of England and Ireland, give us some splendid examples of women 'ministers.' But here again, for one reason or another, there was a great falling off shortly before and immediately after George Fox's death. Methodism, also, strove to give woman a place of testimony for her Lord, and although the records of her occupying pulpits are very few, there is no doubt that some Methodist women, especially during the first twenty years after John Wesley's death, were useful and powerful. Methodism inherited a great difficulty in this matter from the fact that the Methodists grew up in the established Church. To put a woman, no matter how gifted, into the pulpit of the parish Church would have been considered a very improper thing, not only from the point of view of the Church itself, but from that of the State. Nevertheless, many Methodist women took up their cross, and here and there among them were powerful preachers and successful soul-winners.

No surprise need be felt, therefore, that The Salvation Army, even in its earliest days, should move in this direction. But it was not merely an evangelistic impulse—which was evidently the origin of woman's position in the societies to which I have referred—that led The Army to take the course it did, though no doubt a similar impulse played a part. With us the position taken arose from deep convictions first expressed by Catherine Booth, and from the realization of a much wider calling of God than anything which had influenced either the Friends or the Methodists.

Like so much in the history of The Army, we can trace the origin of this movement—for it clearly was a movement within a greater movement—to the work of the Holy Spirit in the minds and hearts of the Founders. There is still in existence a correspondence which shows how, though

by very slow degrees at first, the Founder came to the same judgment as Catherine Booth with regard to woman's position. I will quote a few sentences from a letter written by him in 1855, a few months before their marriage, replying to some arguments of hers:

Thy remarks on Woman's position I will read again. . . . From the first reading I cannot see anything in them to lead me for one moment to think of altering my opinion. You combat a great deal that I hold as firmly as *you* do—viz., her *equality*, her *perfect equality*, as a whole—as a *being*. But as to concede that she is man's equal, or capable of becoming man's equal in intellectual attainments or prowess—I must say *that* is contradicted by experience in the world and [by] my honest conviction. You know, my dear, I acknowledge the superiority of your sex in very many things—in others I believe her inferior. *Vice versa* with man.

I would not stop a woman preaching on any account. I would not encourage one to begin. You should preach if you felt moved thereto; felt equal to the task. I would not stay *you* if I had power to do so. Although *I should not like it.* It is easy for you to say my views are the result of prejudice; perhaps they are. I am for the world's *Salvation*; I will quarrel with no means that promises help.[1]

This letter is interesting because it shows the views which were entertained at that time by those who may reasonably be regarded as being among the most advanced in all matters relating to freedom in the service of God. It is also useful because it shows the line of difficulty which, notwithstanding his wonderful Catholicity, the Founder felt and which had to be combated in succeeding periods when advances were taken which led to our present position.

Catherine Booth's own convictions in this matter were not reached without very considerable thought. That those views were entertained before she met the Founder may be seen from a remarkable letter (she was then 21) which she addressed to a Minister for whom she had a high regard and who had made some critical remarks in her hearing. She writes:

Permit me, my dear sir, to ask whether you have ever made the subject of woman's equality as a *being* the matter of calm investigation and thought? . . .

So far as Scriptural evidence is concerned, did I but possess ability to do justice to the subject, I dare take my stand on it against the

[1] 'William Booth.' By Harold Begbie. Vol. i, p. 255.

world in defending her perfect equality. And it is because I am persuaded that no honest unprejudiced investigation of the sacred volume can give perpetuity to the mere assumptions and false notions which have gained currency in society on this subject, that I so earnestly commend it to your attention.

That woman is, in consequence of her inadequate education, generally inferior to man intellectually, I admit. But that she is naturally so, as your remarks seem to imply, I see no cause to believe. I think the disparity is as easily accounted for as the difference between woman intellectually in this country and under the degrading slavery of heathen lands. No argument, in my judgment, can be drawn from past experience on this point, because the past has been false in theory and wrong in practice. Never yet in the history of the world has woman been placed on an intellectual footing with man. Her training from babyhood, even in this highly favoured land, has hitherto been such as to cramp and paralyse rather than develop and strengthen her energies, and calculated to crush and wither her aspirations after mental greatness rather than to excite and stimulate them. And even where the more directly depressing influence has been withdrawn, the indirect and more powerful stimulus has been wanting.[1]

This letter clearly sets forth one determining factor in my mother's attitude on the woman question. She claimed that woman was to take her place by the side of man in all things relating to the Kingdom of God, not only because redemption equally extended to her with man—'In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female'—but because she was, *as a being*, intellectually, morally, spiritually his equal.

We see the same thought, but more fully developed, in a letter to the Founder, one of the last of the love letters:

I am ready to admit that in the majority of cases the training of woman has made her man's inferior, as under the degrading slavery of heathen lands she is inferior to her own sex in Christian countries; but that naturally she is in any respect except physical strength and courage inferior to man I cannot see cause to believe, and I am sure no one can prove it from the Word of God, and it is on this foundation that professors of religion always try to establish it. I believe that one of the greatest boons to the race would be woman's exaltation to her proper position mentally and spiritually. Who can tell its consequences to posterity?[2]

After a reference to the women of the Old Testament who exercised the prophetic gift, she goes on:

God having once spoken directly by woman, and man having

[1] 'William Booth,' by Harold Begbie. Vol. i, p. 126. [2] Ibid. Vol. i, p. 270.

once recognized her divine commission and obeyed it, on what ground is omnipotence to be restricted, or woman's spiritual labours ignored ? Who shall dare say unto the Lord, ' What doest Thou ? ' when He ' pours out His Spirit upon His handmaidens,' or when it is poured out shall I render it null with impunity ? If, indeed, there is ' in Christ Jesus neither male nor female,' but in all touching His Kingdom ' they are one,' who shall dare thrust woman out of the Church's operations, or presume to put my candle which God has lighted under a bushel ? . . .

If God has given her ability, why should not woman persuade the vacillating, instruct and console the penitent, and pour out her soul in prayer for sinners ? [1]

She ends the letter with some passionate words about the equality of woman with man in Christ, and there is a fine irony in her suggestion that if modern quibblers had been among the disciples to whom a woman announced the Lord's resurrection they would have hesitated to receive such tidings from her lips. In this letter there is to be found a sufficient apology for the whole position which The Army has claimed for and given to woman in its ranks.

The Founder, however, moved slowly, and it is evident from letters and memoranda too voluminous to quote here that it was not until some years later that he came fully to accept the position for which Mrs. Booth contended. A curious circumstance contributed to this result. They were stationed at Gateshead-on-Tyne. Some special meetings were being conducted at Newcastle, just across the river, by an American evangelist named Palmer, helped by his wife. Mrs. Phoebe Palmer was a devout and also an eloquent woman, and her services were popular. They attracted the attention of a minister of one of the Nonconformist bodies who had formerly been Vicar of the parish, and he made a studied criticism of woman as a preacher of the Gospel, attacking Mrs. Palmer with more or less asperity. Mrs. Booth felt called upon to reply to this attack, and wrote and published a pamphlet of some thirty pages dealing with the whole question in what has generally been conceded to be a comprehensive and effective manner.[2] The preparation

[1] ' William Booth,' by Harold Begbie. Vol. i, p. 270.

[2] ' Female Ministry, or Woman's Right to Preach the Gospel ' (the substance of this pamphlet can be found reprinted in ' Practical Religion').

of that pamphlet involved considerable research, and in order that she might reveal any weaknesses in her own argument she fully discussed the whole subject with the Founder. It was these conversations and the reasoning they evolved which resulted in his coming completely to take the view she had already urged upon him, and from that time no serious question arose in either of their minds as to the equality of woman with man.

When the Mission originated in the East of London, there came immediately to the front converts who were obviously gifted in public testimony. For a long time the forces were very small, and the immediate seizure of the opportunity for open-air work which was afforded by the Mile End Waste taxed the resources of the infant Society to the utmost.[1] One consequence of this was that, without any deliberate plan, or even very serious consideration, the women who could speak to the crowds were encouraged, even urged, to do so equally with the men, and it was soon observed that they could often win the sympathy of those to whom they spoke more easily than could the men. The same thing was seen in the private meetings. There the women, though often reluctant and hesitating, spoke with an impressiveness which seemed quite as appealing as anything the men were able to command. Thus by degrees, and without any preconceived arrangement, though with the entire approval of the Founders, woman took for herself a place in the Mission, and began a work which proved to be of the greatest consequence.

While the work of the Mission was confined to the one station at Whitechapel, the care of those who had joined themselves to the little Society, was easily compassed by the Founder and by one or two volunteers who gave him their spare time. But after the first few years, when stations were opened at Bethnal Green, at Millwall, at Poplar, at Limehouse, and later, at Canning Town, it became necessary to employ others for this work. The first of these were

[1] The Mile End Waste was a strip of unoccupied land about a mile long between the side walk and the main road of the Mile End Road, one of the most popular thoroughfares of the East of London. Tens of thousands of people passed over it daily.

working women, who were engaged for part of their time. Actually the first was a Mrs. Collingridge, who worked for her bread in a candle factory in Millwall. She and her delicate husband were among the early converts of the Mission, and she showed a great aptitude for this work. She received a few shillings weekly from the funds 'for boot leather, and to enable her to get her tea when away from home.' She filled up a careful return—some of those returns are still in existence—showing the number of persons visited and including a brief report upon special cases. Mrs. Collingridge became the forerunner of others, and at each of the Stations, before the appointment of regular Evangelists, there were one or two such local part-time workers. On the whole, they were well received by the people.

After the first two or three years the Mission was organized on a very definite plan. Each Station or Society had its own duly appointed workers—Treasurer, Secretary, Elders—who together formed an Elders' Meeting for the transaction of certain local business. Other lay workers, known by various terms, also came into being. From the beginning women took a part in this local organization, and although in some cases that part was relatively small, it was an important fact. Many of the women who thus shared the burden of the Stations did splendid work, softening opposition, which at times was fierce, and helping the weak and trembling with whom some of the men had little patience.

It must not be supposed that this arrangement was carried out without difficulty. Some of the men who had been converted in the Mission—some, indeed, who had been raised from the very gutters—as soon as they found themselves in office and with certain influence in their own Societies, demurred when women were placed beside them in similar positions. Men who had been brought up amidst the ruffianism of the lowest districts, objected to women being regarded as on an equality with themselves, and again and again, men who gave the most hopeful promise of future usefulness declined to work with women, and were only brought round after great effort and much prayer. Some, I am afraid, were never brought round. The difficulty was not a little

increased from the fact that though many of the women in question were fully alive to their own usefulness and had deep experiences of spiritual religion, they hesitated or drew back in the presence of opposition from the men. They suffered equally with the men who objected, from the long prejudices and ignorances of the past.

Nor was it only the men who objected. There were certain women who raised difficulties. Some married women, in particular, thought it unwise and even indelicate to bring their single sisters into any sort of confidential relations with the members, or, indeed, into any public service in which they had to deal with men.

But we held on. The women who had taken up the burden of the work were encouraged—sometimes, I think, coaxed—to persevere. They were met in little companies, and were urged with infinite patience to take up their Cross, to hold fast to the opportunity which had been given them, and as a rule they did not disappoint us.

The problem was complicated by the fact that some of the women who had taken up local positions were married women whose husbands, either saved or unsaved, objected to their undertaking any sort of public work, especially in association with such a despised and openly ridiculed community as ours quickly became. But here again, convinced that God was guiding them, the leaders persevered. Some of the women withdrew owing to their husbands' objections, but the majority overcame their difficulties, and often had, in addition to other joys, the joy of leading both husband and children to Christ.

This brings me to a further development. The women Evangelists, although very acceptable and useful, were not at first entrusted with the responsible control of a Corps or Society. To place a woman in charge of one of these Societies —or, as they would be called outside The Army, Churches— involved quite a new departure. Opinion was divided amongst the most thoughtful of the leaders. The Army Mother herself had never quite contemplated placing women in positions which would involve *their authority over men.* This would be going further than anything recorded even

in the early Church. The Founder delayed for a considerable time before making his decision. Commissioner Railton, who was always ready for new departures, favoured entrusting women with the responsibilities and authorities which we had given to the men. Some of the leading Evangelists, on the other hand—all good men and true—were opposed to anything of this kind. They said, 'Let the woman help us, but do not give her any authority over men.' John Allen,[1] probably the most spiritually-minded of all those early fighters, and a true lover of souls, felt very strongly that there was something positively dangerous to the woman in placing her in any position of public notoriety.

The Army Mother hesitated. She felt that the women, especially the single women, who might be appointed to command Corps, would undoubtedly be placed in circumstances of danger and temptation. That aspect of the matter was fully considered. Without safeguards she never would have agreed, as she did agree, that the women should assume these positions. Indeed, there was a kind of undertaking given that single women *should always be appointed in couples.*

At the time when this question arose it caused great perplexity. We only wanted to do what was the best. That a great opportunity had arisen could not be denied. The difficulty of raising, in sufficient numbers, men competent for the work was only too manifest. The call for leaders from station after station and town after town was constantly ringing in our ears. And there before our eyes was unmistakeable evidence of woman's remarkable acceptableness as a messenger of Christ and her wonderful success in winning souls. The work of the Local Officers[2] and of those early 'shepherds' to whom I have referred, pointed also to the probability that many women would be found possessed of other gifts—the gifts necessary for the conduct of secular affairs, for the guidance in spiritual things of those under their care, and for the management and control of the people. Finally, therefore, it was decided to make a trial.

[1] See 'The Salvation Navvy'—the life-story of Captain John Allen.

[2] Lay workers, who have entered into very definite undertakings as to obedience and experience, but who receive no payment.

The first woman to be appointed in sole charge of one of the Societies was Captain Annie Davis, who afterwards became the wife of Commissioner Ridsdel.[1] She was sent to Barking (a suburb of East London) in July, 1875. She was a remarkable little woman, gifted less from the public standpoint than from devotion to principle and ability to manage and control. Her appointment proved a complete success. The men members of the Society were soon as devoted to her as they could have been to any man, and she, guided from above, watchful and prayerful and conscious that she was making important experiments for the guidance of others, overcame every difficulty. From that time no serious hesitation was felt, and women soon came to be appointed to take charge of Corps just as men.

There were, of course, notwithstanding this success, still some of the Evangelists—or Officers, as I will now call them —who objected. They doubted the reality of the success reported, and still questioned the possibility of the women maintaining the work which they (the men) had begun. But all these questions were set at rest by one circumstance. The rapid extension of The Army after 1878 taxed all our resources, and the Founder decided that he would send women just as he sent men, not only to maintain work already commenced, but to establish new Stations. It was, no doubt, an adventure. There was a great deal of head-shaking about it. But it was an instant success. And when, later on, some of the brethren who had doubted the capacity of their sisters to control and maintain the work of God committed to them, came themselves to succeed these sisters, and were appointed to take charge of the Corps which their sister comrades had raised up, they soon found that the women had proved fully equal—sometimes more than equal—to themselves.

The appointment of women to take command of Corps encouraged other developments, and we soon had women in charge of various important undertakings. My sister Emma —' The Consul,' as she was afterwards called—was placed

[1] The Commissioner is now, after forty-two years of happy service, on our retired list.

in charge of the Women's Training Home. Then my sister Eva, widely known as the Field Commissioner, was successful in the charge of one of our large London Corps. Mrs. Bramwell Booth, a year after our marriage, took over the work which later spread into many parts of the world as the Women's Social Work, and afterwards other women, as occasion demanded, were placed with full confidence in various commands.

This brings me to another stage in our evolution. It was not until a few years after their appointment to Corps that it seemed desirable to place women in any of those Higher Commands which also involved authority over men. Many of our men Officers (and some women also) who had been quite happy to work side by side with women Captains who were, like themselves, placed over Corps, objected—in some cases strongly—to being themselves placed under women who were designated for the position of Divisional Commanders.[1] But, there again, the progress of the work and an unexpected development secured the way. Two women of striking character quarried the road for their comrades.

My sister Catherine in her work as pioneer and leader of The Army in France and Switzerland after 1881, and Commissioner Hannah Ouchterlony, as pioneer and leader of our work in Sweden after 1883, made it perfectly plain, so that those who ran could read, that there was no adequate reason for withholding the higher Commands from women. The work in France was small, and my sister always had a serious difficulty in that she never completely silenced the criticism of some in her immediate Staff. The work in Sweden, on the other hand, grew with great rapidity, but Commissioner Ouchterlony also was not without serious difficulties in that some of her staff, though devoted to her and to The Army, never entirely accepted her authority. Yet in both these Commands God was so evidently using the Leaders, and so evidently guiding them in the rule and management of the work,

[1] A Divisional Commander has the oversight of a defined area containing a number of places in which The Army is working or intending to work. The D.C. answers in many respects to the Bishops of the Anglican and Roman Churches.

that without our having to make any show of the matter, the way was clear. The barriers of fear and prejudice were broken down, men and women alike came to acknowledge that woman no less than man might possess those natural gifts and receive those endowments of the Spirit which were needed for the governing and leadership of the people of God.

By this I do not mean to say that there are not still in The Army men Officers working under women—and, for that matter, women Officers also—who would prefer to work under men. I do say, however, that, with perhaps here and there an exception, all that small jealousy which was so troublesome in the past, and the prejudices which belong to narrow and selfish minds, have become things of yesterday. I do occasionally hear an objection raised to the command of a woman, and I am sometimes challenged by suggestions that there are among our women leaders those who are influenced in their rule by the desire for praise of men or by vanity or by other unworthy considerations. But I am persuaded that even if these grievous things be so they are exceptional.

Woman has won her place in The Army. She has won a very wonderful place in the world by means of The Army. It may be worth while to remark here that, though seldom acknowledged, there is little doubt that the women of The Army have played a part in the general emancipation of woman which we see to be going on in the Western nations. In the political struggle, The Army, of course, has taken no part, but in the higher realms of the fight, the hand of the Salvation woman, both Officer and Soldier, has helped to carry the banner to victory. The women who marched at the head of the little bands of despised Salvationists in years gone by were accustoming the public mind to the spectacle of woman in command, of woman taking an active unshrinking share in public duty, and overcoming by the grace of God her supposed inferiorities. Thus we may truly say that we were opening a door through which women might carry the Message of Love and Life to multitudes who would never receive it save from a woman's lips. *That door will never again be shut.*

XX

Bench and Bar

One of the first difficulties which my father encountered, after the Christian Mission (as The Salvation Army was first called) had become a distinct entity, was the question of the holding of property. Any property involves law. We made an experiment in the early seventies along the lines of certain Nonconformist bodies. A Model Deed for the holding of property was in one case adopted, with trustees whose powers were defined. This Deed was hung upon the Conference which had been called into existence, and such an arrangement might well have proved quite plain sailing, but the Conference itself came to grief, and therefore, of course, such a plan for the general holding of our property fell to the ground.

When the Founder decided to take affairs into his own hands, and began to issue regulations on the principle now adopted, we came at once to the question of property control. We had in mind two main purposes: first, to make provision for really securing the property for the objects for which it was obtained and to impress it with its trust character; and secondly, to secure that the General for the time being (or, as he was then called, the General Superintendent) should have ample powers of disposition and control. This latter was in some respects a new idea, and involved us in considerable legal difficulties. The Deed (or Deed Poll, as it is more correctly named) that was finally settled was the fruit of much thought and prayer. It was adopted by the Conference of 1878, and enrolled in the Chancery Division in the August of that year.

My first introduction to counsel of any standing was over the drafting of that Deed. One incident I remember

had to do with Mr. Cozens-Hardy, afterwards Master of the Rolls. In his gloomy, candle-lit chambers in the Temple one dismal afternoon, after the Courts had risen, we assembled for a consultation. Mr. Cozens-Hardy, as I remember him, was a small man physically, sitting with his wig at the back of his head (he had just come out of Court), and looking up from the piles of documents on the table before him to scrutinize the faces of his visitors. After a long discussion, Cozens-Hardy said, with a touch of acerbity, 'Mr. Booth, you want me to make you into a Pope, and I do not think it can be done.'

'Well, Mr. Cozens-Hardy,' replied the Founder in a flash, responding with humour, as he always did when anyone adopted that tone to him, 'I am sure you will get as near to it as you suitably can!'

Forty years after that, an important question involving the interpretation of that Deed came before Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy in his then capacity as Master of the Rolls. While nothing in the judgment he then delivered would have led a stranger to think that he had ever seen the Deed before, he commented upon its evident purport and intention in a way which made it plain to those who had been present at that distant interview that the circumstance was clearly within his recollection.

That Deed became the ground of many battles. Like, I suppose, other really important legal instruments, it has gathered strength to itself by the judgments of courts in various lands bearing upon its provisions. Looking back now for the more than forty years since it was executed by the Founder and adopted by the representatives of The Army, we can say that it accomplishes, in fact, what we wanted. It has impressed the holdings of The Army in the most unquestionable manner with their trust character, and yet it has secured to the General for the time being the absolute control of the property within the limits of his trust. It has not made 'the General for the time being' a 'corporation sole,' as the bishops are (and as the General has in later years been made in some other countries), but in practice it has had almost the same effect.

A later law business of a serious character was in connexion with the Grecian and Eagle Tavern litigation. There I came into touch with a distinguished counsel who has proved a lifelong friend and supporter, Mr. (now Sir) Edward Clarke. He was our leading counsel in the action brought against us for breach of covenant in using the Eagle Tavern for purposes other than those of a public-house. The case came before Mr. Justice Stephen (Fitzjames Stephen), the only English judge I have come across who has seemed—in my opinion—incurably biased against us. My father was in the witness-box, and Clarke was examining.

'Now, General Booth,' said Clarke, 'you met with opposition, did you not?'

The General answered, Yes, we had met with opposition: the Devil was always ready to oppose.

Thereupon the gruff voice of the Judge struck in—so gruff as to be almost inarticulate, like the growl of a bear, 'We-don't-want-the-Devil-in-here.' The court did not know whether to tremble or to laugh! I think that at that time Stephen's mind was already going. His resignation was due to a disease which began gradually to affect his mental powers.

We lost the case in that court; but we recovered a large part of what we lost and part of our costs in the Court of Appeal, where Nathaniel Lindley, afterwards Master of the Rolls, expressed in the course of his judgment one of the most beautiful pieces of English to be found in the law records.

Before his conduct of this case, Sir Edward Clarke was quite unknown to us. One incident I remember which helped our acquaintance. He was standing with one or two of us in the corridor of the court after one of the adjournments, when one of our witnesses, named Archer, stepped up to him, and said, 'We shall pray for you, Mr. Clarke.' Thereupon Clarke took off his hat, and stood still uncovered for a moment. It made a deep impression on us. I have been in association with Sir Edward Clarke since then in a dozen or more business cases, and I have always been struck

by his absolute sincerity and conscientiousness. In his 'The Story of My Life' (Murray) he refers to his friendship with the old General, his admiration for The Army, and what it has done for the poor of every nation; also the pleasure which it gave him (Sir Edward) to be caricatured in 'Punch' in Salvation Army uniform, staggering under and vigorously beating a very big drum!

Sir Edward Clarke has been an adept at early rising to pursue his legal work. Perhaps, however, he may have been beaten in this respect by Sir Richard Webster, later the Lord Chief. I believe that at four o'clock every morning, summer and winter, a light would peep out in Webster's home, denoting that he was beginning his labours. Webster, who as Attorney-General led against us in the Old Bailey prosecution, was interested in children, and took an active part in promoting the Children Act, 1908, in the House of Lords. This brought us into correspondence with him—by this time he was Lord Alverstone—for The Army took great interest in that measure, and got some of its ideas incorporated, thanks to the Home Secretary of the day, Mr. (now Sir) Herbert Samuel.

Another great lawyer with whom I came in contact from time to time was John Rigby, afterwards Attorney-General and then Lord Justice of Appeal. We first employed him in a matter which was heard before Mr. Justice North, in 1887. This was the first case to raise the question of the charitable character of The Salvation Army trusts. Wright, who also afterwards became a judge—and a very good judge—was against us. It was an interesting case in that the money was a legacy from a benevolent brewer at Hereford, the amount in question being £4,000 cash and £4,000 to be paid on the death of the legatee's niece. The case was made memorable for us by some observations by Mr. Justice North when deciding in our favour.

Rigby was one of the most delightful of men, but not at all professional either in manner or appearance. He would have passed any day for a sturdy Norfolk farmer. He had a wilfully wandering beard, and was a great smoker. A

common occurrence with him was that when he wanted to get out of his pocket a handkerchief or some papers a pipe would tumble out in the process. It did not seem to matter which pocket he dived in, the pipe came out all the same! His chambers were the most dismal, I think, I have ever been in—a desolate, doldrums of a place, dark and melancholy, lit by a sputtering lamp that would seldom burn. Yet at this time he was all but the head of the Bar so far as trust and equity business was concerned. On more than one occasion, seated in this miserable gloom, he would say to us, 'Have confidence in your own scheme. You have here all the elements of freedom combined with power.' He greatly strengthened the Founder's belief in the wisdom of our legal arrangements.

Rigby remained a friend to the end of his life, gave us a little money, and made at least one speech which was of great service to us. It was at a Mansion House meeting, after he became a Lord Justice of Appeal. He declared that the Headquarters of The Salvation Army was an excellent school for the training of good men of business. 'I found them [The Army leaders] sensible and far-seeing men of business, moderate and fair in the statement of their case; in fact, in that respect I have never found any body of men that I could praise more to my own satisfaction than when, to the best of my humble powers, I have advised them as to their legal rights. I say this for them, that I never advised them as to what they ought to do, but immediately they realized their position. They, uniformly acting in the most liberal and fair spirit, took those steps which I think I should have taken myself under the circumstances.' He also spoke for us in the House more than once, and was always ready to inconvenience himself in our interests, and seldom took from us anything but nominal fees.

When the 'Darkest England' scheme was started, a new Deed setting up a distinct trust was required, and it was to Rigby and Sir Charles Sargant, now a Lord Justice, that we turned. The final drafting of the Deed had not been settled; there had been some delay, and as it was desired

to execute it in a public meeting on a given date, it fell to my lot to put some pressure upon the legal gentlemen to bring their work to a conclusion. The final touches were given to the draft by Sir John Rigby in the cooling room of a Turkish bath in St. James's Street, whither I and Mr. Frost, one of our solicitors, had followed him. He came out to us clad in a bathing sheet, and in these unusual surroundings and attire he went over the Deed for the last time. He gave us about two hours, and finally put his initials to the draft, which as passed by him was adopted. The incident shows the keenness and sympathy with which he was ready at all times to assist us in our work.

Lord Russell, of whose advocacy in the Armstrong case I have had something to say in previous chapters, was one of the most quick-tempered men I have ever met. A most attractive personality and a beautiful talker, but woe betide the subordinate who displeased him! Much of his irritability I put down to his excessive snuff-taking, though the immediate effect of the habit was to restore his evenness of temper. I have never seen or heard of any one who could take the amount of snuff which Charles Russell consumed. He would take a snuff-box the size of a pack of cards out of his left-hand waistcoat pocket, knock the corner of it with one hand against the other, then open it and shake out into his palm a dose about the size of a filbert, close the box, and go forward to complete satisfaction! The process ended only when all the stuff had disappeared, some of it scattering far *and* near! Then he would produce an enormous silk pocket-handkerchief and proceed to modify conditions in the usual way. The curious thing about it was that for the moment this seemed to have the most soothing effect on him. His voice, always very charming, assumed its most silvery tones, his expression became benign, he stood forth as the sweet composer of unfortunate differences, and his demeanour which a few minutes before had approached that of a storm at sea, became that of the most courteous gentleman.

He worked on the Armstrong case as, he told us, he had worked on no other. He was a Roman Catholic, and strict

in the observance of certain practices of his Church—a religious man, I believe, in a very strict sense of the word. He had a great objection to Sunday work. This case, however, was a very heavy one, and Sunday after Sunday he was at his chambers toiling over the papers and speaking personally to the witnesses. He had been at the bar for twenty-five years, and never, he told me, had had a case which had made him work on Sundays until he came to ours. He really sympathized with the great object we had had in view and put his heart into his pleading—a thing which it is often so difficult to get counsel to do. He was a most able counsel on our behalf in other cases also, and made one of the most dignified and brilliant Lord Chiefs that the English Bench has seen for many years—even though he decided against us in the case I have already mentioned !

One of the most spiritually-minded men in the legal profession whom I have met was Earl Cairns, who was Lord Chancellor in Disraeli's Government. Although a lawyer of outstanding brilliance, and a man who moved in the highest social and intellectual circles, his was a simple, beautiful Christlike spirit, with a chief care for the interests of the Kingdom of God. He came to many of our Meetings. He had a great admiration for my dear mother, showed no little kindness to me, and with Lady Cairns took a deep interest in the work. They did not, of course, approve of some things which were done by us and said so, but they helped us when friends were few.

Lord Cairns always brought the question to the practical issue : ' What can I do to help you ? ' And he made more than one address, which went forth to the world, and, coming from such a source, created confidence in the Founder, and encouraged people to aid us financially. He made a remark on one occasion which was widely advertised :

> I can only say that as soon as I can find another organization moving amongst this same class of people, bringing the Gospel to bear upon them, and producing such results as this Army is producing, and doing this work in a way more free from the possibility of criticism, I may perhaps prefer that organization. But at present there is no such organization, and we are in this position—that we

must either take the agency of The Salvation Army, and make the best of it, or else we must give up all those masses of people as hopeless and abandoned for ever. We cannot, most of us, go and work in the places where the forces of The Salvation Army work. We cannot do it in person ; but it is surely a great privilege for us, if we cannot do the work ourselves, to be able to help forward those who can and will do it.

Not many men accustomed to legal restraint have been able so to yield themselves to a great enthusiasm. I shall never forget Lord Cairns in connexion with the opening of the Congress Hall at Clapton in 1882. The place was filled as only we know how to fill buildings ! There could not have been fewer than four thousand people present. It was the culmination of a great effort. The opening of those premises was quite an event for us at that time, and we were all in high spirits. It was then that there was first introduced in public what we afterwards came to call the ' Wave Offering.' Pocket-handkerchiefs were brought out and waved during the singing of some chorus of praise to God. Lord Cairns produced his pocket-handkerchief and waved it with the rest. He entered with all the simplicity and enthusiasm of a Salvationist into this moment of special gladness. And then, as we resumed our seats more or less breathless his lordship said to me, ' I do hope we are not unduly excited ! ' I fancy that he was at that moment thankful that Lady Cairns was not present !

This has become a chapter of personal reminiscences of great lawyers rather than a story of the law as it has affected—or has been affected by—The Salvation Army. Some reflections on the legal procedure of different countries must be for another chapter, but the personal reminiscences of great lawyers are by no means exhausted.

XXI

More about the Law's Majesty

One good thing that The Army has done—which was not within the direct vision of the Founder—has been to establish a body of legal opinion that has become a powerful instrument for protecting and maintaining liberty's fair work in this and other lands. Not only in the British Empire, but in countries as different as Germany and Switzerland and the United States, we have on record a set of judgments that have not only helped us (and continue to help us) in adjusting our trust position and our work generally to the legal requirements of the various countries which The Army has entered, but have also been of great assistance to other bodies working for liberty and righteousness.

Our experience of legal affairs in various countries makes it possible for me[1] to attempt some comparisons which may be of interest. I cannot, however, make it too clear that in this connexion I am speaking of things as we happened to find them, and as they have impressed themselves upon my own mind. There may be a good deal to be said by others who look at these things from different view-points or who have had different experiences.

I should say that by far the slowest, most cumbersome, and most costly legal proceedings in the world are those of the United Kingdom. This may be the result—or partly the result—of the slow, peculiar, and individual growth of the various bodies of statutory enactment, Case law and Custom, which have come to constitute English Law as we know it to-day. However this may be, the fact, I think, is what I have stated. The most direct, expeditious, and

[1] I say 'me' chiefly because the law affairs of The Army have been mainly under my direction.

incomparably most economical proceedings of a corresponding nature are those of Germany. In the courts of first instance in Germany, answering to the Police and County Courts here, I have obtained judgments in a week or ten days, and at a cost of fifty shillings, which here would have taken six weeks or perhaps three months, and cost anything up to £20 or £30 or more. In the larger questions which come before the courts, those of Germany can do the business in perhaps a quarter of the time occupied over here, and at one-fifth of the expense and do it quite as well.

In the United States—which is, of course, a newer country, and has had the English experience to build upon —the legal system is also immensely in advance of that of this country, particularly in expedition, though something has to be taken off that advantage because of the large and easy facilities for appeals and the means available to litigants for prolonging the proceedings between the hearing of appeals. Once in court, however, everything makes for thoroughness, for the practical application of agreed legal principles (which are much the same everywhere, and, of course, largely correspond with the British), and for quickness. Some of the most important judgments which we have obtained in connexion with freedom of action in our methods and the settlement of our property have been obtained in the United States in the course of a few months, while corresponding actions in the old country would have dragged on for a couple of years.

In Canada and Australia the position is not quite so good in some respects. The judiciary in those countries, however, is extremely careful. The courts of appeal have at their head men not only of commanding ability, but of the most scrupulous rectitude and principle.

Speaking generally, I entertain the highest opinion of the judicial systems of all the Western nations so far as I know them, and indeed my experience is that all over the world our Western justice is recognized as the very criterion of what justice should be. If I were asked to suggest changes, I would inquire whether in England and Scotland the judges could not be given their positions much earlier in life,

and be far better paid. In France, I think, the present preliminary examinations in criminal cases might be abolished, and the judges of the Supreme Court—the *Cour de Cassation*—made irremovable. In Germany I would give the people in some way a share in the selection of the magistrates, and I would pay the Judges on altogether a higher scale, both in the Lower and in the Supreme courts. In Scandinavian countries, generally, I would both appoint and retire the judges at an earlier age than is the case at present, and the pensions should be much more liberal. In Italy, I think that much of the legal procedure could be simplified, the courts made more easily open for the poorer people, and the judges more highly paid and chosen from a wider circle. In the United States I should like to see the present system of election greatly modified, and I think the Judges of the High Courts in every State should all be better paid. This latter remark applies also to the judges of the Supreme Court, who should be appointed on the understanding that they do not afterwards take up politics. In Australia and Canada the present system leaves little room for improvement in its suitability to the country concerned, though here, also, I am sure, it would be wise to pay larger salaries and especially to provide liberal pensions.

I would have women magistrates, and, by and by, women judges, as well as women jurors, everywhere. I would also modify the legal procedure of all countries, including the United Kingdom, so that the County Court judges here and the judges who answer to them in other countries, should be empowered to deal with all matters (except certain reserved questions) where both parties agree that they should be so dealt with. A great deal of litigation is brought to the High Courts, with consequent expenditure of time and money, when it could be settled in the Lower. While I would not deprive a man of his right to go to the Higher Court, if he desires, I would give every encouragement to the parties to agree between themselves to accept the decision of a Lower.

My experience of arbitrations is perhaps unfortunate—at any rate, in England. While the expense, as a rule, is

(contrary to popular belief) as great or greater than in ordinary actions, the result is often equally unsatisfactory to both parties. As sure as ever there is a fairly fought-out arbitration, both sides will go away saying, 'I wish I had had an action.' No doubt this is much to be regretted, but there it is.

With regard to the costliness of law proceedings I may not be competent to speak. The Army is in a singular position. We have been almost uniformly successful in our law cases, and therefore, generally, we have obtained our costs. Having regard to the hundreds of actions, small and great, which have been fought in different parts of the world, it has always seemed to me a matter for congratulation that success has so largely attended us—congratulation, I mean, not only to ourselves, but to our legal advisers in the different countries, and particularly to our London solicitors. Even when we have failed there have been compensations, as, for example, in one English Shelter case, when Lord Russell, to whom I have made some personal reference, decided against us. The Lord Chief spoke very warmly of our work on that occasion; in fact, he gave us a kind of testimonial of which we were able to make use.

His decision, however, was not in our favour. We contended that our Shelters and Homes for homeless men and women were not 'common lodging-houses,' one reason being that we did not wish to bring them under the common lodging-house regulations, because, for one thing, this rendered them liable to police inspection. In theory, the inspection was of the *places* only, but in practice it often included the inmates. We felt that these poor people, our clients, were as much entitled to the seclusion of the simple accommodation they could pay for as the aristocrat was entitled to the seclusion of the Hotel Metropole. 'Common lodging-houses' also were open to the visits of detectives looking for criminals. It is quite proper that detectives should look for criminals whenever they want them, but when they come to a private house to search for a criminal they must bring a warrant, whereas they need not bring

one into a 'common lodging-house.' There were other considerations, but we lost the case.

Another famous Judge of the nineteenth century who was very good to us, and appreciated our work, was Mr. Justice Hawkins. He has a bad name, and yet he was a great man, who really took an interest in the reform of criminals. While I cannot join in all that has been said about Hawkins's severity, I believe, nevertheless, that he did give on occasion what would now be called vindictive sentences. Sir Edward Clarke complains of his unfairness, and speaks of his 'career of public disservice.' On the other hand, I have thought that Hawkins's long sentences were in the nature of a rebound—hardly, perhaps, admitted to himself—from the absurd method of a long-continued course of short sentences. Our experience in dealing with criminals, which has been of some range, both in this and other countries, goes to show that nothing can be more ruinous and destructive of every hope of reform than the giving of a succession of short sentences. Some of those long and seemingly harsh sentences which Hawkins gave were in opposition to that principle. It had been proved, say, in the case of a particular man that a series of short sentences was unavailing. 'Very well, then,' said the judge, 'give him a long sentence, and keep him out of society.' So far as Hawkins's intellectual power and insight were concerned, I regarded him as a prince among the judges of his day, though no doubt he was a hard man.

We have been very fortunate in the lawyers who have pleaded for us. I have made it my purpose to get the very best men I could find, and although they have often been matched against men of equal ability and weight on the other side, I have seldom had to admit that from the point of view of moral influence and stamina, the other side were better off than ours. In the United Kingdom especially the lawyers have fought for us with a skill and industry and courage which no fees could repay. The same or almost the same thing can be said of other countries—notably the United States and Australia, India and Germany. Among others I would name here Sir Henry Matthews (Lord

Llandaff) ; Mr. R. Sutherst, one of our most valiant champions, who went up and down the land on our behalf, and worked for the most paltry fees ; Mr. Richardson, a solicitor and Common Councillor of the City of London ; Mr. Justice Duke, the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division ; Mr. Vaughan Williams, later on a Judge of the High Court ; Mr. Hughes, an eminent and respected K.C. on the Chancery side ; Mr. Sargant, now a Lord Justice of Appeal, and many other well-known men. Our solicitors, Ranger, Burton & Frost, have also done splendid work. We have employed counsel of every shade of creed. Jessel, son of a late Master of the Rolls, was a Jew ; so is the late Lord Chief Justice (Lord Reading), who has worked for us. Russell was a Roman Catholic ; so was Horne Payne. Sir Edward Clarke, Gully (later the Speaker), Jelf, and Greenwood, were strict Churchmen. Waddy was a Methodist, Cozens-Hardy a Congregationalist, Rigby and Willis were Baptists.

In many of our cases of appeal on the common law side, especially in matters connected with our Open-Air work and meetings and questions of finance, and so forth, we often employed William Willis. He was a remarkable man, of a fervid temperament, and deeply and sincerely religious. We used to have prayer in his delightful chambers. He occasionally came to our Meetings, and always greatly rejoiced in the conflicts through which we passed, reckoning it one of the surest signs of the Divine Spirit working among our people that we were persecuted and hated. Without doubt he was one of the ' brightest ' counsel who ever came into a court in my time. His mere advent seemed to make the lamps go up. The judges looked more expectant. A smile creased the most parchment-like faces of counsel. Even the solicitors began to enjoy themselves. Is this too bright a picture ? Well, certainly Willis's great features were his sincerity, generosity, and an intense humanity. It is said that he lived in lodgings on circuit, instead of going to the swell hotels, and has been seen stopping on the way to the Law Courts to take hungry boys into a ' tuck ' shop ; and then run, so as not to be late for his case.

The only other man I remember who had at all a similar way with him was Danckwerts, one of the ablest members of the Bar. You never knew how Danckwerts was going to spring. He was most dangerous when he was most gentle. In my experience I never knew any man who could do so well with a bad case, a case which everybody knew was a bad case, and a case which—most wonderful of all—he himself knew was a bad case. I remember one occasion when Danckwerts appeared for the Crown against us. We had quashed a conviction by certain magistrates, but the question of costs remained over to be argued. Danckwerts made a speech in which he said that the Crown had no funds : how was it to pay the costs of the defeated magistrates ? Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was on the bench. He had a habit of appearing to sleep during the hearing of a case, his eyes closing and his head leaning forward. But when Danckwerts uttered the startling proposition that the Crown had no money, Coleridge instantly woke up from his apparent slumber. ' That is one of the most serious statements that could possibly be made,' he said, ' by a gentleman representing the Crown. If the Crown has no money, what is to happen to *me* ? ' Coleridge's ' *me* ' echoed through the court, and remained for some years afterwards a classic allusion with us. Danckwerts simply replied, ' As your lordship pleases ' (which caused more merriment) and then sat down. We got our costs.

Another counsel whom I remember being nonplussed was E. H. Pember, of the Parliamentary Bar. Pember, whose conduct of our case, by the way, was perfect, was winding up a case before a Committee of the House of Lords with a most cogent appeal, but mumbling in the usual way. Once, during his hee-ing and haw-ing, he made a mistake, and one of his own juniors, sitting behind him, as they do in Parliamentary committees, corrected him. Pember seemed nettled. He stopped. ' I do hate,' he said testily, ' being corrected from behind.' Whereupon somebody remarked in a stage whisper (which had the peculiar property of being heard everywhere), ' He is thinking of his boyhood days ! '

Our Eastbourne Bill, on behalf of which he appeared, was one for the amending of a previous Act regulating the government of the town—a great centre of disturbance in the middle eighties. The police and authorities there had taken up a pronounced position against our work. One of the debates in the House of Commons was characterized by a rattling speech for us by Sir Henry James, afterwards Lord James of Hereford, who was standing legal adviser to the Devonshire family—the town was then largely Cavendish property.

In criminal cases, cases that is in which we have been concerned for accused persons whom we have thought it right to have defended, I have come across most generous helpers. Among those should be mentioned the late Forrest Fulton, who became Recorder of the City of London, and Sir Charles Gill, who though receiving infinitesimal fees, have gone to immense labour for their unhappy clients, greatly to their clients' advantage. Such circumstances have again and again showed me a kind of passion for justice working in the minds of men who to the outsider have often appeared in the garb of the partisan.

Sometimes such Counsel have been young and at that time almost unknown men, but that has proved an advantage rather than otherwise. Judges often show consideration to a hitherto unknown man who is struggling with a difficult case simply from their desire to find and encourage ability. Thus the novice will get a sympathetic attention for points which a more seasoned man would hardly be expected to notice.

We have not seldom known the best results follow an interview between the accused and the judge—with Counsel attending. The prisoner is often completely distracted when in the witness box, but makes an excellent impression when given an opportunity to explain himself in a quiet room.

The difficulties in which we were involved at Eastbourne and Torquay introduced us to several notable men, among them Mr. Duke and Mr. Asquith. Both these men put their hearts into the different proceedings, and did us good service, although it was perfectly well known that the cases would

not be decided in our favour. Mr. Asquith[1] was then one of the men who go 'special'; that is, only appear in other courts than their own for a 'special' extra fee of fifty guineas. Later he and Mr. Haldane (now Lord Haldane) and Mr. (now Lord Justice) Sargant advised us in the settlement of a deed of trust which was adopted at our International Council of 1904. This supplemented our deed of origin. Its main purpose was to provide machinery for removing a General who, on account of any one of certain definite causes, had forfeited his claim to the position, and for appointing a new General in a certain contingency. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Sargant took a deep personal interest in this matter. We had conference after conference, and I am afraid their fees were infinitesimal in comparison with the amount of work they put in.

I liked Mr. Asquith. His directness and his alert mind were in delightful contrast with some lawyers I knew. He won my confidence quite early, partly because he really mastered his papers so that conferences became actual conferrings. In court he was a little too detached to please me, but on the other hand he could fight to the last; and, in fact, he did sometimes win in the very last ditch.

On one point, with regard to counsel's fees, I have taken a very definite stand. It has always seemed to me that when counsel are unable to appear, and have to leave the case to somebody else, they should return their fees, or at least a reasonable portion of them. The only counsel from whom I have succeeded in obtaining the return of fees under such circumstances have been Mr. Finlay (afterwards Lord Chancellor), Sir Edward Clarke, and Mr. Clarke Hall, now a Metropolitan magistrate. I was sometimes told that it was contrary to the practice of the Bar. Nevertheless, I had a special satisfaction in the return of these fees. But, after all, the failure of counsel to appear has happened rarely in our affairs.

I do not subscribe to the common jests at the expense of lawyers. I own to a partiality for the members of the legal profession. I generally understand them, and, even when

[1] Raised to the peerage in 1925 as Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

we disagree, we do not fall out. Theirs is a fighting life, and so is mine. Their profession, no doubt, helps them to appreciate and recognize and acknowledge the rights of others. I dare say that we have afforded to the counsel whose clients we have been an almost inexhaustible reservoir of fun! Yet I think that they have liked us because of our frank, go-straight and go-ahead attitude.

Lawyers have their emotions like other men. Once in a provincial city I had on my platform one of the present Lord Justices. After my lecture was over we had a quiet talk, and he told me that when he was a young man and briefs were few and far between, he occasionally went to hear my father and mother in the old Exeter Hall. Then he looked up at the ceiling and said, 'You know, the impression of those Meetings has never left me, and it has been reawakened this afternoon. If I had given myself to the impulse of those days perhaps my life might have accomplished more for God and my generation.'

XXII

Concerning 'Sacraments'

One question of considerable difficulty for The Army in the early days was our attitude to what are called the Sacraments, especially the Supper. I do not think that any of us were much troubled about the baptismal question, although for some years we followed the practice of many Churches and baptized infants. I have in some cases myself 'sprinkled' as many as thirty in one service! And, by the way, such services were made both interesting and useful. We had a simple and yet very definite formula whereby the parents engaged to give the children over to be the servants of God and to train them for Him. This practice, however, died down gradually, chiefly because it had no very strong conviction behind it; and in place of it The Army introduced a service of Dedication which has become much valued among our people in many lands.

The case with regard to the Supper was on a different plane altogether. Here, as in some other matters, the Founder's early training in the Church of England and his later Church work influenced him. He was in some measure predisposed to attach importance to ceremonial of this nature, and while he never allowed that in itself it possessed any spiritual efficacy, or that it was in the least degree necessary to the Salvation of any man, yet he used it, though with increasing misgiving.

When I came on the scene as a responsible official of the Mission, in 1874, the Lord's Supper was administered monthly at all our stations to all members of the Mission and to such other Christian friends as were known to be in good standing and who desired to join with us. These services were in many cases really impressive. There was a simplicity and naturalness about them which made them

very welcome, and whether the number partaking was a score, or whether—as on special occasions—it ran up to six or seven hundred, the gatherings were in many respects remarkable. There was a total absence of display, but wonderful freedom. The faith of many was strengthened, former promises and vows were recalled and renewed, and not seldom the unsaved or irreligious who had been allowed to come into the buildings as spectators were there and then brought to Christ.

A sense of misgiving, however, arose, and made itself more evident with the growing work. I think that this misgiving was experienced first of all by Catherine Booth. She had a deep horror of anything which might tend to substitute in the minds of the people some outward act or compliance for the fruits of practical Holiness. Her knowledge of the low tone of spiritual life in the Churches, gained as a result of her friendship with many religious people and their leaders, made her look with dread upon the possibility that our people, most of whom were very ignorant and simple, might come in time to lean upon some outward ceremonial instead of upon the work of the Holy Spirit as witnessed in a change of heart and life.

To anticipate for a moment, it may be mentioned here that later on she came to know something of the evils which have followed from this misplaced confidence within the Churches on the continent of Europe, both Roman and Lutheran. This knowledge convinced her that tens of thousands of merely nominal Christians would wake up and really seek after God if it were not for the benumbing influence of sacramentalism.[1]

[1] Compare the late Bishop Jayne in his farewell letter to his Diocese: 'I am bound to point out that we are thwarted in all our attempts to promote the Kingdom by the sad and most mysterious fact that for centuries in East and West the Holy Communion has notoriously been the storm-centre of bitter controversy and division throughout Christendom. No truth of Christianity has undergone more strange perversions or has been more grievously deflected and distorted out of shape than the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. If you wish to know how Christians can hate one another, you have only to read the later history of the Sacrament of our Saviour's dying love. *If you wish to know the lowest and grossest depth of superstition within the circle of the Christian Church, you have only to turn to the same history. Truly our Table has become a snare to us; the marvel is that it has survived its own corruptions.*'

The Founder approached the matter differently. He was essentially a utilitarian, particularly as related to questions not necessary to Salvation. His first inquiry with regard to the adoption or abandonment of any measure was, 'Will it help to our great end? If it will not help, will it hinder?' And, little by little, he came to believe that there was danger in the continuance of this practice amongst us. Its chief danger, in his eyes, lay in its divisiveness. It involved many questions. To begin with, it was unthinkable that we should use fermented liquors. Many of our people, both men and women, were rescued drunkards, and already some of our Converts, who had been sent to the Churches, if they had not broken down immediately, had at least been placed in grievous temptation owing to the cup which they were offered. This may seem to be a minor question, but it was persistently troublesome. On the other hand, many of our people did not like the idea of 'diluted jellies,' and unfermented wine was then unknown, at any rate in this country; others, again, preferred that the element should be water.

Then there arose the question whether the Evangelists alone should be the administrators. Great exception was taken in some quarters to administration by others, even by the principal local officials; indeed, in some places the people absented themselves from the service unless 'the bread and wine' were offered by 'the regular preachers.'

A further and more acute difficulty was that many of the Evangelists were women, as had been the case from the early years of the Mission, and the idea of women administering sacraments was at that time almost unthinkable to many good people, in spite of our stand, from the beginning, on the perfect equality of men and women in the Kingdom of Christ.

Yet another divisive question arose when we had to decide who should partake of the sacrament, and who should be the local authority to give the decision? To pick and choose might only accentuate family and other divisions, and yet it was obvious that there must be some regulation and discrimination.

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These various controversies, slight as the matter of them may seem now, did result in the loss of valuable people to the Mission. We were led, therefore, to make a certain examination of the whole subject. Railton, from the beginning, was in favour of abandoning all ceremonials which were prominently associated with the rest of the religious life of the world. He argued with great cogency that if, as we all admitted, participation in, for instance, the Supper was not necessary to Salvation, it became merely a question of its value, as *one method* of helping the people ; and he claimed that the freedom which was purchased by Jesus Christ was a freedom from all that belonged to the old dispensation, including the whole ceremonial principle. My mother, although not feeling so strongly as Railton on the subject, at once grasped the seriousness of anything which might mislead or divide our simple people.

For myself, I confess that I had so often received spiritual help—no doubt the result of my own faith—in the administration of the Supper, that it was with considerable hesitation, not to say reluctance, that I came round to the view which the Founder finally adopted. I believe that I was the last Officer of The Salvation Army to administer the Lord's Supper to any of its people ; and, indeed, the Founder gave me, young as I was, a freedom in this matter which, so far as I am aware, he gave to no one else, and which he gave to me on no other subject of importance on which our views were for the time out of accord. But gradually I, too, realized how prone the human mind is to lean upon the outward.

I saw something at this time of the High Church party in the Church of England, and, though an outsider, I deplored, with some of the Church's own best men, the tendency of that movement to a kind of materialism—the reliance, that is, upon outward and visible signs which so easily become substitutes for inward and spiritual grace. Finally, my mind completely concurred in the decision to which the Founder had come.

If I were asked what view I take with regard to this ceremony, I think I should say that I see nothing in it of

any advantage except in so far as such advantage arises from the individual act of faith at the time of partaking, and I see no reason why that same faith should not turn every meal into a sacramental feast. The great blessing is not some kind of ceremonial eating and drinking which is the fruit of redemption—the great blessing is, must be, in the redemption itself. Only too often have I seen how 'communion,' and the material trappings which the Churches have associated with it, obscure the thought of a real redemption. *Life* does not come by a sacrament, nor is it maintained by a 'sacramental substance,' but by a Divine Person consciously revealed in us as a present redeeming, life-giving Saviour.[1]

Much is to be said for the Quaker standpoint. I think it is perhaps better set forth in Barclay's 'Apology for the True Christian Divinity' than in any other writing I know. A near approximation to the truth that it is *solely* faith in the communicant—not any force or virtue in the symbols—which is all in all, is found in Dean Alford's Exposition of Matthew xxvi. in his Greek Testament. The truth of the matter as it appears to The Salvation Army is set forth in The Army's 'Handbook of Doctrine.'

For some time a practice existed among our Corps of

[1] Paul to the Ephesians iv. 5, 6, sums up the hope and strength of the children of God in a very notable passage—a passage which has been received by the entire Church of Christ, in all periods of its history, as containing a remarkable summary of its whole practical relationship to God and His truth—'*One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all who is above all, and through all and in you all.*' And the Apostle does not even mention a sacrament; his silence, when making so important a declaration, is infinitely suggestive.

The claim of some of the Sacramentalists, that a *water* baptism is here intended, is surely impossible to maintain. There were numerous baptisms or washings under the old dispensation. Is not the clear intention here to show that they are all superseded by the *one* which Jesus Christ came to bring in: '*He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire*'? If it be claimed that in Ephesians v. 26 'water' is again referred to, I would suggest that it cannot be water in the literal sense which is to cleanse the Church of Christ! The cleansing is to be in and 'by the Word' actually there referred to. What word? Whose word? That Word of God received in faith which carries the real regenerating and cleansing power.

going to the parish churches to 'communion.' Here some of the clergy, fearing the opposition of their 'respectable' parishioners, arranged that The Salvation Army visits should be in the night, and as one consequence large crowds generally attended. But after one or two such visits to their churches, certain clergymen—one, I think, at Bristol and another in a North London parish—took the opportunity of publicly announcing their refusal to administer the communion to those who had not been 'confirmed' according to the Church of England system. As most of our people, though living godly lives, had not been confirmed, nor, for that matter, their forbears either, the Founder saw that another line of division was likely to develop. Thereupon he called off the whole matter, and said that we would have no more of it. From that time forward we had no more 'sacraments,' and very little more trouble on the subject, although any Soldier who declared a serious conviction in the matter and desired to participate —and this is still the law amongst us—could receive a recommendation to go to some other body for the purpose of partaking.

The subject of The Salvation Army and the sacraments was one upon which I had a long talk with Dr. Farrar, then Canon of Westminster, one of the most popular preachers and writers of his day. The Canon had in the early days denounced The Army in perhaps the most unqualified terms ever employed against us by any minister of Christ. He effectually blotted us out of recognized society! Years afterwards, however, at the inception of the 'Darkest England' Scheme, when the Press both in the United Kingdom, in the Australias, and the United States was largely antagonistic, Canon Farrar, to our glad astonishment, intervened, and preached a remarkable sermon in Westminster Abbey containing a most eloquent and appreciative reference to The Salvation Army, its Leader, and its Social Work. This opened up communication between The Army and the Canon, and he came to examine some of our work, seeing for himself sights of unutterable misery and evidences of the effectiveness of what we were doing to relieve

it. This further impressed him, so that a week or two later he preached again—a sermon making even more truly sympathetic and eulogistic reference. He still proclaimed that, except on the great fundamental truths of Christianity, on which all Christians are agreed, he differed even more widely from The Army than many of his brethren. 'Nevertheless,' he added, 'two things I plainly see. The one, that God has not left them unblessed; another, that there is much which we might profitably learn from the methods which have enabled them to accomplish, in so short time, so great a work.'

Farrar was much abused as a consequence of his championship. I saw some of the remonstrance which found its way through his letter-box, and had a tenth of the allegations made against us been true, he would have been justified in withdrawing every word he had said in our favour. He showed a type of courage somewhat rare among his contemporary ecclesiastics in that, despite this abuse, he yet stood out as the champion—at all events so far as the Church of England was concerned—of what was then still a new and relatively untried movement.

On more than one occasion I talked with him on wider matters, and he made a great effort to persuade me to ask for the reintroduction amongst us of the Supper. Other Churchmen, notably Dr. Westcott (afterwards Bishop of Durham), had said that they approved of the stand we took in refusing the Supper, as this meant a refusal to embark upon what was, in their view, 'a schismatic procedure.' Farrar, on the contrary, urged that it should be restored. He reasoned with me for more than an hour in one of our interviews, which, I remember, took place in a delightful room in his home in Dean's Yard, probably his study, for we were surrounded by a wonderful gathering of books. He referred, with an intimacy which surprised me at the time, but which I understood better when I knew more of his life, to the Supper as having been a means of comforting and strengthening his own spirit. He believed that there was a revelation of the Divine Mind made to those who humbly and in faith partook of this sacrament,

which was different from that forthcoming by other means.[1]

I am bound to say that his arguments from Scripture, and from the practice of the earliest Christians, while they proved the range of his scholarship and his wonderful familiarity with some of those rows of silent books, failed entirely to influence me. As to the latter, he could not claim that the first Christian communities, of whom, by the way, he had made a special study, attached any importance to the matter at all, or that they had, so far as we know, even so much as given a *name* to what have since come to be called ' The Sacraments ' !

The absence—total and complete—of any recognized *doctrine* with regard to them, in those early days, is equally difficult to explain if they really are so important. It is also very significant that we have little or no evidence that any kind of proper instruction was given by the Apostles on the question. Paul's references to it are but slight and not very clear. As to baptism he deliberately seeks to dissociate himself from any mission or desire to baptize anybody ![2]

But, more important, as our conversation proceeded, it

[1] But my impression is that he approved refusal, by his own Church, of those who had not been ' confirmed ' according to the customs of that Church. Farrar, like many splendid Churchmen, had a sectarian mind.

[2] Dean Farrar spoke chiefly of the (alleged) *command* of Jesus Christ. But the ' command ' of our Lord, leaving aside for a moment the question of *what* He commanded, does not appear to have been any more definite and precise than the command with reference to the washing of feet (John xiii. 5–9), which immediately followed the Supper, and which no one now dreams of regarding as a ' Sacrament ' or as binding on any one. And of the two ceremonials the latter was, in fact, something more urgent than the Supper. For while the Supper referred to the actual death once for all of Jesus Christ, already foreshadowed by the Jewish rite (now passing away) of the Passover, the foot-washing represented not only its own lesson of humility and brotherly love, but the *daily need of cleansing* at the hands of the Divine Master even after the new birth of the Spirit. Moreover, while the words of Jesus Christ at the Supper were at most a command about the observance of a ceremonial eating and drinking, the command of the feet-washing is enforced by the clear and solemn words, ' *Ye ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you,*' and ' *If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me.*'

became evident that Dr. Farrar could not and would not claim that this 'Sacrament' was in any sense necessary to Salvation—whether Salvation be viewed as a new beginning or as a life—and nothing that he could urge apart from that seemed to me to have any substantial weight. In fact, I remember saying to the Founder at the time that I thought I could have put the Canon's case more effectively than he had put it himself.[1]

But when he spoke of himself and the strengthening of faith which had come to his own soul through this service, I confess he did make an impression upon me. He was not a man who found it easy to show his feelings—the very breadth of his charity rather removed him from the sway of emotion—yet through this self-revelation of his we were drawn to one another. Those interviews made me reflect, as I have had to do with regard to other choice spirits, that if only he had been a Salvationist what a joy it would have been to work with him, and what a field we could have offered him, far greater than his own Church ever did. The Church of England never showed its lack of courage more conclusively than when it consigned Farrar to a Deanery (Canterbury) while it filled some of its bishoprics with mere courtiers.

So Dean Farrar was the only man who made any considered effort to bring us back to a practice we had long discarded; certainly the only man of any consequence either in the Church of England or among Nonconformists who said boldly, 'You ought to give the sacraments, even though there may be questions about the effectiveness of your agents.' The Founder, however, stood his ground. No doubt we have lost friends by our attitude. Some would have joined us had they not been deterred by the line we

[1] In his 'Doctrine of the Church and Re-union,' the Bishop of Gloucester says (p. 90): 'It is clear that there was no historical tradition of any value concerning Apostolic ordinances in the Church. The Apostles and the Church of the Apostles' days did in all things what the times demanded. They made rules for their own time, not for the future; and because the Church was a living organism, adapting itself to newer conditions, therefore after generations modified and changed the customs which had come down to them, while still claiming to obey Apostolic injunctions.'

adopted. And yet I believe the line was wise. Of course, the whole situation is changed the moment the claim is made that the sacraments, especially the Supper, are in any way necessary to the salvation of the soul. In that case I can see consistency in the Roman and High Church position which prefers even the Mass to a mere memorialism and insists on their observance ; but I have never been able to reconcile the view that there is nothing in them which is essential to saving faith, and that salvation is by faith, with the emphasis which is laid upon them both in the Lutheran and Anglican Churches.

XXIII

A Brush with Herbert Spencer

In 1896 I had a brush with Herbert Spencer. I had long entertained misgivings with regard to his system of philosophy. On more than one occasion I had noticed the extraordinary inconsistencies which some of his work revealed. This was quite compatible with a certain detached intellectual enjoyment in the building of his logic and in the precision with which he could hit certain nails on the head. But I had never taken him very seriously, potent as was his name among a certain set in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The last volume of 'The Principles of Sociology' was published in 1896, and with it the 'Synthetic Philosophy' was complete. Congratulations poured in upon Spencer from many quarters, and the newspapers gave laudatory reviews. 'The Times,' in a leading article on the subject, claimed for Spencer that from the inception of his system of philosophy up to that present time—a stretch of fifty years or so—his work had been marked by consistency. The word 'consistency' was a challenge to the critical reader. I laid no claim to be a philosopher myself. Even as a critic of Spencer I was not entirely original, for some of my objections to his methods had been suggested to me by others. But this extraordinary claim by his editorial admirer seemed at last to offer an opportunity to confront Herbert Spencer with—Herbert Spencer!

Accordingly I wrote a letter to 'The Times,' which appeared in that journal on December 1, 1896. In this letter I took up the point made by the writer of the leading article that 'many and multiform as have been Mr. Spencer's labours since [the publication of his first work] all that he

has written has been consistent in every way with the views he then held and expressed.' I pointed out that at least on one subject Mr. Spencer's writings had not been consistent. In 'Social Statics,' published in successive editions from 1850 to 1870, he wrote on 'The right to the use of the land,' and declared that equity did not permit property in land:

> Equity does not permit property in land. For if one portion of the earth's surface may justly become the possession of an individual, and may be held by him for his sole use and benefit, as a thing to which he has an exclusive right, then other portions of the earth's surface may be so held, and eventually the whole of the earth's surface may be so held.
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> 'But time,' say some, 'is a great legalizer. Immemorial possession must be taken to constitute a legitimate claim.' . . . To which proposition a willing assent shall be given when its pro-pounders can assign it a definite meaning. To do this, however, they must find satisfactory answers to such questions as, How long does it take for what was originally a wrong to grow into a right? At what rate per annum do invalid claims become valid?

I showed that Mr. Spencer had found still further reason to deny the rectitude of property in land and had urged that 'it can never be pretended that the existing titles to such property are legitimate.' Further, some years later, in 'Political Institutions,' he had set forth the same position, along a different line of argument.

But in 1891, in his 'Justice'—Part IV of 'The Principles of Ethics'—there appeared the following remarkable confessions:

> When, in 'Social Statics,' published in 1850, I drew from the law of equal freedom the corollary that the land could not equitably be alienated from the community, and argued that, after compensating its existing holders, it should be re-appropriated by the community, I overlooked the foregoing considerations. Moreover, I did not clearly see what would be implied by the giving of compensation for all that value which the labour of ages has given to the land. While . . . I adhere to the inference originally drawn that the aggregate of men forming the community are the supreme owners of the land—an inference harmonizing with legal doctrine and daily acted upon in legislation—a fuller consideration of the matter has led me to the conclusion that individual ownership, subject to State suzerainty, should be maintained. . . .

I added that it would seem that it did not take very long, after all, at any rate in the case of Mr. Spencer's views, for what was originally a wrong to grow into a right. In a word of personal explanation—namely, that upon the particular subjects discussed (the right to the land) I expressed no opinion ; I concluded my letter :

> And yet my interest in Mr. Spencer, and the contradictory position in which, as it seems to me, he finds himself, is not entirely academic. If in this, a matter of vital moment to society, his teaching is inconsistent with itself, is it not probable that on other and infinitely graver questions—questions of religious faith and Divine authority which make or mar men's lives—on which he has spoken with similar assurance and with little regard to the teaching of revelation, he is equally unreliable ? I venture to think that he is.

This letter was immediately followed by some protests from shocked Spencerians, but it was supported by Professor Thomas Case, then Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy at Oxford, and now President of Corpus Christi College. Professor Case went further than I, and claimed that Spencer was inconsistent, not only in separated particulars, but in the whole basis of his philosophy. Spencer had said that no man could know the world beyond himself, and yet he claimed to assert certain things with regard to that world, as, for example, that it was resistant and persistent. The logic of this was either that Spencer was superhuman or that one or other of these assertions was ill-founded. ' The moment Mr. Spencer presumes to say,' wrote Professor Case, ' that it is something resistant and persistent, agnosticism is at an end.'

Within a few days I had occasion again to write to ' The Times ' in order to make it plain, as against the swords which flashed from their scabbards in Mr. Spencer's defence, that I did not condemn him for a change of view or because he had ' not gone on publishing what he thought to be untrue.' On the contrary, I admired his candour. I also pointed out that his views on the land question were not the only instance of contradictions in his philosophic fabric. In ' Social Statics,' for example, he had deduced from the will of God the law of equal freedom. That, indeed, was

the basis of his philosophic plan. Yet he had employed subsequently all the resources of his massive intellect in the effort to eliminate God from human life. In the one case he wrote that human happiness was the Divine will ;[1] in the other he was at pains to deny that the possession of a Divine will could be affirmed at all if any definite meaning were to be attached to the word ' will.'[2] I must not do injustice by paraphrasing a philosopher, and therefore the two quotations as they appeared in ' The Times ' shall be set out side by side :

From ' Social Statics ' (1877), Chapter IV :

Starting afresh, then, from the admitted truth, that human happiness is the Divine will, let us look at the means appointed for the obtainment of that happiness. . . .

Now if God wills man's happiness, and man's happiness can be obtained only by the exercise of his faculties, then God wills that man should exercise his faculties. . . . But as God wills man's happiness, that line of conduct which produces unhappiness is contrary to His will. Therefore, the non-exercise of the faculties is contrary to His will. Either way, then, we find that the exercise of the faculties is God's will and man's duty. . . .

From this conclusion there seems no possibility of escape. . . . God wills man's happiness.

The law of equal freedom, derived as it is, directly from the Divine will, is a higher authority than all other laws, and the creative purpose demands that everything shall be subordinated to it.

From ' Principles of Sociology (1896), Vol. III, Chapter XVI :

To believe in a Divine consciousness, men must refrain from thinking what is meant by consciousness—must stop short with verbal propositions ; and propositions which they are debarred from rendering into thoughts will more and more fail to satisfy them. Of course like difficulties present themselves when the will of God is spoken of. So long as we refrain from giving a definite meaning to the word will, we may say that it is possessed by the Cause of all Things, as readily as we may say that love of approbation is possessed by a circle ; but when from the words we pass to the thoughts they stand for, we find that we can no more unite in consciousness the terms of the one proposition than we can those of the other.

[1] ' Social Statics,' 1877, Chapter IV.
[2] ' Principles of Sociology,' 1896, Vol. III, Chapter XVI

'The Divine idea,' Mr. Spencer says at one time, 'is the happiness of man'; 'Divine consciousness,' he says at another, 'is practically unthinkable.' 'The will of God is,' he writes in one book, 'the law of equal freedom'; 'that God possesses a will at all,' he writes in another, 'can no more be affirmed than love of approbation is possessed by a circle!'

No one attempted any reply to this letter. But on December 17th Spencer himself wrote:

To the Editor of 'The Times.'

SIR,—Energy spent in controversy is generally wasted, and I have little left to waste; but it seems needful that I should say something to prevent spread of misapprehensions.

If Mr. Bramwell Booth will refer to the current edition of 'Social Statics,' published in 1892, he will fail to find the passages he quotes from the earlier edition, and will see that with the disappearance of them have disappeared the incongruities on which he comments. Further, if he will look at the preface he will perceive how it happened that those incongruities continued so long to be conspicuous.

Thus the conflict of earlier and later beliefs which Mr. Booth insists upon was long ago publicly recognized by me. If after thirty years of life it was blameable not to see everything which forty more years of life enabled me to see, I must admit the blame. The inconsistencies emphasized are those between conclusions partially thought out and conclusions fully thought out. I believe search would enable Mr. Booth to trace other inconsistencies consequent on other changes of views. It would be strange if a writer on evolution contended that his own ideas were the only things that had undergone no evolution.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

HERBERT SPENCER.

It will be noticed that the philosopher left Professor Case's more general accusation of inconsistency alone. An acknowledgment from me in the next day's paper closed the correspondence so far as I was concerned:

To the Editor of 'The Times.'

SIR,—I cordially acknowledge the frankness and courage of Mr. Herbert Spencer's admissions in 'The Times' of to-day. I hope he will not feel it an impertinence on my part if I add that the admission of error, whether in practice or in theory, is in itself a mark, which we can all appreciate, of both a strong and noble character.

The inconsistencies in his writings are, Mr. Spencer now argues, really evidences of the operation of the principle of evolution of which he has written so much.

His ideas, in common with other things, 'have undergone evolution.' But the processes of evolution, as Mr. Spencer himself has taught us, are unending; and in making this singular admission he has allowed the main contention of my letters—that his ideas are changing ideas; that what they are to-day is no possible guide to what they may be to-morrow; that they are, in fact, transitory, uncertain, and unreliable.

In this lax philosophy, it seems to me, there can be no security, especially on those supremely important matters of faith and morals by which men order their conduct and regulate their lives.

Yours faithfully,

W. Bramwell Booth.

The immediate object of the controversy was attained. 'The Times,' which at first had said that all that Mr. Herbert Spencer had written had been a tissue of consistency, had an article six weeks later saying: 'Inconsistencies, some of which he [Mr. Herbert Spencer] has endeavoured to eliminate, have been revealed. . . . In consequence of corrections or qualifications made from time to time, the principles of his system have become somewhat less definite than when first stated.'

My purpose was, of course, not merely to expose a single inconsistency, nor, for that matter, half a dozen. It was to reveal the absurdity of those who regarded Herbert Spencer's *ipse dixit* as possessing a final authority which they would have been the last to concede to the testimony of revelation. It was no point of mine to complain that Spencer and Huxley and the others attacked Christianity. It was not for me to object if they entertained and published views opposed to the divine authority of the Bible. Much as I might deplore the bitterness and ridicule with which they assailed what I loved and revered, that was not the matter at i sue. What I did object to—what I regarded and still regard as fundamentally dishonest—was that they should put forward their views in such a form as to imply that they were final, when they knew quite well, as Spencer now confessed, that they were only fluid. Spencer's views were introduced and were generally accepted by his followers as a sufficient

answer to the claims of revealed religion. Yet he regarded himself as possessing the right of subsequent revision, and in this correspondence suggested that he was rather surprised to find that that right was called in question! At one moment the agnostic philosophy was holding up to contempt the teaching of the Bible, the example of Christ, and to some extent the instinctive demands of conscience. And at another moment this same agnostic philosophy was declaring that nothing could be known!

Perhaps in referring to eminent Victorian agnostics I ought to distinguish Darwin from the rest. Darwin's theory did not necessarily involve abandonment of the whole teaching of the Bible, although towards the end of his life he did disclaim belief in any revelation. Writing in 1879 to a student at Jena, he said, 'As far as I am concerned I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made. With regard to a future life every one must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities.' All the same I think that the author of 'The Origin of Species' shared with Calvin in another sphere the misfortune of having nominal disciples who first distorted their master's views, and then expanded their distortions until those views themselves were all but lost in the absurdities of the disciples' own creation.

Even though Spencer's name to-day casts nothing like the spell it exercised a quarter of a century ago, the episode is not without its present interest. It shows us the interesting spectacle of a philosopher raising the smoke-cloud of evolution and trying to escape under its cover. How could we be sure, when Herbert Spencer deduced the materialistic explanation of all phenomena, that even he himself had said the last word on the subject, let alone those who came after him? Evolution does not stop even when 'conclusions partially thought out' become 'conclusions fully thought out.' Where are you to put a finger on the evolutionary process and say, 'This is settled; that other is still to be determined'? If Spencer had lived, his 'conclusions fully thought out' would no doubt have been subject to further evolution—they might, in fact, have come round to

—well, to mine, and have clothed him at last in a red guernsey!

The matter is much more serious than a mere illustration of the fallibility of great minds. Faith and spiritual life are at stake. When the philosopher puts forward conclusions, stamped to all appearance with the seal of ultimate wisdom, faith is often wrecked. And however candid may be the philosopher's later admissions that he has changed his views, that his own ideas have shared in the evolution he has been propounding, it will not mend the mischief. Not even a new edition will do that. If such conclusions were marked at every stage, ' Subject to revision—to afterthought—to fresh discovery,' it would be different. But they are not. They are as pontifical as any decree of the Vatican! There is nothing to equal the accent of authority with which they are announced! And yet when all is said and done they are in reality but ' questionable guessing.'

XXIV

Purely Personal

Every man, I suppose, has notable moments in his personal spiritual life—not at all identical with notable moments of his earthly career. A number of such occasions stand out for me with remarkable vividness. Among them have been some associated with an outward scene or incident—quite apart from public affairs or services—which in some way brought a new awe upon the soul. The first in point of time was, I think, connected with a visit which I paid to Tintern Abbey when I was but a boy of thirteen or fourteen. It seemed as though there was something in those wonderful ruins by the winding Wye which suddenly became vocal to me and something in me which spoke back again. I had a similar feeling, years afterwards, when in Rome I visited the Colosseum. This time it came as a deep sense of the inner spiritual conflicts through which the martyrs must have passed. So real it was that I seemed able to apprehend a little of what must have been experienced in those far-off days on the very stones on which we knelt, I and the two men who were with me. I felt a mysterious liberation, an enlargement, a mounting up—what shall I call it?—of the spirit within.

It was not the mere passing impression of the traveller. Little else in Rome, at any rate during that visit, affected me in anything like the same way, except, perhaps, the Corso, the street through which many of the martyrs passed amid hostile multitudes to their condemnation and death. Certainly I found that some of the basilicas appealed greatly to the eye, but I cannot say that they touched me very deeply. The pictures in the Vatican galleries were wonderful, though in some cases I thought them overdone. The

tapestries in the Sistine Chapel stirred me in some degree ; but very slightly as compared with a little scene that I witnessed in a side chapel in, I believe it was, S. Maria Maggiore. The priest, a minor canon, had just concluded a service, when an old woman, bent with age and, I should think, with trouble, came in his path and bent herself yet more to receive his blessing ! He put out two fingers, mumbled a word or two, and passed on. Here was a poor hungry creature, type of a stricken humanity, looking up with a wistfulness no one could mistake. And there was the smooth priest in his elaborate vestments, bestowing his perfunctory benison ! It struck home to my heart !

The same transfiguring influence which I had experienced in the old English Abbey and in the Roman amphitheatre came upon me again on a journey from New York. How mighty the ocean and how passing small the ship ! And from that a sense of how helpless and yet how secure the human spirit on a Mighty Bosom. We had a good passage, the water was comparatively quiet, and I, a bad sailor, was able to look about a little. The sense of distance, of solitariness, of being at the mercy of the purely physical, a new perspective of oneself and of the world, of the visible and the invisible, made it one of those moments when again something inward seemed to rise up and take wing.

Yet I have been scarcely affected by some of the things which are supposed to appeal, and indeed do appeal, to the traveller. Niagara did not make any very great impression upon me, though I admired the rainbows, of which I saw a gay succession in a few minutes. When the sun is in a certain direction the humidity of the atmosphere caused by the waterfalls makes the most beautiful iridescence, one rainbow embracing another. Even the Alps did not arouse in me the feeling that they do in many. The people who were with me on my first visit thought me unresponsive, although, there in the Alps, I had something of the same sense as later I had on the Atlantic, at once of helplessness and security, of coming to one's own limits and finding beyond them—God !

During a large part of my life many of the laws and facts

of nature have seemed to me, though not alive, to have in them a spirit of life, separate from them, but working in them.

> The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
> Sustains and is the life of all that lives.
> . . . one spirit, His
> Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,
> Rules universal nature.

But I have felt more than this. The universe itself, as one of our poets has it, has murmured to the ear of love and faith tidings of invisible things, secrets from the everlasting silence. These have seemed like the echo of the voice of God. They have been more than illustrations of something higher than themselves, more than mere analogy. They have been more than the thoughts which Pope's fine lines envision for us, though he does take care to separate the work from the Great Worker.

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is and God the soul ;
> That changed through all, and yet in all the same ;
> Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame ;
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
> Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part ;
> As full as perfect in vile man that mourns
> As the rapt seraph, that adores and burns.
> To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small—
> He fills, He bounds, unites and equals all.

I have felt, indeed, that I could go further even than the Psalmist, when he said, ' Marvellous are Thy works ; and that my soul knoweth right well,' for they have been more to me than manifestations of divine power, or divine order, or divine beauty. *It is as though at times they have given to me something living, which He had given them that they might communicate to me.* It has been as though He was not only outside His own creation as a builder is outside the house he builds or the artist is outside the picture he paints, but

there within it all, a living personal power, an inspiring and communicating Spirit; as though there was something of His abiding word in the trees and flowers, in the rocks and seas, a spirit in the hills and vales which could call to me and which my own spirit, starting up at that call, was able to answer. This has helped me to keep my heart in patience, in faith and hope. It has strengthened my hold on the secret of the Lord. It has deepened my knowledge that I live and move within the victorious purpose of God's will.

The contemplation of extremes of human misery affects me somewhat in the same way. I believe that our religion does enable us to account for much that is extremely baffling in human history and in the conditions of human life. One problem there is, however, in the presence of which I always feel dumb. It is the problem of suffering children. I cannot grasp anything tangible in the Divine purpose which permits little children to suffer. I cannot doubt His love. I know that wisdom belongeth unto Him. All the same, I feel, not merely pain, but a sense of profound mystery when I approach the suffering of children. I hear above the voice of the crippled and starved another voice which stirs me. I am in the presence of the insoluble. I realize this in connexion with those states of misery of the innocent and helpless, as I do not realize it even in experiences which might be thought more solemn, such as the presence of death or of widespread calamity.

My experience from time to time in prayer has also made me conscious of the new life unexpectedly emerging within the life I am living. It is in such moments as though I come to a rift in the great wall of circumstance and look out upon a free and boundless sea. In my early life my experience of prayer was, to a large extent, bound up with the fight against temptation, and I cannot say that in those early years, apart from prayer for those I loved, and for pressing needs, that I prayed with very deep desire or real understanding for anything except deliverance in temptation or trial of one kind or another.

But there stand out in my life now various occasions when, in praying for help for myself or for the souls of men,

there has been this same deep consciousness of something new added to me, some awakening of a new spiritual faculty, or, shall I say, a new spiritual sense, with which to realize the Divine. I have had many remarkable answers to prayer in the way of material gifts and signs and leadings. Those, however, appear quite small in retrospect, so far as their permanent value is concerned, compared with *these inward uprisings of my spirit*—which have often had little or nothing to do with requests for any particular thing—to meet, I humbly believe, *to know and to meet the Spirit of God.*

Another, and in a way kindred, experience in succeeding visitations I have had, which though difficult to write of, may be of service to some. Will it be understood if I put it in this way ? Through a great part of my life I have felt a reverent sympathy with God. I passed through a deeply harrowing period of perplexity over the question of punishment and the relation of the Father to the whole matter of retribution. I have never been a 'treacle and water' person. I have always felt that there must be some moral test supreme over men, and that it must be the one laid down by Jesus Christ : 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' I have always felt that the love of God must be a holy love. I have always felt that the love of God must have an exclusive, as well as an inclusive, character. Nevertheless, when, while relatively a young man, I was confronted with the arguments of a certain school, I was brought up very short on the question. I had great strivings over it. My dear father and General helped me greatly, although he never pushed me. He was infinitely patient. And I came through.

But it was in that stress of mind and soul that I began to feel a humble reverent sympathy with my God in the unmeasured responsibility and difficulty that were His of administering justice in a rebel world—responsibility and difficulty made greater just in proportion as He understood and loved that world and as that world misunderstood and hated Him. I knew that He was bound by the laws of His own nature—that His Omnipotence is a rational omnipotence. I knew that He could not contradict Himself. I

knew, for example, that He could no more make a lie into a truth than I—the nature of things being what it is—could make two and two into five. A lie being a lie, I knew that the punishment of the liar is the inherent inevitable consequence of the lie. And so it has seemed to me that love for God involved such true sympathy with Him as His child could feel in the tremendous task that is His of vindicating amid a world smitten by the inevitable consequences of sin, the mercy and the justice which are the support of His throne.

This sympathy has been a conscious reality in my inner life and has helped me all along my way. It has opened to me new views of the Divine Mind and Will. It has led me to the mastery of other emotions of my nature, so that they also could be used to glorify God. It has carried me through many dark hours of misgiving and weakness. It has strengthened my faith for the ultimate triumph of good. It has inspired me to work for my God. It has helped me also to do many things required in that work which have been painful to a more or less sensitive nature. I have felt that in doing that which was just and right towards others when it was so very painful for me, as well as for them, I, one of His servants, was tasting with the great Father and Saviour, of the cup that He must drink in contemplating and judging a rebel and ruined world.

In all these experiences, and above and beyond them all, there has been the ' spiritual awakening of spiritual wants,' and the union—the beginning of the union of the drop with the Everlasting Ocean.

XXV

Coronations

Shortly after the announcement of the Coronation of King Edward we received an intimation from the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, that the King had commanded that a representative of The Salvation Army should be invited to attend the solemnity in Westminster Abbey. The Founder appointed me for this duty. I received in due course a very handsome invitation card and the usual instructions giving particulars of the hour at which I was to be in my place. I found that I was expected to wear Court dress. After thinking over the matter I came to the conclusion that if I was present at all it must be as an Officer of The Salvation Army, in The Army uniform. Accordingly I wrote to the Earl Marshal requesting his authority for this alteration. His Grace, though with courtesy and respect, replied that he found himself unable to allow our uniform to be worn at so important a State function. I explained that the uniform was much more to us than a badge of office or rank ; that it represented the great principles for which we were contending, and that it was rich in many sacred associations for those who wore it. I added that I did not feel at liberty to lay it aside even though I might be deprived of the honour of representing The Army at the Coronation. The decision, however, appeared to be inalterable. Court dress was *de rigueur*. Then I determined to write to the King, and indeed was in the act of doing so when the announcement was made that owing to his illness the Coronation had been postponed.

As soon as the date of the service was again fixed, and the King was reported to be sufficiently improved in health to come back to London, I wrote to His Majesty,

August 5, 1902, and sent my letter to Cowes by special messenger, to the following effect :

Having been honoured by an invitation to be present at the solemnity of His Majesty's Coronation as a representative of The Salvation Army, I asked the King to give me 'his gracious permission to attend in the uniform of my rank as a Salvation Army Officer.' I continued :

I feel it could not be in harmony with Your Majesty's wish that I should lay aside our uniform at a moment when I am called to represent our people on an occasion of such widespread interest among them in every part of the Empire.

It is only because I have been informed by the Earl Marshal that he has no power to give me the permission I desire that I have ventured to address you on the subject.

Among all the peoples who are rejoicing on account of your recovery none are more truly grateful to God for His great goodness to Your Majesty and to the Queen than are we of The Salvation Army.

On the following morning I received a telegram from Lord Knollys, finally disposing of the matter in the most kind and satisfactory way :

I am commanded by the King to say that he has much pleasure in giving you permission to attend the Coronation in the uniform of your rank as a Salvation Army Officer. His Majesty thanks you for your kind congratulations. KNOLLYS.

That ended the episode. Everybody had acted with perfect correctness : the Earl Marshal in insisting on the usual etiquette, I in claiming privilege for The Army uniform, and the King in exercising his prerogative. Thus for the first time in history, on a great State occasion, admission was found for the simple Salvationist uniform amid the astonishing splendour of velvet and lace, plumage and jewellery, priestly vestments and knightly armour. So far from any one at the Abbey appearing to object to our uniform, I think that most, if not all, of those who saw it in their midst felt that the King had done the right thing in the right way. The officials who were looking after the King's guests showed it every mark of respect and consideration, as did those of the guests themselves with whom I came in contact. This

act of the King commanded attention all over the Empire, and even in some other countries, and we have never had this kind of difficulty again, either as regards our men or our women. It was a royal gesture which had behind it something of greater significance than a mere concession to Army practice or the good-nature of a King who was not over-concerned for the minutiae of ceremonial.

The Coronation service throughout was calculated to stir the imagination and touch the heart. It had deep inward meanings as well as outward magnificence. It embodied, of course, certain dreary forms and precedents which had largely lost their value in this gentler age. Some people, no doubt, objected to the ecclesiastical order of the service, and declared much of it to be vain repetition. Yet, on the whole, it was a service with warm devotional elements and continual appeal to the best in King and people. It was a recognition of the rights and duties of each towards the other, and an open acknowledgment that neither the Throne nor its lieges could properly exercise those rights or discharge those duties without the strength of God. Dull indeed must have been the mind and cold the heart that was not impressed.

I shall not be misunderstood when I say that much in this service reminded me of a Salvation Army Meeting. Here was what the general body of the British people regarded as a supreme expression of national faith and consecration, yet it contained many things which we in The Army have loved and fought for amid much criticism and abuse. To begin with, there were processions, with banners, from the doors of the Abbey to the altar steps. There were uniforms, the great crimson robe of State which was worn by the King, and the gowns and trappings of his distinguished subjects and of the foreign Ambassadors, all of them betokening some rank, some office, some authority, some privilege, some association, some conquest. There were the responses of the congregation to the prayers offered by the prelates, and the unrestrained acclamations, whose fervour and exuberance almost recalled our loudest Hallelujahs. There was the reading of moving passages of

Scripture which brought the distant past into sharp relation with the present. There was the note through it all of glory to God and of abounding joy, as when the choir, assisted by trumpeters and trombone players, sang to the noble tune ' Ein feste Burg ' :

> Rejoice to-day with one accord,
> Sing out with exultation ;
> Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
> Whose arm hath brought Salvation.

The words ' Salvation,' ' Lamb,' ' Blood,' ' Fire,' were not eschewed. The walls of the Abbey rang to what might have been sung in any of our Holiness gatherings :

> Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
> And 'lighten with Celestial Fire :
> Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
> Who dost the sevenfold gifts impart :
> Thy blessed unction from above,
> Is comfort, life, and fire, and love.

Finally, the King not only had a crown placed on his head, but he was also girt with a sword. ' With this sword,' said the Archbishop, ' . . . faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life.'

The possibility occurred to me that the Church of England had taken some lessons from The Salvation Army, while hesitating to acknowledge the source ! The adoption of brass instruments by The Army, from the time when Leedham[1] first blew his cornet in our Halls, offended many good people as a sin against reverence and decorum. Yet here were brass instruments in the Abbey on this most solemn of occasions ; and drums, too, powerful drums, which accompanied nearly all the singing. I was told—I do not know whether it was true—that drums had never been heard in the Abbey before. The band consisted of seventy-five players (including ten fanfare trumpeters, resplendent in habiliments of gold), and at one or two parts of the service the band played sacred music without the accompaniment of voices.

Then if one looked beyond the immediate circumstance

[1] See Chapter VI.

and setting, the service was such as to appeal even more to the Salvationist heart and soul. Here was a profession of humble submission to the King of kings. When Edward the Seventh rose from his chair and knelt down before the vast concourse, he made, by an outward act as to which there could be no uncertainty, his admission that God had the supreme claim upon his life and service. He swore in the hearing of us all, not only to be faithful to the realm, but to maintain the laws of God. From beginning to end there was an open avowal that God was the true foundation of life and the real source of power, that by Him kings reign and princes decree justice. It was not enough inwardly to acknowledge and resolve; he did it outwardly before as many as could be gathered together. And that led me to feel that surely this recognition of God on the part of the highest in the realm ought to make us in our humbler walks more than ever daring in declaring ourselves the servants of our Lord. From my place in the Abbey, the pride or unbelief which refused to acknowledge Him seemed more than ever contemptible. The King never looked more manly than when he knelt down while the Archbishop prayed for him that God would pour upon his head and heart the blessing of the Holy Ghost, and make him at last a partaker of the Eternal Kingdom through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Then if one looked away from that central space, and surveyed the distinguished throng to right and left, one had a fresh sense of the impressiveness of the occasion. Hither men had gathered from every clime. They were there from every continent and from the islands of the sea. They represented every province, even every outpost, of the Empire. There were Ambassadors from every nation. What moving thoughts the scene inspired! What multitudes beyond multitudes, of every colour and tongue, it called to mind! Here were gathered the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them! Yet what were they all—what was the proud Empire whose Monarch was the central figure in this scene—but a range of sandhills, to be washed away by the relentless waves of time? And over against it

all, the wondrous thing to which the whole service was a continual approach, was an everlasting Kingdom, a Kingdom of Salvation, a Kingdom without end.

At King George's Coronation I was not so well placed. I neither heard nor saw so much. But the scene was again one of great beauty and splendour, and it was illuminated, as the former occasion had not been, by sunlight, though this came and went in fitful spells. The picture was one of life and colour as before, and some of the music was very moving, though to a less degree, I think, than at the Coronation of King Edward. The sermon by the Archbishop of York had the brevity which has characterized the last three or four Coronation sermons, in distinction from the extreme length of those sermons in the olden time. It was on the sovereignty of service, and in speaking of the King's work for the people and the Queen's influence in the home, the Archbishop came near to many hearts. The Prince of Wales met with a very warm greeting, as did all the members of the Royal Family. The King and Queen themselves, as they passed out, robed and crowned, in that great final procession, created such a sense of awe as perhaps checked the acclamations of many. And in this case there was not the great pathos of the former occasion when we had greeted a king but lately come back to us from the very gates of death.

Once again the prayers offered for the King found a deep response in the Salvationist heart. 'Strengthen him, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost the Comforter. Confirm and establish him with Thy free Spirit . . . and fill him, O Lord, with the spirit of Thy holy fear, now and for ever'; also the prayer immediately preceding the crowning: 'O God, the Crown of the faithful . . . as Thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold on his head, so enrich his heart with Thine abundant grace, and crown him with princely virtues, through the King Eternal, Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.'

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